THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JANUARY, 1914

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THIS is the fourteenth January issue in which we have been compiling what some one rather flippantly calls our "All America Team" of "best selling" books. These annual stories of the lists have unquestionably shown some inconsistencies, there have been individual reports that may have been inspired, that we strongly suspect have been inspired, but the general summing up, especially since the adoption of the point system some twelve years ago, proves beyond question that these reports, when taken in bulk, are thoroughly reliable. Now that so many years have passed it is not indiscreet to tell of the instance that led to the adoption of the point system. Once upon a time Mr. Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden* and Mr. Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes* were running a close race for leading honours as the "best seller" of the hour. It was the BOOKMAN'S custom then to rank the book mentioned most times in the book sellers' lists first, without taking into consideration whether a mention was at the top of a list or at the bottom. It happened that when making up the "six best" for a certain month *Alice of Old Vincennes* and *Eben Holden* were found to have exactly the same number of mentions. So the fairest course seemed to be to bracket the two for first and second positions. But this method satisfied no one. Within a few hours after the appearance of the magazine we received, almost simultaneously, telegrams from the publishers of both books asking by what strange system of reasoning we had reached the conclusion that the novel brought out by the other firm should be conceded equality. We have always been grateful for that second telegram. We forget which one it was, but we take this occasion to extend belated thanks both in the direction of Boston and of Indianapolis.

Books of 1913

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Before taking up the story of the books of 1913 and their progress in the lists we wish to offer an explanation that may incidentally lead to a little better "team work" on the part of the forty or fifty booksellers throughout the country who supply these lists. From publishing houses we are continually receiving protests that are certainly not without a measure of justification. For example, a few weeks ago there came from the Century Company of New York, an exceedingly courteous communication pointing out that Miss Jean Webster's *Daddy-Long-Legs* had, in a certain list, been classed as a juvenile, whereas it is really not a juvenile at all. We are quite ready to concede that *Daddy-Long-Legs* should have appeared under the head of fiction, but what could we

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possibly do in the matter? It will be quite obvious that we had no right whatever to make a change in these lists. Even if we had such a right how would it be possible to make the readjustment? Were we to take *Daddy-Long-Legs* from the juveniles and incorporate it in the fiction list, what would be our justification for dropping any one of the six works of fiction sent in by the bookseller. We are quite ready to concede that author and publisher have the right to feel just a trifle exasperated when they see their book wrongly classed. But if we arbitrarily remedied the mistake in a way that dropped some other book entirely from the list, another author and publisher would be justified in feeling a far greater grievance. We do not feel that we have the right to question the honesty of these lists as they come in. We are conscious of occasional inaccuracies, and yet, in the main, we believe implicitly in the good faith of our correspondents. In return we ask of them in the future a greater care and a heartier coöperation.

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According to the list in our issue for December, 1912, the leading book was Harold Bell Wright's *Their Yesterdays,* followed very closely by George Barr McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand,* and Rex Beach's *The Net.* Mr. Wright's book was again the leader for the first month of 1913. The other books in the January list were, in order, Mr. Beach's *The Net,* Mary Waller's *A Cry in the Wilderness,* Frances Little's *The Lady and Sada San,* Mr. McCutcheon's *The Hollow of Her Hand,* and Mary Johnston's *Cease Firing.* The six books of that month were unusually close in the race in the matter of total points, only sixty-four points separating *Their Yesterdays* and *Cease Firing.* With the February list three of the books of the preceding month dropped back from their positions among the leaders. Mr. Wright's book was again in first place, but it was being hard pressed by a newcomer, Ralph Connor's *Corporal Cameron.* Two other newcomers were Miss Rives's *The Valiants of Virginia,* and Henry Van Dyke's *The Unknown Quantity. The Lady and Sada San,* and *Cease Firing* were still in the running, Frances Little's book being in third place, and Miss Johnston's tied for fifth place. As was the case with the January issue all the books were closely grouped.

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It was a different story with the list for March. The three leaders, *The Valiants of Virginia, Corporal Cameron* and *Their Yesterdays,* were far out in front with totals of 232 points, 204 points, and 200 points respectively. These were the only real contenders, but to fill out the list the other three places were held by *The Lady and Sada San, Cease Firing,* and *A Cry in the Wilderness.* With April, however, came radical changes. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Happy Warrior* held first place, followed by *The Valiants of Virginia.* In third position was Maria Thompson Daviess's *Andrew the Glad,* while Elizabeth Robins's widely discussed *My Little Sister* was fourth. As had been the case in the February number there was a tie for the last two places, the contending books this time being Helen R. Martin's *The Parasite* and Ralph Connor's *Corporal Cameron.* With May more changes. *The Happy Warrior,* the April leader, had dropped out entirely, and *The Valiants of Virginia* had slipped back to last place. With a point total of 349, so far the highest of the year, John Fox's *The Heart of the Hills* was in first position. Two other new books, Jeffery Farnol's *The Amateur Gentleman* and Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House,* were second and third with 250 and 248 points respectively. Again it was a case of the real race being between the three leaders. The combined point total of the books in fourth, fifth and sixth places was considerably less than the point total of *The Heart of the Hills,* and very little more than the point total of *The Amateur Gentleman,* or the point total of *The Judgment House.*

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The three leaders of the May list were again the leaders in the June number, but in inverted order. First came *The Judgment House,* with 379 points, then *The Amateur Gentleman,* with 313 points, and then *The Heart of the Hills,* with 310 points. Three new books struggled along rather hopelessly in fourth, fifth and sixth places, W. J. Locke's *Stella Maris,* Mrs. Humphry Ward's *The Mating of Lydia,* and Gouverneur Morris's *The Penalty.* There was a more equal division in the matter of points in the July issue. *The Judgment House* was again the leader, and *The Amateur Gentleman* was again second. But *The Heart of the Hills* had to be content with fourth place, giving way to Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison's *V. V.'s Eyes. Stella Maris* was fifth, and Ellen Glasgow's *Virginia* sixth. *V. V.'s Eyes* had taken third place rather impressively in July, and in August it went to the front with a surprising total of 435 points. At that it was not so far ahead of a newcomer, Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup.* These books were making all the running with the rest nowhere. But just to indicate their vitality we record that *The Judgment House* was third, *The Heart of the Hills* fourth and *The Amateur Gentleman* fifth. Inconspicuously, in sixth place, was Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln's *Mr. Pratt's Patients*

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Four hundred and thirty-nine was the highest point total attained during 1913. It was achieved in the September list by *V. V.'s Eyes,* which had led the preceding month with 435 points. Again in September Mr. Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup* was second, and again the race was entirely between the two leaders. Mr. Thomas Dixon's *The Southerner* was third, *The Judgment House* fourth, *The Heart of the Hills* fifth, and Eleanor H. Porter's *Pollyanna* sixth. With the October list the race tightened up. By a meagre three points *V. V.'s Eyes* held the lead over a newcomer, Gene Stratton-Porter's *Laddie,* which in turn was 16 points in advance of *The Inside of the Cup.* A "best seller" whose name is usually found in the autumn lists reappeared in the person of Mr. Rex Beach, whose novel, *The Iron Trail,* held fourth place, while our old friend from the Isle of Man contributed to the list with *The Woman Thou Gavest Me.* Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House* was sixth, this being the sixth consecutive month in which that book had appeared on the list.

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The autumn books were now fairly in their swing. November saw Mrs. Stratton-Porter's *Laddie* leading *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* by a margin of three points. The figures were respectively 331 and 328. *The Inside of the Cup* was but seventeen points behind Mr. Hall Caine's book. *The Iron Trail* was fourth with 221 points, and *V. V.'s Eyes,* in view of its leadership in August, September and October, a rather poor fifth with 136 points. Sixth place in the November list went to Robert Hichens's *The Way of Ambition.* With characteristic vitality (vitality in the matter of popularity) Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup* "came back" with the list for December. Second in August and September, and third in October and November, it now took the lead for the first time by a margin of 20 points. In the place position was *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* with 275 points, followed by *Laddie* with 252 points. Again *The Iron Trail* was fourth, and again *V. V.'s Eyes* was fifth. In sixth place was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *T. Tembarom.*

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JANUARY

1.	Their Yesterdays	174
2.	The Net	164
3.	A Cry in the Wilderness	160
4.	The Lady and Sada San	157
5.	The Hollow of Her Hand	118
6.	Cease Firing	110

FEBRUARY

1.	Their Yesterdays	195
2.	Corporal Cameron	179
3.	The Lady and Sada San	134

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4. The Valiants of Virginia..... 119
5. { Cease Firing 116
   { The Unknown Quantity..... 116

MARCH

1. The Valiants of Virginia..... 232
2. Corporal Cameron 204
3. Their Yesterdays 200
4. The Lady and Sada San..... 111
5. Cease Firing 94
6. A Cry in the Wilderness..... 84

APRIL

1. The Happy Warrior..... 195
2. The Valiants of Virginia..... 192
3. Andrew the Glad..... 130
4. My Little Sister..... 98
5. { The Parasite 83
   { Corporal Cameron 83

MAY

1. The Heart of the Hills..... 349
2. The Amateur Gentleman..... 250
3. The Judgment House..... 248
4. My Little Sister..... 125
5. Andrew the Glad..... 106
6. The Valiants of Virginia..... 102

JUNE

1. The Judgment House..... 379
2. The Amateur Gentleman 313
3. The Heart of the Hills..... 310
4. Stella Maris 168
5. The Mating of Lydia..... 62
6. The Penalty 54

JULY

1. The Judgment House..... 275
2. The Amateur Gentleman..... 210
3. V. V.'s Eyes..... 182
4. The Heart of the Hills..... 175
5. Stella Maris 115
6. Virginia 70

AUGUST

1. V. V.'s Eyes 435
2. The Inside of the Cup..... 351
3. The Judgment House 150
4. The Heart of the Hills..... 149
5. The Amateur Gentleman 148
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients..... 54

SEPTEMBER

1. V. V.'s Eyes..... 439
2. The Inside of the Cup..... 350
3. The Southerner 141
4. The Judgment House 119
5. The Heart of the Hills..... 81
6. Pollyanna 69

OCTOBER

1. V. V.'s Eyes 293
2. Laddie 290
3. The Inside of the Cup..... 274
4. The Iron Trail 121
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me.... 119
6. The Judgment House 68

NOVEMBER

1. Laddie 331
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me.... 328
3. The Inside of the Cup..... 311
4. The Iron Trail 221
5. V. V.'s Eyes..... 136
6. The Way of Ambition..... 80

DECEMBER

1. The Inside of the Cup..... 295
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me.... 275
3. Laddie 252
4. The Iron Trail..... 104
5. V. V.'s Eyes..... 80
6. T. Tembarom 77

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From the above lists the following compilation may be made:

SIX TIMES MENTIONED

V. V.'s Eyes, The Judgment House.

FIVE TIMES MENTIONED

The Heart of the Hills, The Inside of the Cup.

FOUR TIMES MENTIONED

The Valiants of Virginia, The Amateur Gentleman.

THREE TIMES MENTIONED

Their Yesterdays, The Lady and Sada San, Cease Firing, Corporal Cameron, Laddie, The Iron Trail, The Woman Thou Gavest Me.

TWICE MENTIONED

A Cry in the Wilderness, Andrew the Glad, My Little Sister, Stella Maris.

ONCE MENTIONED

The Net, The Hollow of Her Hand, The Unknown Quantity, The Parasite, Mr. Pratt's Patients, The Mating of Lydia, The Penalty, Virginia, The Southerner, Pollyanna, The Happy Warrior, The Way of Ambition, T. Tembarom.

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In the lists for 1913 thirty books were represented as against twenty-seven for 1912, twenty-seven for 1911, thirty-two for 1910, twenty-nine for 1909, thirty-six for 1908, thirty for 1907, thirty for

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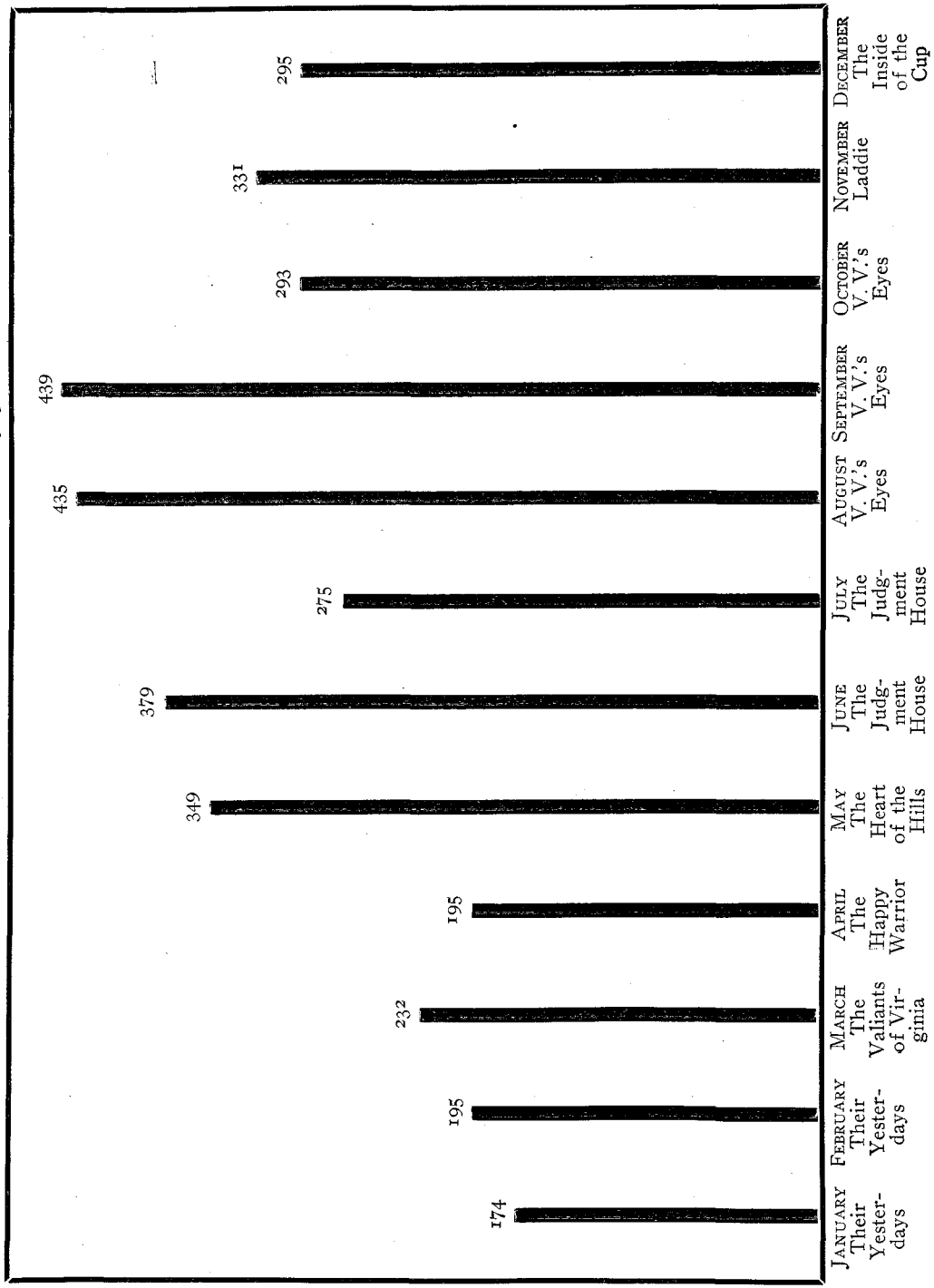

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1906, twenty-nine for 1905, thirty-one for 1904, thirty-two for 1903, twenty-eight for 1902, twenty-nine for 1901, and twenty-nine for 1900. There was no book that was published anonymously, and no book was the result of collaboration. Rex Beach had two books on the lists, *The Net* and *The Iron Trail,* and counting him twice the representation was eighteen men and twelve women. Twenty-two of the books were written by American authors, for we claim both Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Elizabeth Robins. The six "best sellers" of the year, judged by the point system, were Winston Churchill's *The Inside of the Cup,* Henry Sydnor Harrison's *V. V.'s Eyes,* John Fox's *The Heart of the Hills,* Jeffery Farnol's *The Amateur Gentleman,* Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House,* and Gene Stratton-Porter's *Laddie.*

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With the names of the six "best sellers" of 1913 before us, it is a perfectly natural question to ask, Why this particular six rather than some other six? Have they any feature in common, any distinguishing mark that seems to differentiate them and justify, or at least explain their selection as the kind of fiction most in demand, the index to the popular taste of the hour. And, perfectly natural though it is, the question is likely to prove quite futile, until we realise that the six "best selling" books of the year or the month are not necessarily any indication whatever of popular taste. They may be, and then again, they may not, for the purchase of a copy of a book or of a million copies does not prove that the book purchased is necessarily read, or being read, necessarily liked. All that a "best seller" really does prove is that for the publisher and the book-seller it has been a more than usually profitable piece of merchandise. And that the chances are that in a good many cases the annual list of "best sellers" is likely to be misleading as to the taste of the reading public may be very briefly made clear.

The first thing that we notice about the six volumes immediately before us is that they are without exception the work of authors who already have at least one big success to their credit. Any one would know quite well whom we meant if, instead of mentioning the writers by name, we merely referred to them as "the author of *Richard Carvel,* of *Queed,* of *The Right of Way,* of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* of *The Broad Highway,* or of *Freckles.* In other words, it is a safe, conservative sort of list, the sort of books that you would feel you were running no very grave danger in recommending even without having read them. And that is precisely what is happening all the time, to a far greater extent than we are likely to realise. For instance, you are hurrying to catch a train, and you want something to read on your journey. You appeal to the book-seller, and he, knowing nothing of your tastes, does the easy, obvious thing; he shifts his responsibility to the shoulders of the general public. The general public has put the stamp of its approval upon certain author's past performances; well, if the book-seller can persuade you to buy on the strength of that approval, you can't blame him if you don't like the book. And in turn, you do exactly the same thing, when you hastily select a *bon voyage* packet of reading matter for Aunt Lavinia or little Mrs. Smith. The volumes that you pick out on the strength of their credentials may not be half so attractive or entertaining as others by utterly unknown writers; but you have no time for personal investigation; at all events they are books which the recipient ought to like, whether she does or not, and the choice gives you an air of intelligence. And since yours is quite a typical case, it is fair to assume that a goodly number of sales represent, not a book that some one definitely wanted, but merely a blind guess as to what some one else might or might not want.

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Now, if we could be sure that the six volumes that make up the current

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year's "best seller" list really was a measure of the average standard of taste in fiction, it would be distinctly encouraging, for it would show a growing tendency to take good fiction with the seriousness that it deserves. But the fact that there were a number of other volumes quite as worthy of popularity, but coming from more obscure writers, which attracted little attention, while a fair amount of purely ephemeral reading matter hovered, time and again, upon the "best seller" border line, might go to support the theory sometimes advanced that these lists are deceptive. And when we come to examine the six books in question one by one, we realise rather keenly that in a few instances at least the authors have fallen distinctly short of their earlier achievements. An exception may be made in the case of *The Inside of the Cup,* by Winston Churchill. There has always been a certain academic ponderousness about Mr. Churchill which has been a rather valuable asset. There are still a considerable number of staid and conservative persons, with an old-fashioned prejudice against fiction as a sad waste of time; but if daughters must read novels, why, Mr. Churchill is perhaps as safe as any of the modern school. The daughters would rather read Mr. Chambers or Mr. Oppenheim, and they very likely do; but meanwhile the prejudice of their elders has helped to swell the sales of Mr. Churchill's books. *The Inside of the Cup,* however, is a rather special case. At irregular intervals, some writer, through genius or inspiration or superlative cleverness, happens to express in the form of fiction certain problems which for the time being lie very close to the consciences of the people. *Robert Elsmere* was a case in point. To-day we read Mrs. Humphry Ward's greatest popular success with something akin to wonder. Was it possible that this book could ever have aroused such widespread dissension and fierce polemics? The issues are cleverly put, but the fire behind them is burnt out; what a whole nation quarelled over then, is to-day accepted commonplace. And so, in a measure, the same is true of Mr. Churchill's latest volume. He has treated very seriously what a large number of earnest, thinking people are inclined to treat very seriously; and hence, this volume, which twenty-five years hence will probably in its turn represent dead embers, does for the passing hour really and truly represent a certain phase of genuine popular demand.

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We cannot feel nearly so confident in the case of *V. V.'s Eyes.* It is not merely that there is something rather inadequate and futile in the plot, a sense that the one or two really worth while personages in the story are squandering their energies upon trying to save a number of other persons, who are not in the least worth while, from the well-merited consequences of their own follies; but in manner as well as in matter, the book rather frankly bored us. In point of style, it impresses us as having all the worst mannerisms of the mid-Victorian period, without the redeeming qualities. In a word, *V. V.'s Eyes* was dull, dreadfully dull. Of Mr. Gilbert Parker, it need only be said that he once wrote a big novel, *The Right of Way,* and that the quality of his work as a whole is in inverse proportion to his propinquity to smart life and London drawing-rooms. A professional cynic, some years ago, rather cleverly characterised Richard Harding Davis's Van Bibber as "the office-boy's idea of a gentleman;" we are tempted to paraphrase the definition, and describe the fashionable women in Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Judgment House* as a shop-girl's idea of a lady.

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Mr. John Fox, Jr., deserves the credit of being an unusually even author; it is a quality which he shares with another writer of widely different calibre, the late Marion Crawford. It is a comfortable thing to be able to assume safely that if you have read one volume by a certain writer, you will like his other works as a matter of course. Mr. Fox undoubtedly has his public, although it

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is hard to understand why it should be quite so wide a public as the holding of fourth place on the current list would indicate. Perhaps his is a case in which our above propounded theory in a measure applies. As for *The Amateur Gentleman,* here is obviously a case of blind, sheep-like trailing in pursuit of a goal which it is of no special importance to attain. The whole modern revival of Borrowism, the more or less gypsy-like wanderings of more or less impossible and eccentric persons, has been a movement rather interesting to watch, from the detached, critical standpoint, and rather hard to follow, because of its somewhat sporadic outbursts. To our own way of thinking, the most useful purpose it has served is that of having given us one gem of the first water, *The Beloved Vagabond,*—and we are almost tempted to correct ourselves and say two gems, in order to include Mr. Hutchinson's recent *Happy Warrior,* which in our opinion is easily worth everything that Mr. Farnol has yet written. As for *Laddie,* there is a case where it is fairly easy to understand its popularity. Gene Stratton-Porter is not especially profound or erudite, excepting in regard to the lore of butterflies; but she is blythe, and kindly and wholesome, and her books all leave you with a sense of having enjoyed a pleasant hour or two of sojourn in the heart of some rolling, balsamic woodland, where the branches overhead are not too dense to keep the glad sunshine from filtering down in fine networks of pure gold. There is a tonic value to her books that is often missing from more serious and pretentious writings.

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Having discussed the six books of 1913 that have been most in demand according to the lists, a word should be said about what we may call the most "notorious" book of the year. That probably is Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman's *Hagar Revelly,* which earned the vigorous disapproval of Mr. Anthony Comstock. We gave *Hagar Revelly* rather a careful reading the other day with the result that we feel sorry for Mr. Comstock's action, for we think that in writing that book Mr. Goodman was sincere, or thought he was sincere, which amounts to much the same thing. The trouble with all these "notorious" books is that they find their way into the hands of so many half-baked persons who labour under the delusion that the ideas advanced in them are quite new, whereas analysis will show that philosophy and incidents are merely mediocre imitations of what has gone before. Mr. Goodman's novel is no exception. It is a kind of *Sister Carrie* with trimmings. There is much of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer that is more or less digested. But, above all, it is rehashings of Guy de Maupassant. For example, early in the book, there is the confession of the mother to one daughter overheard by the other daughter in an adjoining room. Substitute two sons for the daughters, and the situation is exactly the one that Maupassant treated with infinitely greater skill in *Pierre et Jean.* There is the episode of Hagar and Herrick in the woods overlooking the Hudson River. Maupassant again, this time in imitation of a little story which, if we are not mistaken, is called "Le Père." There is the situation of Mrs. Revelly consumed by jealousy because she feels that her lover is growing away from her, attracted by the youth of her daughter Hagar. That is Maupassant's *Fort Comme la Mort.* There is a great deal of nonsense talked about frankness in fiction, and often the best men, the men of cleanest minds, are impressed by it. As a book that has stood in the pillory Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman's *Hagar Revelly* deserves a word or two of defence. In intention at least it is far removed from *Three Weeks,* and the novels of Hubert Wales. In execution, though drab in colour and utterly lacking inspiration, it is not entirely trash. But as for being the masterpiece that a number of persons of misplaced enthusiasm have acclaimed it, that is frankly and flatly absurd.

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SECOND CABIN LIBRARY OF S.S. "IMPERATOR"

It was only two or three years ago that we printed a paper on the libraries of the Transatlantic liners. But those two or three years have brought striking changes. For example, the above picture shows one of the two libraries of the *Imperator*. In addition to standard works, these libraries include one thousand volumes of recent fiction.

In All Amiability

"Whenever I cross the Atlantic, and the weather is too rough for me to be on deck, I amuse myself by going down to the library of the liner I happen to be on, seeking the American history books, and correcting in pencil in the margins the misstatements of which they are full, as I am convinced the currency of these myths does more harm to the friendship between Great Britain and the United States than all the 'lion's tail twistings' that sometimes precede a Presidential election" (From a review of *Lord North, Second Earl of Guilford,* by Sir William Bull, M.P., in the London *Academy* for November 1, 1913). Without any thought of disparaging Sir William's marginal corrections, we may add that we have seen English history books which have seen fit to ignore entirely such battles as those of Princeton, Trenton, Saratoga, Yorktown, and New Orleans.

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Also in all amiability do we record the case of the Englishman mentioned by Ethelbert Nevin in Mr. Vance Thompson's *The Life of Ethelbert Nevin*. Mr. Nevin, writing from Morley's Hotel in London: "Some English people are so charming and some so idiotic. This morning, for instance, I remarked upon the beautiful sunshine after last night's rain, and, between sips of coffee, said: 'I presume it's because Gladstone threatens to resign.' Well, didn't the chap answer seriously: 'Oh, I really don't think that is the cause, you know; it must be something in the atmosphere.' After that I gave up."

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The latest acquisition in the long line of succession to Mr. Chimmie Fadden, of New York, is Mr Blister Jones, of

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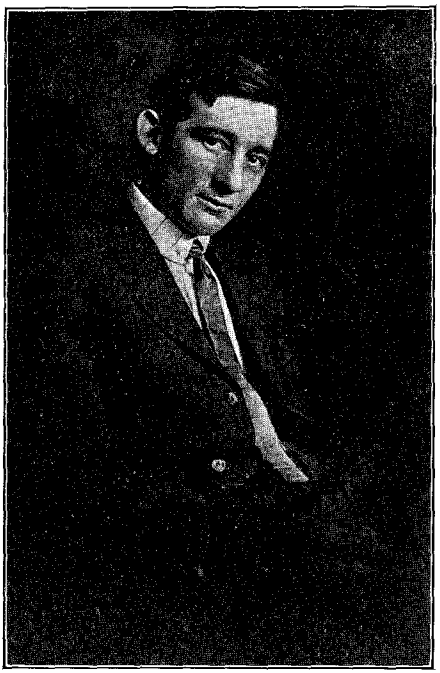
anywhere in particular where race-horses may be pulled, doped, or disguised. Mr. John Taintor Foote presents his hero in a number of entertaining tales, and succeeds, probably without the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, in drawing a thoroughly sinister picture of horse-racing in America. For example, take Blister. The boy is as sound at heart as was Edward W. Townsend's little Bowery derelict. Instinctively

According to Their Lghts



JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

loyal and brave, he performs any number of kindly, generous deeds, and in the end all but gives his life to save that of a rather foolish girl. But he has been nine years on the race track, and the poison of it is in his blood. Holding a horse back until the odds are "right," painting out the white spot on Friendless in order to run him as Alcyfras,—these are all in the day's work, and according to Blister's lights the greater the deception the greater the glory. It is not that he is without the moral sense; simply that the world in which he lives has standards of its own. Blister Jones deserves a place in the illustrious society of the late O. Henry's Jefferson Peters and Ferguson Pogue. He shares with them free-born citizenship in the United States of Graft. His ethics are their ethics, and he tells of his exploits in a slang that is quite as picturesque.

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"Why," we once asked in these columns, "should a casual remark about the weather to a great man some forty or fifty years ago be magnified in later life into a literary reminiscence of prime importance?" That question is somehow recalled by a literary note that is being sent out by the publishers of F. Hopkinson Smith's *In Thackeray's London.* Here is the note: "The first and only time I saw him (Thackeray) was in Baltimore, when I was seventeen years old. He and Mr. John P. Kennedy, a friend of my father, strolled one Saturday afternoon into the Mercantile Library, where we boys were reading. 'Look!' came from a tangle of legs and arms bunched up in an adjoining easy chair: 'That's the Mr. Thackeray who is lecturing here.' My glance followed a directing finger, and rested on a tall, rather ungraceful figure, topped by a massive head framed about by a fringe of whitish hair, short, fuzzy whiskers, crumply collar and black stock. Out of a pink face peered two sharp inquiring eyes, these framed again by the dark rims of a pair of heavy spectacles, which, from my point of sight, became two distinct dots in the round of the same pink face. The portrait of Horace Greeley widely published during his Presidential campaign—the one all throat-whiskers and spectacles—has always recalled to my mind this flash glimpse of the great author whom I afterward learned to revere."

F. H. Smith and Thackeray

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After all, the anecdote, though trivial, is a pretty good one in its way. The

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mention of the name of John P. Kennedy, the historian, recalls a Thackerayan anecdote that is not any too well known. The novelist was carrying in his mind the first threads of *The Virginians,* a story in which Washington was to play a conspicuous part. To Kennedy Thackeray turned for information about the personality of Washington. Kennedy began an academic discourse to which Thackeray listened with growing impatience. Finally the Englishman interrupted testily: "No, no! That's not what I want to know. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman who spilled snuff down the front of his coat?"

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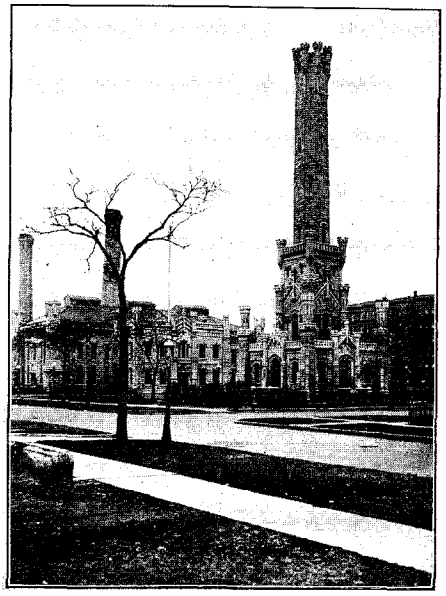
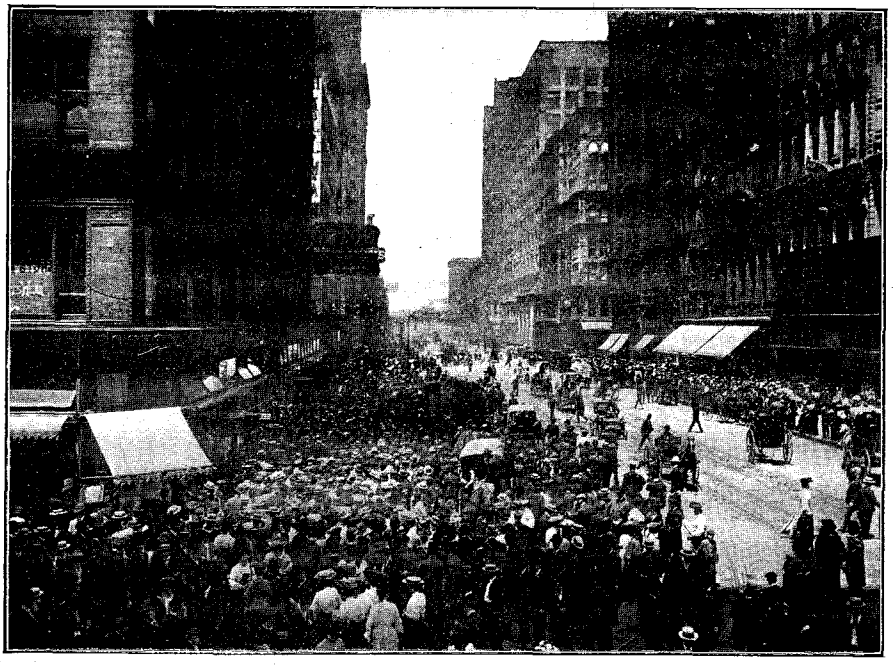
English

We know not why it is, but human nature always has found, and probably always will find, huge amusement in the eccentricities of phrase and spelling that mark the average letter in a language which is not the writer's own. For example, Mr. Charles Bastide, in his recently



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. THE OLD WATER TOWER, CHICAGO AVENUE AND LAKE SHORE DRIVE. HOBART CHATFIELD-TAYLOR'S "THE AMERICAN PEERESS IN PEARSON STREET"



MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. MADISON AND STATE STREETS AT NOON. THIS IS WHAT MODERNISED J. M. PATTERSON'S HEROINE, GEORGIANA, IN "REBELLION"

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MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. THE MONADNOCK BUILDING, THE SCENE OF HENRY B. FULLER'S "THE CLIFF DWELLERS"

published book on the *Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century,* devotes a chapter to specimens of English written by Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. From this chapter we quote a letter, under date of April 15, 1646, written by Queen Henrietta of France to her son Prince Charles.

DEARE CHARLES,—Having reseauved a lettre from the King I have dispatch this berear, Dudley Wiatt to you, with the copie of the lettre, by which you may see the King's command to you and to me. I make no doubt that you will obey it, and suddeyneley; for sertainly your coming hither is the securitie of the King your father. Therfor make all the hast you can to showe yourself a dutifull sonne, and a carefull one, to doe all that is in your power to serve him: otherwise you may ruine the King and yourself.

Now that the King is gonne from Oxford, whether to the Scotch or to Irland, the Parliament will, with alle ther power, force you to come to them. Ther is no time to be lost, therfor loose none, but come speedeley. I have writt more at large to Milord Culpepper, to show it to your Counsell. Ile say no more to you, hoping to see you shortley. I would have send you Harry Jermin but he is goinge to the Court with some commands from the King to the Queen-Regents.

Ile adde no more to this but that I am your most affectionat mother,

HENRIETTE MARIE R.

For me dearest Sonne.

• • •

There is nothing really ridiculous or discreditable in this letter. But we are far less charitably inclined toward the English of a circular which comes to us from one of the greatest tobacco firms in the island of Cuba. When we read that circular we feel just a little bit of exasperation in thinking of the lives, the time, and the money that were expended by this country for the cause of "Cuba Libre." Appreciation should sometimes take the form of good manners and the following communication we hold to be downright bad manners:

THE BEST IN THE WORLD is produced on the Island of Cuba, and the best again of this Island, furnishes only a small portion of its soils, situated west of the said Island, which is called and well known as the VUELTA ABAJO.

The first tobacco fields cultivated in the *Vuelta Abajo,* after the discovery of the Island of Cuba by Colon, are those of San Juan y Martinez, the tobacco of which commenced already then to acquire the universal just fame, in which no other was capable to rival. There is much good tobacco produced in the said *Vuelta Abajo,* but not better than the aforesaid excellent one of San Juan and Martinez. There are also large quantities cultivated and raised throughout the world, but nowhere is to be found as good tobacco as the good one of the Island of Cuba.

It is well therefore to understand, that Nature has intended and given to every

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country a so called SPECIAL PRIVILEGE to which all other should be tributaries. In this sense, the Island of Cuba is the MOTHER OF THE UNIVERSE and each and every one, from the most elevated monarchs to the humble shepherds, are paying due tribute to its excellent and not to be equalled tobacco.

In every country, which is distinguished by our wise Nature, by some special gift, we are sure to find a something better, even amongst, that which is good in itself. We find for instance, among the precious stones, some which are superior to others. The Rhine Wine so famous for its purity and flavour, difers greatly in quality and yet all is cultivated on the borders of the river bearing its name. Against the Law of Nature, it would be absurd to attempt? Why not to find this same law in regard to the tobacco, this very same something better which is always to be found amongst everything good? There exists in Vuelta Abajo a tract of land called located in the heart of ancient and celebrated fields of San Juan and Martinez, on the borders of the river of this name, being washed by its floods. This pit, on account of its particular topographical location, in olden times, was formed it is supossed by the constant deposits of sands and other vegetable matters of various kinds, carried away by the floods of this river, strengthening still more this belief, the kind of earth of which it is composed, being so very fine, that the plough is almost unnecesary for tilling the ground.

Owing to this circumstance, the tobacco which it produces, distinguishes itself for its remarkable fineness and particular flavour from amongst the best of the Vuelta Abajo. No doubt that the genuine HOYOS DE VEGA produce the best tobacco, but that the distinguishes itself amongst all others of the Vuelta Abajo, is a fact, which admits of no comentaries, as all those attest, who know it. Here then is this something better, invariable to be found

MORE GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO IN FICTION. MICHIGAN AVENUE, THE CITY'S PROMENADE AND PLAY PLACE, INCLUDING CONGRESS HOTEL AND THE AUDITORIUM, ROBERT HERRICK'S PET ABOMINATION. EVERY CHICACO HEROINE HAS HER "FIRST GLIMPSES OF PEACOCK ALLEY"

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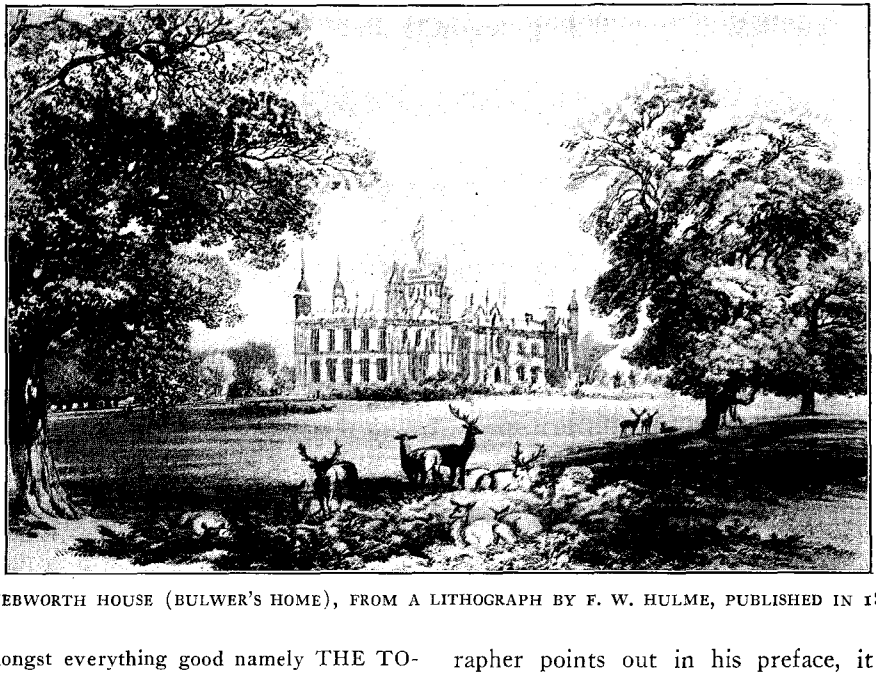

KNEBWORTH HOUSE (BULWER'S HOME), FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY F. W. HULME, PUBLISHED IN 1847

amongst everything good namely THE TOBACCO RAISED in the

THE FACTS WILL JUSTIFY THE ASSERTIONS

This refered tobacco field belongs at present to the manufacturer of the celebrated brand LA ESCEPCION. The tobacco raised thereon will be sold separately. The elaboration shall be of the choicest as well as the most perfect the art permits. The price is exceedingly low, considering the unequalled article offered, and that it procures the satisfaction of being able to say: I SMOKE THE BEST TOBACCO THAT IS TO BE HAD IN THE WORLD. As there is but one on the Island of Cuba, none but the owner of it could guarantee the genuineness of these productions. It would be advisable therefore, in order to avoid deception, to go what is called for the Water to the fountain. The is situated fifty leagues from the capital, crossing part of its lands highmay of the latter, as far as the cape of San Antonio.

• • •

Unquestionably the literary book of the moment is *The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton,* by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton. As the biographer points out in his preface, it is forty years now since Bulwer-Lytton died. He left his papers to his son, with instructions that by him and no one else his *Life* was to be written. These instructions the present biographer's father felt it a sacred duty to carry out as soon as his public work allowed. On his return from his official career in India, in 1880, he set to work on the papers which had been left to him, and began to write his father's biography. In 1883 he published, in two volumes, the first instalment of this work; but before it was completed he was appointed British Ambassador to Paris, where he died in 1891, leaving his task still unfinished. "Believing that both my father and grandfather would have wished the work to be completed," so the preface reads, "and interpreting the passage in my grandfather's Will as an instruction to myself no less than to my father, I have endeavoured to put together a narrative of the first Lord Lytton's life, in such a shape as will enable the world to form a true estimate, not only of his public career as an author

Bulwer Lytton's Story

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and statesman, but also of his character as a man."

• • •

In discussing the book we shall say as little as possible about the painful domestic tragedy which cast its shadow over the novelist's life. Too much stress has already been laid on that story of endless recriminations, of continual scenes, of intense hatreds. The tale was one which neither Bulwer-Lytton nor his son could bring themselves to tell. The experiences of both in connection with it had been too painful to admit of

LADY LYTTON (NÉE ROSINA WHEELER). HER MARRIAGE WITH BULWER TURNED OUT ONE OF THE MOST MELANCHOLY OF ALL LITERARY MARRIAGES. IN LATER LIFE SHE WROTE TO WILKIE COLLINS THAT IN THE VILLAINOUS COUNT FOSCO, OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," HE HAD DRAWN AN EXACT PORTRAIT OF HER HUSBAND

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a calm and dispassionate statement of the facts by either of them. The sprightly autobiography of the novelist stopped just at the point where the tragedy began. Otherwise it could hardly have been sprightly. With the omission of certain early chapters of no particular importance and some of the personal adventures in the later chapters, which have been embodied in more or less the same form in some of the novels, the present biographer has used that autobiography as the first part of his work. Happily so, for the story of the first twenty-two years of Bulwer-Lytton's life, as told by himself, makes entertaining reading, and throws a vivid light on the England of his time.

• • •

Of prime interest is the picture which the autobiography presents of the life of an undergraduate at Cambridge in the third decade of the last century. The college selected for Edward Bulwer was Trinity, at which his two brothers had preceded him. But he was not happy there. He found among his college mates no congenial companion. So at the end of the first term he left Trinity for Trinity Hall, and quickly felt the benefit

LORD LYTTON IN 1869

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of the change. His brother Henry was his chief companion. Henry led a gay life, his passion then was in horses and landau-driving, and he had the handsomest stud, perhaps, Cambridge ever saw. The Union Debating Society soon became a field for Edward Bulwer's activities. The leading men in the Union were the most accomplished and energetic undergraduates of the University. Among them were Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Alexander Cockburn, later to become Attorney-General; Charles Villiers, subsequently renowned in Corn-Law polemics; Charles Buller, and Benjamin Hall Kennedy. "But the greatest display of eloquence I ever witnessed at the Club was made by a man some years our senior, and who twice came up during my residence to grace our debates—the now renowned Macaulay."

• • •

Bulwer came to know Macaulay fairly well, and records his own wonder at the historian's full and opulent converse, varied knowledge, and prodigious memory. A short time before leaving Cambridge Bulwer competed successfully for the gold medal accorded to the English prize poem. That early victory gave him more pleasure than any literary success in later life. But he felt that its reception was ominous of the reception of all his work by the periodical press. The verses were selected for a lampoon in one of the earlier numbers of *Fraser's Magazine*—a lampoon not confined to the verses but extending to the author. "That magazine, under the auspices of Dr. Maginn and Mr. Thackeray, long continued to assail me, not in any form that can fairly be called criticism, but with a kind of ribald impertinence offered, so far as I can remember, to no other writer of my time." About this time Bulwer was sketching the outline of *Falkland,* and writing the opening chapter of *Pelham.*

• • •

Other sprightly pages of the *Autobiography* are those in which Bulwer recorded his infatuation for Lady Caroline Lamb. Lady Caroline was the "Caro" of Byron, of whom the poet, after their estrangement, wrote the terrible lines:

Remember thee, remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee
And haunt thee like a feverish dream.
Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not.
Thy husband, too, shall think of thee,
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!

In 1824, when Bulwer, a youth of twenty-one, made the visit to Brocket that was destined to have a marked effect on his future life, Lady Caroline was between thirty and forty, but thanks to her slight figure and a childlike mode of wearing her pale golden hair in close curls, looked much younger. Also she had, to a surpassing degree, the attribute of charm, and found little difficulty in making a victim of the impressionable boy. It was a case of a mild interest on the part of a clever coquette for a promising youth. The two corresponded in the stilted, sentimental manner of the age. All went well until another of the lady's admirers, a certain Mr. Russell, appeared on the scene. Bulwer saw, or fancied he saw, a preference on the part of Lady Caroline for the older man. He suffered, he raved, he shed copious tears, but he soon recovered. It was all so much emotional experience to be incorporated in future novels.

• • •

The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton, will be discussed at greater length in a review to appear in an early number of this magazine. We cannot leave the subject, however, without an allusion to the spirited passage at arms between Bulwer and Alfred Tennyson. At the end of 1845 Bulwer wrote a long poem called *The New Timon,* which appeared anonymously in four parts. The poem was a romantic narrative of life in London—a novel in verse; but it also contained, wholly unconnected with the main story, a number of satirical sketches of contemporary men in politics and literature, which attracted far more attention than the poem itself. Tennyson was

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referred to as "school-miss Alfred," and attacked in the following lines:

No tawdry grace shall womanise my pen!
Even in love-song man should write for men!
Not mine, not mine (O Muse forbid!) the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock bird's modish tune,
The jungling medley of purloin'd conceits,
Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats,
Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!

• • •

But "school-miss Alfred," who seemed to have no difficulty in guessing that Bulwer was the author of this attack, came back at his assailant with a totally unexpected vigour. He wrote "The New Timon and the Poets," a piece of great satirical merit, which has, at Tennyson's particular desire, never been reprinted among his works. It began:

We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke,—
The Old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New;
Regard him—a familiar face;
I *thought* we knew him! What, it's you,—
The padded man that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!
O Lion, you that made a noise,
And shook a mane on *papillotes!*
* * * * *
And men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hours may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes,
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

• • •

And which ended, if memory serves us, with the following lines:

A Timon thou, nay, nay for shame,
It seems too arrogant a jest
That fierce old man—to take his name
You bandbox, off, and let him rest!

The Nobel Prize Winner

For the first time the Nobel prize for literature has been awarded to an Oriental, to the Indian poet Rabindranath Tagore. The son of Debendranath Tagore, the grandson of Dwarknath Tagore, of Calcutta, a friend of Queen Victoria, this writer who has won such sudden celebrity, is an Oriental in the full meaning of the word, wearing, even when travelling through western lands, the clothes of his own country and directing a school in Bengal on the magnificent estate that he inherited from his father. Tagore was born at Calcutta in 1861. A musician and a poet, his first important work was an opera composed at the age of eighteen. This was followed by plays, novels, poems, and finally by the book *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*), which was enthusiastically welcomed in England. The discoverer of Tagore is said to have been the painter, William Rothenstein. Some years ago Tagore first visited Europe. Last summer he was a delegate to the Congress of Religions held in Paris.

• • •

In the preface which he wrote for *Gitanjali* (*Song Offerings*) Mr. W. B. Yeats tells of having read translations of poems of Tagore. He questioned a Bengali physician, who, not at all surprised at the profound impression that the poet had made on Mr. Yeats, went on to say: "Every day I read Rabindranath. One of his verses makes me forget all the annoyances in the world." And Mr. Yeats went on:

> If an Englishman living in London at the time of Richard II had been shown translations of Petrarch or of Dante he could have found no book to satisfy his curiosity about the author, and he would have questioned some Florentine banker or some Lombard merchant, as I question you. This poetry makes me feel that a renaissance is spreading in your country, and I can know of it only by hearsay.

To which the Bengali physician returned this explanation:

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We have other poets, but none of them is his equal, and the present period we call the epoch of Rabindranath. No poet in Europe seems to me as famous as Tagore is among us. He is as great in music as he is in verse and they sing his songs from one end of India to the other. He was already celebrated at nineteen, and they still play, at Calcutta, the pieces that he wrote soon after that. I admire much the perfection of his life. At a very early age he turned to nature and spent his days in his garden immersed in thought. From twenty-five to thirty, a time in which he probably underwent some great grief, he wrote the most beautiful love poems of our language. No words can express what those poems meant to me when I was seventeen. After that, his art became more profound, he turned to religion and philosophy, all human aspirations found their way into his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, who has sung of life, and it is for that above all that we have given him our affection. Some time ago he was to read the service in one of our temples, the largest in Calcutta, and not only was the temple packed, but it was impossible to move in the neighbouring streets.

Rabindranath Tagore has himself translated his poems into English prose. Three volumes of them, *The Gardner, The Crescent Moon* and *Sadhana,* have recently been issued in this country from the press of the Macmillan Company.

• • •

That Kipling Story

We take off our hat to the New York *Evening Post* for recognising the real value of that story of Irwin S. Cobb's visit to Rudyard Kipling at Burwash, which appeared in the issue of Thursday, December 11th. The same form of salutation is also due to Mr. Kipling for supplying such entertaining comment, to Mr. Cobb for bringing it across the Atlantic, and to the *Post* interviewer for presenting it in such an effective form. Mr. Cobb was depicted as ingeniously leading the talk to the subject of Terence Mulvaney, and finally asking: "Where is Mulvaney?"

There was no hint of flippancy in Kipling's reply. When he said, "Mulvaney is dead—I think," he looked away from his guest, over the yews and the sanded walks of his garden and into the glowing sunset, and there was a little silence after he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "to the best of my knowledge—the best of my memory, I might say, Mulvaney is dead. The last mental picture I had of him was on the edge of a cut in

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

India, where he was directing a gang of coolies building a railroad extension. There is no doubt that he was a bit seedy and down-at-heel. So I am sure that if he has not already passed away, he soon will, and Dinah Shadd will bury him.

"No, he cannot come back," he went on, after a few seconds' pause. "It won't do, you know. A character is born in your thought, and grows and is developed, and takes on virtues and vices, and becomes old, and then—well, just fades away, I take it.

"And that is the way with Mulvaney. I couldn't revive him—I could only galvanise him. He would be a stuffed figure with straw for bowels, and glass balls for eyes, and the people could see the strings I pulled him with. No, he is gone."

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The talk turned to war and Mr. Cobb, probably with the memory of the deaths of Jakin and Lew, and the splendid redeeming charge in "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" in mind, suggested that Kipling must have seen war in India.

"No," said Kipling, "I have seen very, very little fighting in India. I wrote mostly of what I had been told. But I did see war in South Africa. I said to myself before I went out, 'I'll see the dash and get the rattling inspiration of it. I'll see charges, and thin red lines, and hear hoarse commands and stand silent and thrilled in that dread hush before the battle!'

"But what a disillusion! The hush before the battle was like the quietness of surgeons and nurses before they go into the operating room. Nobody galloped up on a lathered horse, and fell unconscious after handing the general the long-waited dispatch. The general himself bestrode no charger; but sat in a comfortable camp-chair beside a neatly spread tea table. You heard a few tick-ticks and somebody handed him a slip—the substitute for the dispatch—and he read it and drank his tea and said, 'Um-m-m, good. Workin' out just as I thought. Wire Binks to bring up that battery,' etc., etc.

"And all this method and precision and application of modern efficiency ideas makes the carnage that follows all the more ghastly. You don't know in advance just what is going to happen, you don't know how it happened, you just look at the dreadful dead men and the shrieking, wounded men, and they seem to you like innocent bystanders who have got in the way of some great civil engineering scheme and been torn and blown up."

JOSEPH CONRAD'S WOMEN

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

"THEY—the women—are out of it—should be out of it." So speaks one of Joseph Conrad's characters of the world of Joseph Conrad's best writings. They are out of it indeed, in this world of the sea, and those who live thereon in ships; this world of bleak or poisonous coasts, of secret harbours, mysterious rivers, savage jungle and savage men. The women are there, of course; but they are always the passive factor, never the active or positive force. It is not *their* development, *their* psychology, which matters in Joseph Conrad's books. They are there just as one more, possibly often the most potent, force of nature, acting on and influencing the development of the male protagonist—never because of themselves or of what may happen to them. Hence Conrad's women are never complex. They do not change or develop in any sense of the word. They are presented to us complete, in one tone, like the line of the horizon, or the colour of a flower. They stand out in one definite note of colour, either dull drab or flaming scarlet, as a fixed feature of the landscape. What they do, or what they are . . . it is usually what they *are* . . . does not matter of itself. It counts only in its effect on the men into whose lives they come.

For even in this world of primitive men and primitive passions, man cannot know his own possibilities until the feminine equation has come into his life to stir it to action . . . but to an action impelled not by the will, only by the senses. And so these women of Mr. Conrad's world seem incapable of development. Swayed only by primal impulses, they are always true to type, to themselves. It is as if the varying possibilities of development in the feminine microcosm did not interest this writer. He needs some one woman for one mood, one phase of each story, just as he needs

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a certain background. In fact, the background is more important, for in some of Mr. Conrad's stories the natural setting is chief protagonist, as if it, of itself, impressed him most strongly, and the humans therein became of interest only as they felt the influence of the setting. And his women are just a part of the natural setting, never more. They each and every one belong so intimately to the background against which they are placed that we cannot imagine any of them elsewhere, as we can the men. The men come and go, finding the women of each place, each in her place, just as the line of sea forest and sky is complete and allied to each place, part of the memory of it in aftertime.

Because of this quality we do not see Mr. Conrad's women grow and develop any more than we see the jungle grow and develop. Herein lies the great difference between his work and that of many other modern writers. And herein lies perhaps his preference for . . . and his greater measure of success in . . . depicting the savage or half-savage woman, or the woman whom natural surroundings have forced, or allowed to be merely the primitive expression of a natural law. In a few instances only does Mr. Conrad draw for us portraits of women of an Occidental civilisation, women of the city, the salon. Even when dealing with women of a so-called civilised environment, he has done his best work in depicting those of a social class that approaches the savage in lack of artificial conventionality

The others, the well-to-do woman of position, so beloved as heroine by many writers, do not seem to interest Mr. Conrad at all. Whether or not he has summed up his opinion of them in what he writes of Mrs. Alvan Hervey in the story *The Return,* is his own secret. He describes her as belonging to a class of people

> who feared emotion, enthusiasm, or failure, more than fire, war or mortal disease; who tolerated only the commonest formulas of commonest thoughts, and recognised only profitable facts . . . in whose lives joys and sorrows are cautiously toned down to pleasures and annoyances. . . . They disdainfully ignore the hidden stream of life.

And when this woman, the only one of Mr. Conrad's women characters who feels the Fear of Living, seems for one rash moment to have stepped from her commonplace, well-ordered existence into the stream of passion, what gives the greatest shock to her husband is the fact that now he is forced to think of her merely as "a woman."

> He had thought of her in every relation except the one fundamental one . . . as well-bred girl, as wife, as mistress of her household, as lady . . . but never simply as a woman.

Can it be that in this sentence we have Mr. Conrad's own acknowledgment of the manner in which he likes best to think of women? Certain it is that he depicts them best just simply as woman—not in any of the artificial relations that obscure the primitive womanhood amid the drawing-rooms of the Western world.

Again, in *Under Western Eyes,* he lets the one woman in the story who is real and alive—the revolutionist, Sophia Antonova—say:

> The silliest woman can always be made use of. And why? Because we have passion, unappeasable passion . . . you men can love here and hate there, and desire something or other . . . and you make a great to-do about it and call it passion. Yes! While it lasts! But we women are in love with love, and with hate, with those very things I tell you . . . and with desire itself. That's why we can't be bribed off as easily as you men. In life, you see, there's not much chance for us. You have to either rot or burn. And there's not one of us, painted or unpainted, that would not rather burn than rot.

It is the woman who is simply the expression of this unappeasable passion, of the love of love or hate, or desire itself, that Mr. Conrad draws best.

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And he finds her mostly beneath tropical skies, amid the glowing poisonous growths of tropical forests. Nina, of *Almayer's Folly,* is the most memorable of these women. Standing between the races, what she has seen of white men has not impressed her with their vaunted superiority. Having experienced, during the impressionable growing years, the scorn with which the half-caste girl is treated in the Islands, her white father's ambitious plans for her, his tales of the place he will make for her in the world of white men fall on deaf ears. Little by little the girl is drawn under the spell of intrigue whispered in her ears by her native mother, . . . one of those women who, disappointed in love, is in love with hate, . . . and when the handsome Malay sea-rover, Dain Maroola, comes into her life, Nina recognises him as her destined mate and lays her hand in his. It is odd how entirely comprehensible and sympathetic Mr. Conrad has made this situation. We ought, it would seem, to feel pity or even disgust for the woman who, with white blood in her veins, deliberately casts in her lot with a "savage" and follows him as his wife into the darkness and obscurity of a petty Rajah's compound. To Almayer his daughter's choice brings grief that amounts to horror, the soul of the man dies within him. But the reader feels that Nina has chosen the better part. She had seen enough of the lot of half-caste wives of white husbands, and she chooses to go, not where her Malay blood will make her despised, but where her white blood will give her a superiority that will spell power even after her beauty fades. She does not reason on this—Mr. Conrad's women do not reason—she acts on instinct and impulse. But one feels that underneath the love which binds her heart and soul, is an intuition telling her where she can find her best self.

And indeed, the white men who have come into Nina Almayer's life were of a kind to make her choice quite comprehensible from the most human and simple point of view. Even an all-white woman might have been pardoned for turning from such specimens to an attractive lover like Dain Maroola, Malay though he be. Mr. Conrad seems to be taking a sly fling here at the supposed "superiority" of the white races in the Tropics. Wonderful in its piercing to the heart of woman, alike in all climes and all shades of skin, is the little scene between Nina and her Malay mother as the girl prepares to flee with her lover.

Joanna, the half-caste wife of Peter Willem, the *Outcast of the Islands,* shows us the lot from which Nina fled. She is less to her husband, in spite of his sentimental babbling of the "sacredness of the marriage relation," than any other article of furniture in his house. And when disaster overtakes Willem, and tears the veil of his fatuous self-satisfaction from him, leaving him naked before the indecencies of crude actuality, then it is that he falls, body and soul, under the spell of a wholly savage woman. Aïssa, the Malay, living alone with her blind deposed father, might be a half sister to Nina Almayer. She is what Nina would be were it not for the admixture of white blood which bids Nina choose, where the other woman only feels. The story of the meeting of Willem and Aïssa, their love from its beginning to its culmination and its tragic ending, ranks among the very finest of Mr. Conrad's work from the point of view of sheer writing. It is described with a power as brutal and primitive as the primitive passion itself, the pages glow with an almost intolerable flame. Joanna, the half-caste wife, dragging herself through life in a torn and soiled wrapper, furnishes the dull foil to Aïssa's brightness. The meeting of the two women at the last is an unforgettable picture.

In *Falk* we have another of Mr. Conrad's most characteristic pictures of woman as a sex type only. Hermann's niece—we do not even learn her name—expresses primitive womanhood and potential motherhood in the magnificent lines of her figure, the silent acquiesence of her bowed head under its weight of

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tawny hair. "She inspired you somehow with a hopeful view of the prospects of mankind."

We never know or discover the soul of this woman, she is but the symbol of the female element in nature, as it were. And even among the many silent women who go through the pages of Mr. Conrad's books, this girl is the most silent. For that is one quality of all Mr. Conrad's women, they are so inarticulate, in stupidity, dulness, grief, sorrow, or even in flaming passion. Where they are most alive, as he has described them, they are most silent. One woman alone, Nathalie Haldin in *Under Western Eyes,* is loquacious. And she is the most shadowy and unreal of any of Mr. Conrad's women. She is nothing but a voice to express opinions which seem indefinite and confused because the woman who utters them never comes near to us in human interest.

Twice only has Mr. Conrad chosen a woman's name as title for his stories. Amy Foster is not really the chief figure of the tale that bears her name. She is a typical Conrad woman—the word typical is the most abused in our language, but sometimes one cannot avoid it—in her inarticulate dulness, enlivened only by the one flash of feeling which led her out onto strange seas of emotion, finally swamping her puny soul. *Freya of the Seven Isles* is more alive, a woman proud of her beauty and her power over men's hearts. But Freya is "so sensible" and her happiness, her very life even, is sacrificed to the reputation for "sense" she had consciously built up in her father's mind.

Like passing pictures thrown on a mirror are the fleeting glimpses of other women whom we catch sight of in Mr. Conrad's work. There is a delicious old Malay Queen in *Lord Jim;* motherly Mrs. Beard, seen for a moment in *Youth* as she mends the clothes of the crew of the *Judea;* Mrs. Hermann, the feminine embodiment of all the civic virtues, making a home for her good husband and her little flock on the high seas; the two knitting women in the office of the Company in *Heart of Darkness*—emblem of the Fates for the men who entered there—these and many another, seen but for a moment, still linger long in the memory when one has closed the book.

In *Heart of Darkness,* a plunging into the innermost soul of that world where the man caught in its toils says that "they, the women, are not in it, should not be in it"—there is a striking picture of a woman glimpsed as the steamer passes bearing the dying Kurtz from the forest where he had lived so long in the very Heart of Darkness.

> She was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent. There was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress. And in the hush that had fallen suddenly on the whole sorrowful land, the immense wilderness, the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her pensively, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul.

Like a shade from another world the picture of this savage woman flashes into Marlow's mind as he sits in the shaded drawing-room in the sleepy Continental city, bringing Kurtz's last message to the "girl at home." The sheltered woman of Occidental civilisation, and the woman who was the soul of the savage jungle, meet in the bond of primitive womanhood, which is the one phase of woman's life that seems to hold and interest Mr. Conrad, the one phase that calls out his best work.

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THE POET CAVALIERS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

When darkness mantles meads and glades,
And shrill the north wind snarls,
I love to read of those gay blades
Who trod the court of Charles;

The men—how clear their names are writ!—
Of gallant aims and airs,
Of nimble fence and nimble wit,
And jests and jibes at cares;

Those who made mock in merry song
At fate's "abhorrèd shears,"
And wore their swords and love-locks long,
The poet-cavaliers.

Suckling and Lovelace capping rhymes,
They hold my fancy thrall,
Strolling in jaunty ease betimes
The gardens of Whitehall;

Tom Carew with his pliant grace,
And likewise pliant pen,
Who set so brisk and blithe a pace
For all the "Tribe of Ben!"

They sleep in the unfathomed dark
Beyond all hopes and fears,
And yet their living forms I mark
Despite the lengthening years.

So twine I one more laurel wreath,
"The Muse's coronals,"
For those that laughed and quaffed beneath
The shadow of Saint Paul's!

* * *

Another "Best Seller of Yesterday"—"The Duchess," to be discussed in the February issue. Are we so soon forgotten? Inquiry at the Public Library of New York City reveals that that vast repository contains not one of the thirty novels of "The Duchess," and that in all the branch libraries there are only two copies each of her two chief books—and these in remote districts where patrons are supposed not to have reached the general level of culture. Yet these books, "Molly Bawn" and "Phyllis," everybody was reading twenty-five years ago. It is unusual to find a man or woman of two generations back whose youth was not enlivened by these two sprightly love-stories of English society. But her books in very cheap paper-back reprints still sell by thousands; and for this reason those of the youngest generation who place her at all associate her name with Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay as a "shop-girl's delight," an injustice to a writer of charming and humorous love-stories in an accurate social setting.

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BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER AND SCENE OF "SNOWBOUND"

A NEW PILGRIM IN WHITTIERLAND*

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

MORE than any of our poets, the Bard of Amesbury sought his themes in the folk-life, in the rivers, dales and hills of his own countryside—a romantic domain bounded by Salisbury's shore, by Haverhill, by the Merrimac and the heights whose "cloud-curtained cradle" gave it birth. Bold crests, Indian-named, far-viewing, rear their heads more proudly for his praise; the Lakes of Kenoza, of Attitash and "mountain-girdled Asquam" actually exist for us; the legend-haunted houses of Whittier ballads are real—we may visit them, and beneath their slant eaves search for and, mayhap, find portraits of the very characters who people his rhymed narratives. Constantly he muses upon the associations and happenings of his boyhood, and upon the homestead on the Massachusetts high-road which links Haverhill to Amesbury. As it looked more than a century ago, so it still appears to thoughtless hundreds who pass it daily. The gate swings inward to the stranger's hand. At the end of the path is the doorway which frames "the old, rude-furnished room" from whose unfading memories "Snowbound" was fashioned—where

> The white drift piled the window-frame,
> And through the glass the clothes-posts
> Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

Here, beneath the "sagging beams" young John Whittier, his sisters and his brother made a fireside crescent and listened with all their youthful ears to winter tales spun by the father, by the mother "running the new-knit stocking-heel," by that uncle who though

> innocent of books

was rich in lore of fields and brooks, and by the

> dear aunt,
> The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate.

*Extracts from Whittier's poems are herewith reprinted by courtesy of the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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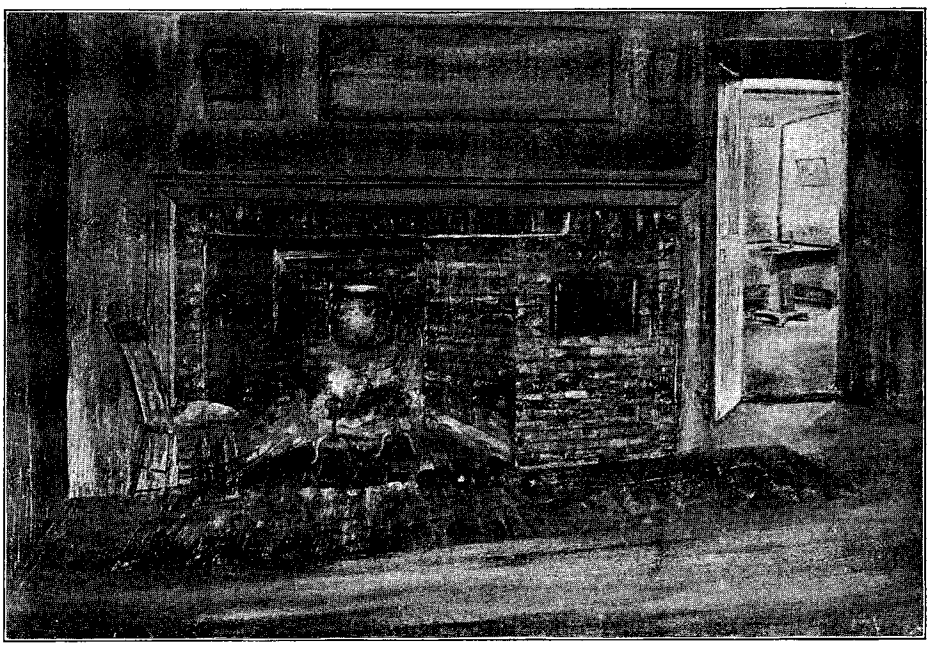

THE FIREPLACE IN THE HOUSE OF WHITTIER'S BIRTH. FROM A PAINTING

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze"——
—"Snowbound."

Here, "shut in from all the world without," they "sat the clean-winged hearth about," while

Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
And close at hand the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

From the fireplace, still set with its Turk's head andirons and kettle and crane, still brushed clean with a turkey wing, one looks into the "best room," where Whittier's infant wails first greeted a world which was to place him so high on its poets' roll.

A trellised doorway views the well-curb and its long sweep, clothed by the snow in "slant splendour." On this door-stone "grey and rude" sat the Barefoot Boy with his

Pewter spoon and bowl of wood.

In the ravine at the edge of the old-time New England farm is the brook which "laughed for his delight" in "boyhood's time of June,"—whose

liquid lip . . . had grown
To have an almost human tone.

On the farm beyond, "right over the hill," leading off from the Haverhill road, lived the Playmate, whose father's kine Whittier fed as a boy. And just a little farther on

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,

where "the urchin in that smoked and dingy room" said brief lessons to the

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school,

who often sat with them when snowbound, and who became the "old friend, kind friend" for whom Whittier never lost his affection.

Two years before his death, the poet

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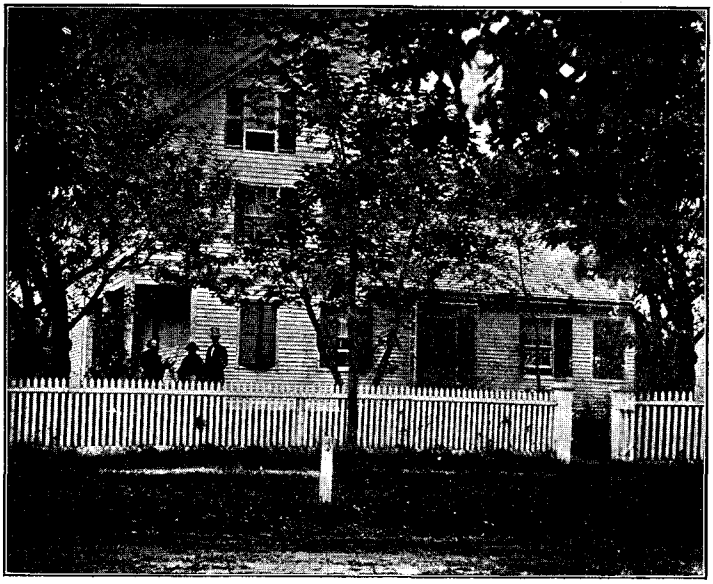

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PICTURE OF WHITTIER'S AMESBURY HOME, TAKEN WITH HIS SISTER ELIZABETH AND HIMSELF STANDING BY THE PORCH; THE VIEW SHOWS THE HOUSE BEFORE IT WAS ALTERED THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF AN ENGLISH FRIEND

indited a lyric to Haverhill upon its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

He named himself,

> The singer of a farewell rhyme
> Upon whose outmost verge of time
> The shades of night are falling down,

and in benediction prayed: "God bless the good old town!"

Thus of Haverhill, in the township of which he was born. But of Amesbury, where he lived after he came to man's estate, he has no songs to sing. True to the old verse anent the dishonouring of prophets, one hears more in his home town of the tax dispute between the city fathers and their most distinguished son than of his epics of New England life and his immortal odes to Nature. Dreaming through the streets in his tall hat and plaid shoulder-shawl, he was sometimes negligent of neighbourly salutation. Of this one hears too, and of this further eccentricity: when the Amesbury Library Association voted to rescind its annual fee of one dollar, Whittier withdrew his membership, maintaining that readers of books who regarded them so lightly that they did not count it a privilege to pay for their use, were unworthy to possess library advantages. The stranger who enters the beautiful Free Library building of Amesbury is justified in expecting to be shown numerous well-guarded volumes autographed in the familiar flourish of J. G. Whittier. There is not one. Nor did he leave the smallest bequest to the fund which he would certainly have enriched had not his fellow-members in the Association run counter to his views as to free books. Which in this day of prodigal opportunity for those bookishly inclined seems exceeding quaint.

If the Amesbury Whittier Monument Fund still lags after twenty-one years, and the space set apart for it remains bare, there are, nevertheless, many sites and scenes in and about the town which are monuments to Whittier's memory.

One goes first to see the house where the poet lived so long with Elizabeth,

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the "youngest and dearest" sister of the broken crescent, she who used upon "the motley braided mat" to sit before the homestead fire. He never ceased to mourn her passing.

> . . . When the sunset gates unbar
> Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
> And white against the evening star,
> The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Before the old home runs the trolley to the Lake, where

> . . . in the shadow of the ash
> That dreams its dream in Attitash,
> In the warm summer weather
> Two maidens sat together.*

At the juncture of the electric line and a leafy by-road stands the little white temple, demure as one of its bonneted Quakers, where the Whittiers went on First Day, unless they climbed to the Rocky Hill Meeting-house outside the town.

*The Maids of Attitash.

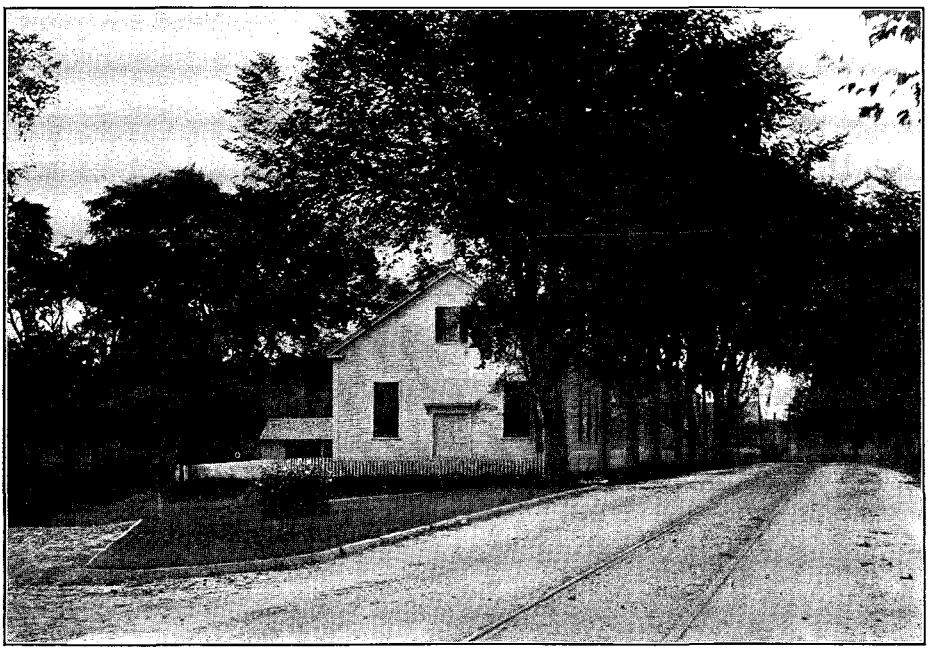
"What part or lot have you," asked a guest, impatient for the "green repose" without,

> "In these dull rites . . .
> . . . in this close and rude-benched hall?"

And with these surpassing verses Whittier answered him:

> "Dream not, O friend, because I seek
> This quiet shelter twice a week,
> I better deem its pine-laid floor
> Than breezy hill or sea-sung shore;
> But nature is not solitude;
> She crowds us with her thronging wood;
> Her many hands reach out to us
> Her many tongues are garrulous.
>
> * * * * *
>
> And so, I find it well to come
> For deeper rest to this still room,
> For here the habit of the soul
> Feels less the outer world's control."

Beyond the heart of the thrifty mill-town and the bridge of the "swift Powow," where falls the little river "into



THE MEETING-HOUSE, AMESBURY

". . . I find it well to come
For deeper rest to this still room. . . ."
—"The Meeting."

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the broader stream" of the Merrimac, is the old clapboarded house where, when it was quite new some two hundred and sixty years ago, Goodman Macey dwelt with his bride until they were driven from it, exiled.

At the door of their home sat Macey

One sultry afternoon
With his young wife singing at his side.

* * * * *

Just as the first big rain-drop fell,
A weary stranger came.

* * * * *

"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?

* * * * *

My life is hunted . . .

* * * * *

And much, I fear, 't will peril thee
Within thy doors to take
A hunted seeker of the Truth,
Oppressed for conscience' sake."
O, kindly spoke the goodman's wife,—
"Come in, old man!" quoth she,—
"We will not leave thee to the storm,
Whoever thou mayst be."

* * * * *

A heavy tramp of horses' feet came sounding up the lane.

* * * * *

"Now, Goodman Macey, ope thy door,—

* * * * *

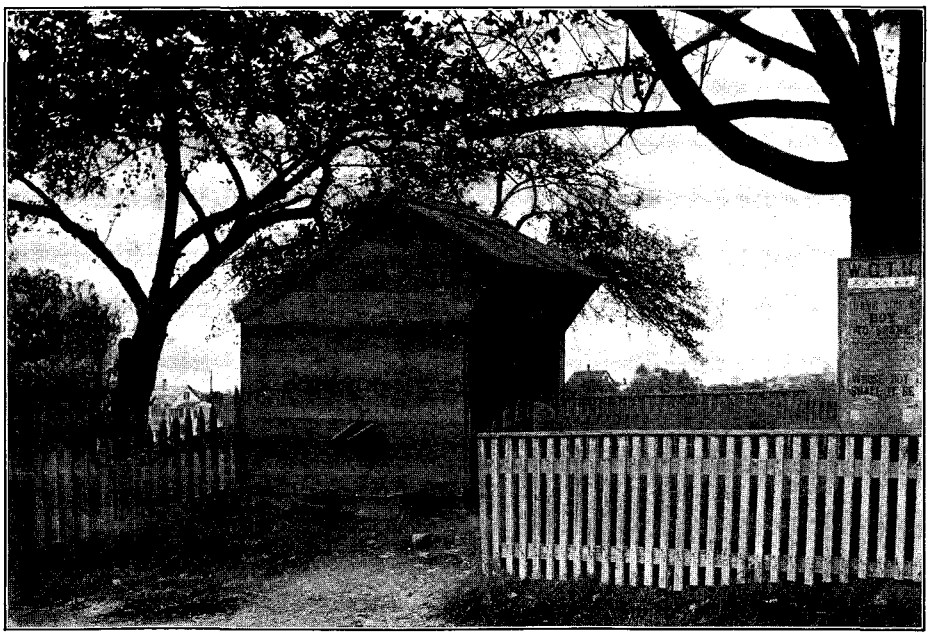
A rueful deed thou'st done this day,
In harbouring banished Quakers."

* * * * *

Then kindled Macey's eye of fire:
"No priest who walks the earth
Shall pluck away the stranger-guest
Made welcome to my hearth."

But the old Quaker was taken, and the goodman and his bride barely made their escape from the fury of the priest and his aids. Fleeing in their birch canoes they passed "Plum Island's hills," the "grey rocks of Cape Ann" and "Gloucester's harbour-bar"; and thus came at last to "Nantucket's naked isle."

Inspired by a painting by Edwin A. Abbey, Whittier wrote a second poem, "Banished from Massachuetts," which relates again how,



"GOD'S BEST GIFT IS THE WAYSIDE WELL!"
—"The Captain's Well."

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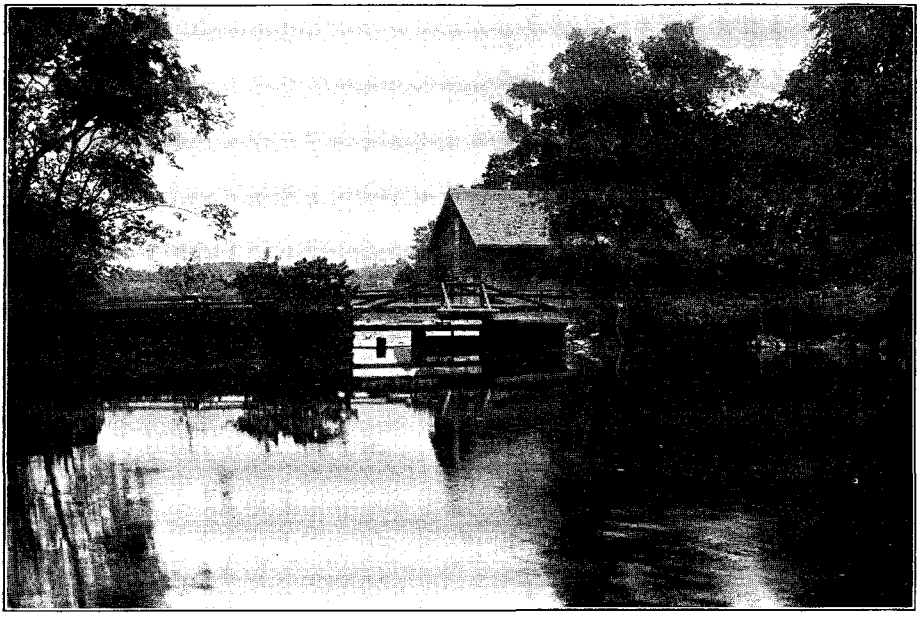

"CURZON'S BOWERY MILL."
—"June on the Merrimac."

Over the threshold of his pleasant home
. . . passed the exiled Friend.

* * * * *

"Dear heart of mine!" he said, "the time has come
To trust the Lord for shelter." One long gaze
The good wife turned on each familiar thing

* * * * *

And calmly answered, "Yes, He will provide."

Within sight of the Macey house is the well, dug by Captain Valentine Bagley to fulfil a vow made in the Arabian desert. Says Whittier in his annotations, "This story, familiar from my childhood, has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend, Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration, at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added, but I have endeavoured to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded."

From pain and peril, by land and main
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;
And like one from the dead the threshold crossed
Of his wondering home, that had mourned him lost.

After the Captain's death the well fell into disuse. But now it has been boarded over and is cherished with a certain pride by Amesbury folk. The descendants of Captain Bagley relate an incident not incorporated by the author of the poem.

As he roamed with his shipwrecked companion in the blazing desert, the Captain met a woman who bore two flagons of precious water. Parched, gasping, they offered her gold, all they had, for the brackish contents of one flask. But she, knowing too well the value of her burden, resisted and would have passed on. Then by force they wrested from her the water she would not in mercy sell, and left her hurtling imprecations upon them as they, refreshed and heartened, took up their

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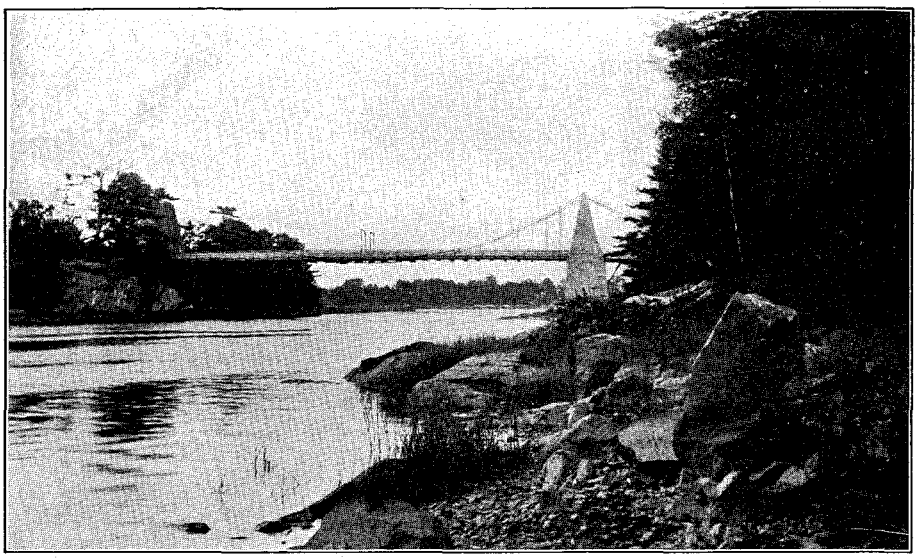

"THE CHAIN BRIDGE OVER THE MERRIMAC,
DEER ISLAND AND THE HAWKSWOOD OAKS."
—"June on the Merrimac."

trackless wanderings which brought them at last to the

. . . ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at her masthead flying,

and so back to Amesbury.

Above the Macey house and the Well is the green acre in which are the simple head-stones of the Whittier graves, enclosed by a hedge close-clipped and high. The poet's stone is somewhat larger than the others; this is its only distinction.

The Merrimac, which companioned Thoreau, was the inspiration of four Whittier poems, and through many another it threads its peaceful trail.

Of "Our River" he sings:

Thou O mountain-born!—no more we ask
the wise Allotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
The calmness of thy water.

"The Bridal of Penacook" apostrophises its "mountain-born brightness" as it "glances down to the sea."

And again in "The Merrimac":

Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.

Inland along the river shore a road goes under the hill where, in the days of witchcraft, stood the cottage of Goody Martin, against whose

" . . . harm
O'er many a neighbouring door"

hung

"The horseshoe's curvéd charm."

The same road leads "over the wooded northern ridge" to the fisher village where

Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

It was here that a Gascony exile wooed a village girl and made her The Countess.

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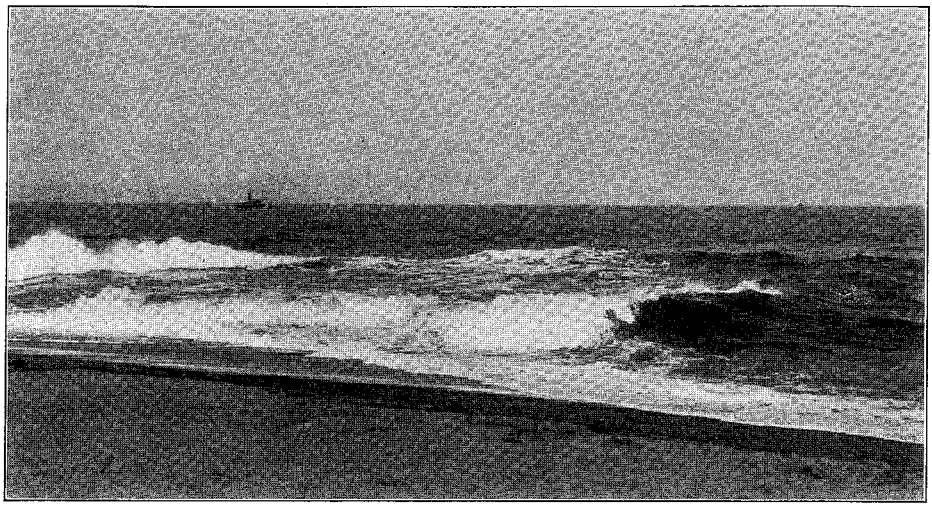


HERE THE THREE FRIENDS PITCHED THEIR TENT ON THE BEACH

> For her his rank aside he laid;
> . . . and made
> Her simple ways his own.

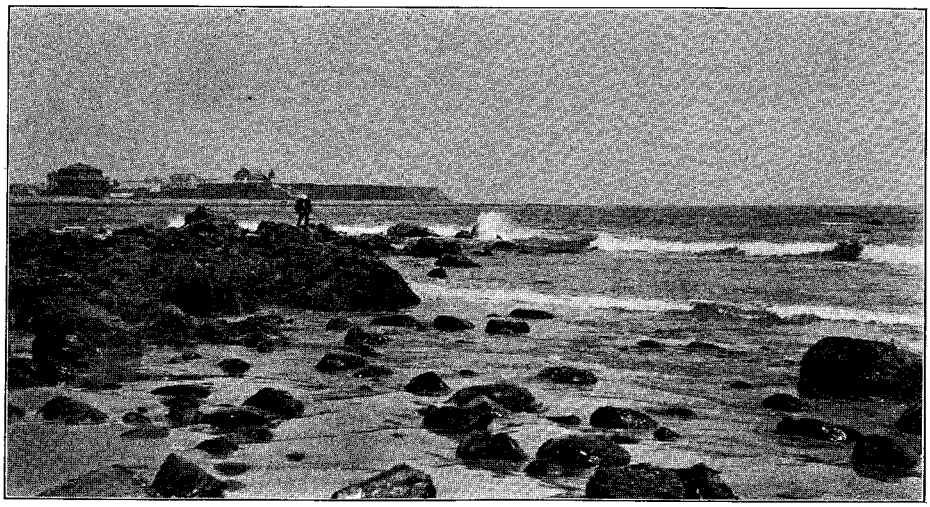
If we

> Go where, along the tangled steep
> That slopes against the west,
> The hamlet's buried idlers sleep,

we will find her mound beneath the "wild vines o'er it laced," though her Gascon lord and lover sleeps across the sea in scutcheoned tomb.

"June on the Merrimac" celebrates the famed Hawkswood estate on the river-bank by the suspension bridge—the first erected in the United States; and Deer Island, home of Harriet Prescott Spofford. To both her and her husband, "R.S.S."

Beyond "Deer Island's rocks and fir-



THE BOAR'S HEAD, HAMPTON BEACH

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trees" is the port of Newbury, whose "spire and weathercock peered o'er the pines" to glimpse The Exiles in their flight. It was in Newbury town that sprang the fable of the Double Snake. And away from its shores Parson Avery sailed,

> Dropping down the river harbour
> In the shallop *Watch and Wait.*

A little north of Newburyport is the beach where "three friends pitched their white tent."

> Behind them marshes seamed and crossed
> With narrow creeks and flower-embossed
> Stretched to the dark oak wood.

Pushing on to the Hampshire line, we reach Boar's Head, on Hampton Beach. And here

> . . . rest we, where this grassy mound
> His feet hath set
> In the great waters, which have bound
> His granite ankles greenly round
> With long and tangled moss, and weeds
> *with cool spray wet.*

MANNERS IN MODERN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON

Tom Jones and *Vanity Fair,* in their characters and backgrounds, reflected the life of a nation and a complete period. *Fathers and Children* mirrored all the generations that have passed and are to pass. *Madame Bovary* appeals to every honest woman. But these and novels like these are works of a past generation. The novels of manners to-day are, broadly speaking, novels of groups rather than of nations or of races, and now and then they are novels dealing exclusively almost with individuals of these groups, separated thus even more from co-ordination with the larger social order as it visibly exists. As novels should, they reflect the period, and become easily, therefore, novels of specialisation rather than universality.

The reason for this trend of fiction does not lie far; the whole world of men and women is gathered about the melting pot, watching the social organism boil, and, knowingly or not, waiting their turns, by race or cult or individual, to be cast into their baptism by fire. The accepted backgrounds of all human life have shifted, and are huddled crazily together, presenting no longer any coherent picture to the eye or to the brain; and the novelist, watching its patchwork of colour and form, and drawing nearer to this melting pot, not nearly so much of races as of ideas, and watching its confused ring of onlookers, stirs the mess tentatively with a mental tenacle—and brings up a Theron Ware perhaps, an Undine Spragg, a Hurstwood, a Comrade Yetta, all of them logical products of these illogical times, yet, so diverse have forms of human life become, and so diffused men's ways of thinking, these types and others seem to stand alone, special instead of universal instances. The task that lies before the novelist of manners of to-day is a tremendous one, and the American writer faces a greater problem than his brother of England or France or Germany.

For America has no London—as London spells England; or Paris, as Paris reads France. Little Dorrit's London was none the less Becky's London, and Tom Jones's London. One writes London in the first chapter, and achieves his atmosphere and the customs and manners of his people from whatever part of London he draws them. But the American novelists writes "New York," and one thinks of a dozen different aspects of the city without any sense of a national or even civic solidity of customs and manners behind it. And if he writes "Chicago" or "New Orleans" or

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"Washington" or "San Francisco," he has set down another variable quantity and quality of manners, in no way national or even characteristic of his countrymen as a whole. Little Dorrit and Becky and Tom Jones have a common background, an atmosphere sanctified by the incense of time and unified by a certain standardisation of ideals and morals.

In the sense, however, that *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair* are novels of manners, a condensation of a period and a people, their like will probably not be seen again. The modern telescope sweeps too far and the microscope probes too deep. We are beginning to see, even this far in advance of the amalgamation of nations, that no creed lives upon itself alone and that people are far less products of an outworn national ideal, whatever that phrase may not mean, than they are of ideas in the air—at least, that if this is not true it should be made true as speedily as possible! This for the telescopic view of life that destroys a standardised background of manners and customs. And the microscopic research that has revolutionised science has permeated the modern novel to a degree. Like the modern doctor's thesis that, instead of discoursing upon "Light" or "The Atom," takes instead a square inch—no more—of scientific surface, and then burrows down and under in devious, gloomy paths, for light, the modern novel is built upon the same structural plan, and takes, instead of all life, a spot of life, a character, a condition, a point of view, and probes to the bone of it. The old, complacent, quite complete novel of manners that is all-embracing has gone; the field of modern life is too huge, too interlacing; it would take mastery of the Fourth Dimension to reduce its Three Dimension space to simplicity.

Two recent novels of manners illustrate excellently this difficulty of finding a common background of customs and manners for—to take a small part of America, New York: *Comrade Yetta* and *The Custom of the Country*. Undine Spragg and Yetta both exist, and they exist side by side, within a few city blocks of each other. Yet the custom of their common country could not be for either of them a more unbelievably different thing; and the modern writer of fiction must achieve, by some subtle art known only to the masters of it, the weaving of life itself as a background, before he can unify in one novel the conditions that produce the Yettas and the Undines of life. Lacking this ultimate art the diverse products of a modern city must be chosen to work out their fates against their own particular, limited, but valuable and definite backgrounds.

The customs and manner of America are becoming less crude, however, and that does not mean that America's manners in the boarding-school sense of the word are becoming better. But the background is less blatant. Years ago Howells and his shoal of imitators attempted to write down American life as it was. They succeeded in pinning nasal twangs to paper and made native vernacular phonetically visible to the eye. But the result was, a net residue of crude, over-emphasised, provincial personalities—What remains of *The Lady of the Aroostook* but her candidly simple, "I want to know!" Perhaps this is always true of most of what is written about a new, unsettled, unanalysed condition or people. Until Howells revolted against it, most of American fiction was soaked through and through with a dilute solution of English manners, morals, political views, and chaperons. One of the oddest instances of this may be found in that honest attempt at realistic American fiction, *The Breadwinners,* whose author makes Alicia, coming back to her native Ohio town, go ashore on the rocks of an imported custom of another country, when she demands, with a girlish yearning that never was, her mamma as her chaperon. Howells punctured this and many other fictions of fiction as they were up to then written of America by Americans. And his early insistences upon realities are no cruder than those of later schools as they have "discovered" new times and

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new customs and new peoples. Witness the flounderings of those writers to-day who are gallantly breasting the oncoming sea of feminism that is quite likely to pound pitilessly the hearts and heads of the too-adventurous. In *The Business of Life,* Robert Chambers bravely essays to assay the "working girl," and the result is a funnily serious study of a girl who, Mr. Chambers imagines, wishes to work, and who undoubtedly does wish to preserve intact her social standing among people whose opinion of work is idiotically unintelligent. Owen Johnson, too, is adventuring daringly when he decides to put that newly evolutionised product of modern life, the human salamander, into fiction, and the result, not to prejudge a serialised novel, is quite apt to lack proportion and perspective to the rest of life. Again, manners and customs over-emphasised, in the endeavour to set down a part of life that has not yet evolved its code and its background.

In the English and the Continental sense, Mrs. Wharton, almost more than any other American novelist, has manners, and it is worth while repeating that this term is not used in the boarding-school sense, particularly since the term, in view of the people she knows best and writes most smoothly about, may prove doubly misleading. Her chosen group has developed traditions of its own, which have been built up through at least three generations, and in the main these traditions have been preserved, like hothouse fruit, from damaging and damning contact with the world outside, until the people born into them do not ever realise that three generations back their group, as a group, was not. Seven or eight years ago, when *The House of Mirth* appeared, it portrayed, with absolute thoroughness, America's upper bourgeoisie. And that was all. There it stood, uncriticised, unsocialised, uncoloured by anything but its own aura. This year we have another Wharton novel approaching more nearly the type of *The House of Mirth* than anything Mrs. Wharton has written since *The House of Mirth* appeared. The second generation of the wealthy bourgeoisie here as well as the third and the fourth. Here, too, is all the background of manner and custom that exists so serenely nowhere else in America. And yet, even into Mrs. Wharton's work is creeping slowly a part of the tremendous socialising spirit of to-day, the realisation that group backgrounds, unlighted by a sense of their relativity to other groups and to life, do not amount to much more than painted scenery. Over in England, Wells, with all his tremendous burden of national background and customs, manages, often with a desperate wrenching of impedimenta, but always with a great resolve that commands admiration, to inject into his massive English settings a humanised world atmosphere as well. Wells writes not of Englishmen and England, but of Englishmen and the world. And Galsworthy, his soul permeated by this new social sense, writes down, in his English men and women, all humanity, with all the tragedy and plaintive joys of human life, with the desires and hampered fruition of the desires of all living things as his background. Not the world alone, but life is the stage.

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CONTRAST IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

In this time of the tottering of definitions, it is desirable that the dramatic critic, in the interest of future playwrights, should seek some certain element of narrative that may be accepted as essential to success upon the stage. In the December number of the Bookman, it was pointed out that several of the younger realistic writers of Great Britain have successfully evaded the famous assertion of the late Ferdinand Brunetière that the essential element of drama is a struggle between human wills, and it was found necessary to agree with Mr. William Archer in his contention that the Brunetière formula can no longer be accepted as a definition of the drama.

The extent of this attack upon a theory which for twenty years has been regarded as an axiom must not be overestimated. Not even the author of *The Great Adventure*—from which any positive assertion of the human will has been carefully excluded—would deny that the narrative pattern praised in unexceptionable terms by Brunetière is the one pattern which is most likely to interest an audience assembled in a theatre, or that at least nine-tenths of all the acknowledged masterpieces of the drama, both in the past and in the present, will be found upon examination to incorporate some conflict between human wills. Exceptions—according to the Latin proverb—*test* a rule; but they do not necessarily prove that, as a rule, it has lost its validity. In shifting our critical position, we are merely admitting that the element of conflict is not *essential* to the drama; it is far from our intention to suggest that, in the vast majority of cases, this element is not desirable.

But even to admit that an element which was formally considered as essential can now be regarded only as advantageous is to feel ourselves somewhat in the position of mariners whose ship has sunk beneath them. This position is pertinently indicated by the familiar phrase "at sea." It is always disconcerting to renounce a seeming certainty; and the normal mind seeks ever to erect some other image to replace an idol that is overthrown. There is a world of meaning in the traditional announcement, "The king is dead; long live the king!" When definitions die, we must immediately seek new definitions to succeed them.

This necessity was felt by Mr. Archer when he dealt his gentle death-blow to the theory that conflict is essential to the drama. He proceeded at once to present a new pretender to the vacant throne. The following sentences, which are quoted from page 36 of Mr. Archer's *Play-Making,* define his new position:—"What, then, is the essence of drama, if conflict be not it? What is the common quality of themes, scenes, and incidents, which we recognise as specifically dramatic? Perhaps we shall scarcely come nearer to a helpful definition than if we say that the essence of drama is *crisis*. A play is a more or less rapidly-developing crisis in destiny or circumstance, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the ultimate event. The drama may be called the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual developments."

This theory of Mr. Archer's affords us at least a floating spar to cling to, in the midst of the sea of uncertainty into which we have disturbingly been dropped. It is undeniable that the drama tends to treat life more crisply and succinctly than the novel, both because of the physical limitations of the theatre and because of the psychological demands of the actors and the audience.

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One way of attaining this crispness and succinctness is to catch life at a crisis and to exhibit the culminating points—or, as Mr. Archer says in a later passage, "the interesting culminations"—of the destinies of the characters concerned. But is this the only way? No one would venture to deny that Mr. Archer's formula applies to at least nine-tenths of all the acknowledged masterpieces of the drama; but so did the formula of Brunetière. It is obviously advantageous for the drama to catch life at a crisis; but is it absolutely necessary? If we can find as many exceptions to Mr. Archer's rule as Mr. Archer found to Brunetière's, we shall be compelled to decide that the element of crisis is no more *essential* to the drama than the element of conflict.

Let us now ask Mr. Archer if he can find any crisis in Lady Gregory's one-act comedy entitled *The Workhouse Ward?* This dialogue between two beggars lying in adjacent beds attains that crispness and succinctness which is advocated by the critic, without exhibiting a crisis in either of their lives. The whole point of the play is that we leave the beggars precisely in the same position in which we found them. Yet this comedy is undeniably dramatic. It has been acted successfully in Ireland and England and America, and has proved itself, in all three countries, one of the most popular pieces in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre Players. Would Mr. Archer maintain that *The Great Adventure* exhibits "a more or less rapidly-developing crisis in destiny or circumstance," or that any of the eight scenes of this comedy, except the very first, can be regarded as "a crisis within a crisis, clearly furthering the ultimate event?" Is there any crisis in *The Madras House* or in *The Pigeon?* Or, to go back to Shakespeare, would Mr. Archer attempt to define as "a crisis within a crisis" such a passage as Act V, Scene I of *The Merchant of Venice,* in which Lorenzo and Jessica discourse most eloquent music underneath the moon? Is there any crisis in the scenes between Orlando and Rosalind in the Forest of Arden?

To defend the element of crisis as essential in such instances as these would necessitate the same sort of verbal jugglery that would be required to establish the element of conflict. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Archer has not led us any nearer to a certainty than we were before. The friendly spar is floated from our desperate grasp and we find ourselves once more floundering in the sea.

Is there, after all, such a thing as an *essential* element of drama? Is there a single narrative element without which a dramatic scene cannot succeed? I think that there is; but I am willing to revoke this decision so soon as any writer shall show me an exception to the rule. It seems to me at present that the one indispensable element to success upon the stage is the element of *contrast,* and that a play becomes more and more dramatic in proportion to the multiplicity of contrasts that it contains within itself.

The sole reason why *The Workhouse Ward* produces a dramatic effect is that the two beggars are emphatically different from each other. The moonlight scene in *The Merchant of Venice* is interesting on the stage because of the contrast between the contributions of the two lovers to their lyrical duet. Both *The Pigeon* and *The Madras House* derive their value from the fact that they exhibit a series of contrasts between characters. *The Great Adventure* is dramatic because the drifting hero is wonderfully contrasted with the practical and sensible heroine and every scene of the play reveals some minor contrast between antithetic minds. What is the dramatic element in the soliloquies of Hamlet? Do they not derive their theatrical effectiveness from the fact that they present a constant contrast between very different human qualities which, in this case, happen to have been incorporated in a single person? Such a play as *Every Man in His Humour* stands outside the formula of Brunetière, because it exhibits no struggle of contend-

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ing wills; it also stands outside the formula of Mr. Archer, because it exhibits neither a crisis nor a series of crises; but it is a great comedy, because it exhibits an unintermitted series of contrasts between mutually foiling personalities.

It would be interesting to hear from Mr. Archer on this point. I am willing to retreat from my present position if he will remind me of a single great scene which is admittedly dramatic and which shows no indication of this element of contrast. Meanwhile, pending his reply, I offer a perch on this new spar to any of my shipwrecked fellow-mariners.

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

The most amusing comedy of the present season offers us an illustration of the principle of contrast. *General John Regan* is the first play that has been written by Canon Hannay, of St. Patrick's, Dublin,—a genial Irish gentleman who had previously published several novels signed with the utterly English and very solemn pen-name of "George A. Birmingham." *General John Regan* is merely an amplified anecdote. It exhibits no conflict of contending wills; neither does it disclose a crisis in the life of any of the characters; but it is dramatically interesting because it sets forth a series of delightful contrasts between a dozen very different people.

A rich American tourist who is motoring through Ireland is halted in the sleepy little town of Ballymoy. In order to give the inhabitants something to think about, he casually remarks that he has come to look up the early records of the life of General John Regan, the Liberator of Bolivia,—the most renowned of all the native sons of Ballymoy. Nobody has ever heard of this mythical hero; but the dispensary doctor, a lively-minded man named Lucius O'Grady, plays up to the suggestion that has been offered by the stranger. Dr. O'Grady selects a ruined cottage as the birthplace of the famous general, points out the town jail as the residence of his boyhood, and confers upon the tongue-tied maid-servant of the village inn the honourable designation of Only Surviving Relative. He persuades the adventurous American to start a subscription to erect a statue to the Great Liberator in the market-square of Ballymoy, and compels all the leading citizens to contribute to the fund.

The entire second act is taken up with Dr. O'Grady's preparations for the civic event which is to mark the unveiling of the monument. This act exhibits no contention of wills, but merely a general contagion of enthusiasm which overwhelms the wills of all the characters. It would merely be a jugglery of words to insist that this act exhibits a crisis in the history of Ballymoy; and even Mr. Archer must admit that it does not show a crisis in the individual career of any of the characters. The most amusing scene of all is a lengthy dialogue between five representative citizens of Ballymoy who are gathered round a table in the village inn to discuss the details of the civic project. What is the source of interest in this scene? What is that specific quality by virtue of which it must be termed dramatic? Apparently—since all other explanations fail—it must be the delightful contrast between the five very different characters that take part in the conversation.

It is decided in the second act to purchase, at a reduced price, a second-hand mortuary monument that has been rejected in Dublin by the relatives of the deceased; and in the last act this monument is unveiled by the taciturn maid-servant, dressed fantastically as a fairy. Dr. O'Grady has had the audacity to invite the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to preside at the ceremony. This dignitary has sent down his aide-de-camp to protest against the hoax; but Dr. O'Grady coerces this very British and utterly helpless underling into making an address, which is regarded by the populace as an official acceptance of the monument.

This composition is very rich in characterisation and unusually humourous in dialogue. Canon Hannay thoroughly knows his Ireland, and he writes with

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that imaginative glibness which is always evident in Irish humour. His play successfully defies those definitions of the drama which till very recently were held as axioms, and it seems to prove that the sole essential to success in comedy is a sufficiently interesting contrast between characters.

"THE STRANGE WOMAN"

Another emphatic illustration of the principle of contrast is afforded by Mr. William Hurlbut's comedy entitled *The Strange Woman*. This play exhibits an antithesis between a cultivated woman of the world and the narrow-minded citizens of the little town of Delphi, Iowa.

The hero is a young architect who was born in Delphi, but has made his mark in Paris. He has met a very beautiful and talented young widow and has arranged to link his life with hers. Naturally enough, he wishes her to meet his mother and imports her to America for the purpose of this meeting. In actual life, a man with as much experience of the world as the author has endeavoured to ascribe to his hero would have brought his mother to New York to meet the heroine half-way; but, in order that Mr. Hurlbut may have a play to write, the hero takes the heroine all the way to Delphi and tries to domesticate her in the society of that middle-western town.

The inhabitants of Delphi look upon the heroine as a strange woman, and seek a logical reason for their instinctive distrust of her beauty and her charm by making up their minds that everything is not right about her. The women wag their tongues in gossip; and the Don Juan of the village—who happens to be the uncle of the architect—endeavours to improve the opportunity by making love to her. All of this is true enough; but the playwright pushes his contrast too far when he allows the gossips to discover that the heroine is planning a personal alliance with the hero that shall not be registered as a legal marriage.

The great weakness of the play is that we are shown no adequate reason for the heroine's objection to a legal marriage. We are told, indeed, that her first marriage was unhappy. This fact might reasonably deter her from entering into a marital relation with the hero; but, since the alliance she has planned is, in all intents and purposes, a marital relation, it is difficult to appreciate the heroine's unwillingness to acknowledge its existence. But if this heroine had behaved as sensibly as such a woman would have done in actual life, she would have robbed the author of the basis of his play. For, in the last act, the heroine is so deeply impressed with the conventional ideas of the mother of her lover that she renounces her own theories and agrees to a legal marriage with the hero.

It will be noted that the main plot of this play is arbitrary and untrue to life; but a great deal of genuine amusement is afforded by emphatic contrasts between the characters. Much of the dialogue is genuinely humourous; and the piece seems more sincere than the previous plays of Mr. Hurlbut.

"GRUMPY"

Grumpy was written by two actors, Mr. Horace Hodges and Mr. T. Wigney Percyval; and it is an actor's play. That is to say, it is contrived in terms of the theatre rather than in terms of life. It is the sort of play that was written by Victorien Sardou in the years of his apprenticeship to Eugène Scribe. As in *Les Pattes de Mouches* (which is known to us in English as *The Scrap of Paper*) the clue to the plot is a certain concrete object which is passed about from hand to hand until it is finally hunted down by the hero. In this instance, the elusive object is a camelia which may be identified by the fact that a woman's hair is wound about the stem, and this object serves as a clue to betray a criminal who has committed a daring diamond robbery. The hero of the play is an octogenarian lawyer, long since retired from professional practice, who undertakes the task of catching the criminal because the robbery has jeopardised the happiness of his nephew and

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his granddaughter. "Grumpy"—as he is called—has a very crusty exterior and a very kindly heart. This type is traditional in the theatre; but the part is transformed into a real and living character by the great acting of Mr. Cyril Maude. Though *Grumpy* is merely "a well-made play," it is exceedingly well made, and it affords a not unwelcome relief from that insistence upon the more revolting phases of actuality which has been the dominant note of the majority of recent plays.

Before producing *Grumpy,* Mr. Maude essayed less successfully to interest the public of New York by reviving *The Second in Command* and *Beauty and the Barge*. Captain Marshall's comedy seemed more insistently sentimental than it used to seem a dozen years ago; but the play is still a good one of its type, and Mr. Maude gave a very ingratiating performance of the amiable "duffer" of a hero. *Beauty and the Barge* is a dramatic arrangement, by Messrs. W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker, of the material of several of Mr. Jacobs's stories. It sets forth a rather incoherent string of incidents, and is by no means a self-sustaining play; but the part of Captain James Barley of the *Heart in Hand* affords Mr. Maude an opportunity for an admirable performance. This aged and amiable philanderer, whose life has been nothing but an endless inland voyage, is a living figure, and remains in the memory as a notable instance of successful collaboration between a writer and an actor.

"THE MAN INSIDE"

Mr. Roland Burnham Molineux reveals a curious view of crime in his drama entitled *The Man Inside*. He contends that the attitude of society toward the criminal should be reformatory instead of punitive. This contention is based upon a theory that crime results not from character but from circumstances. Mr. Molineux believes that society should surround the criminal with circumstances calculated to call his better nature into being. He favours the establishment of a Court of Rehabilitation which shall set free any incarcerated criminal so soon as he shall become convinced of the error of his former ways.

This is a very interesting view; but it is expounded by Mr. Molineux in a play that is excessively sentimental and notably untrue to life. His second act is laid in a district attorney's office; and, in this act, the chief preoccupation of the officers of the law seems to be a continual endeavour to find excuses for leaving several criminals alone upon the stage so that they may conspire in comfort and steal anything they wish. In the last act, each of the criminals in succession sees a great light and resolves to sin no more; and this epidemic of rehabilitation seems inconsistent with actual experience.

The first act is set in a Chinese opium-den; and the play owes the measure of success it has achieved to Mr. David Belasco's realistic rendering of this unaccustomed *milieu*. The lighting of this act is alluringly mysterious, and the noises off-stage are admirably managed. Once again Mr. Belasco has lent his genius as a stage-director to the presentation of a drama that, in itself, is not worth while.

"OURSELVES"

The importance of *Ourselves* lies in the fact that it was written by a woman. In this interesting play, Miss Rachel Crothers argues in favour of a single standard of morality for men and women, and the standard that she advocates is the one that has been heretofore imposed—for physiological reasons that are too obvious to require explanation—upon the female sex. Unfortunately, this matter is not merely a question of individual morality but also a question of sociological expediency; and it can scarcely be decided on purely moral grounds. This, at least, is the view that is commonly assumed by social philosophers who happen to be men; and Miss Crothers's play is all the more valuable because it expounds the purely feminine view that practical problems

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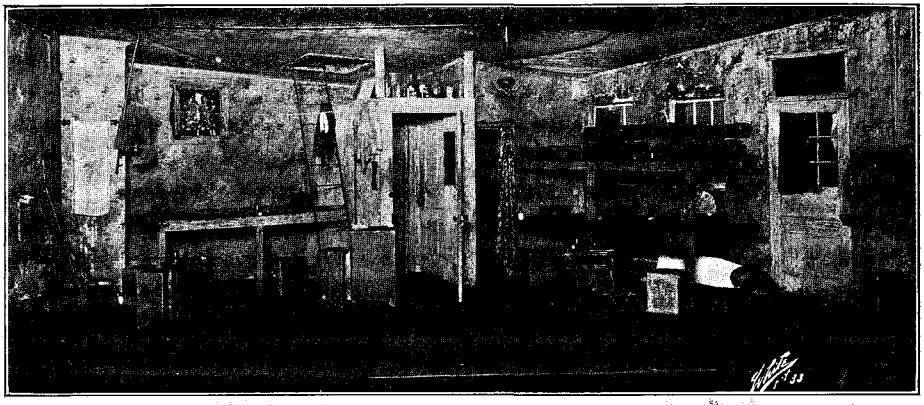

"THE MAN INSIDE"—STAGE-SET OF ACT I

"The first act is set in a Chinese opium-den; and the play owes the measure of success it has achieved to Mr. David Belasco's realistic rendering of this unaccustomed *milieu*."

may be ignored in considering the social evil.

All that this author writes is inspired with an evident sincerity. She compels attention by her earnestness. Moreover, she possesses a rare talent for reality of characterisation; and her dialogue is the most simple and most natural that is current on the American stage to-day.

The story of *Ourselves* may be briefly summarised. A wealthy and philanthropic young woman rescues the heroine from a reform home for prostitutes and engages her as a domestic servant. In her new surroundings, the heroine is sufficiently awakened to the possibilities of a better life to break finally with the vile "cadet" to whom she has formerly been subservient. But she suffers from a sense of loneliness which she ascribes to an inhibition of the joy of life. In this state of mind, she falls easily a vic-

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"—ACT I

"The sleepy little town of Ballymoy." A rich American tourist stirs this hamlet to activity by inventing a legendary native son,—the notable General John Regan.

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"THE STRANGE WOMAN"—ACT I

"The inhabitants of Delphi look upon the heroine as a strange woman, and seek a logical reason for their instinctive distrust of her beauty and her charm by making up their minds that everything is not right about her."

"GRUMPY"—ACT III

"The hero of the play is an octogenarian lawyer, long since retired from professional practice, who undertakes the task of catching a criminal who has committed a daring diamond robbery."

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tim to the seductions of the brother of her benefactor,—a young artist whose somewhat frigid wife has made the mistake of allowing him to go his own way without question or remonstrance. The discovery of this illicit relation creates a crisis in the family; and a fourth act is appended in which this distressing situation is discussed from the point of view of all the characters in turn.

"THE MISLEADING LADY"

The Misleading Lady, by Messrs. Charles Goddard and Paul Dickey, shows a marked improvement over their previous play, entitled *The Ghost Breaker*. The present piece exhibits once again their cleverness in stringing together a striking series of theatrical effects; but it also shows a laudatory effort to reveal a glimpse of the realities of life.

"THE MISLEADING LADY"—ACT II

"Craigen proceeds to treat the heroine in the manner of a philosophic cave-man. When she shows herself rebellious to this treatment, he chains her to the wall in place of his liberated dog."

This final act—which might easily have descended to the level of mere preachment—is the best act of the four. It proves that Miss Crothers can maintain a central thesis without paralysing the free will of any of her characters. The position of each of her characters is represented fairly, without prejudice; and yet the entire discussion results in what appears to be a strong argument in favour of the author's point of view.

The heroine is a flirtatious young woman who makes a bet at a house-party that, within a certain number of hours, she can induce Jack Craigen to propose to her. Craigen is an engineer, lately returned from Panama. He is not accustomed to the elaborate insincerity that is practised in those vulgar circles that spell Society with a capital S. Having made his proposal at the expected moment, he is seriously annoyed to discover

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that the heroine is already engaged to another man. But Craigen loves her really, and resolves to submit her to a course of education in sincerity. He bundles her into an automobile and abducts her to a lodge that he owns in a neighbouring wilderness of the Adirondacks.

Arrived at this deserted cabin, he proceeds to treat her in the manner of a philosophic cave-man. When she shows herself rebellious to this treatment, he chains her to the wall in place of his liberated dog. The education of the heroine in the stark realities of life is incongruously interrupted by the intrusion of a lunatic, escaped from a neighbouring asylum, who believes himself to be Napoleon Bonaparte, and acts accordingly. "Boney" is both a funny and a touching figure. Most of his antics are extravagantly ludicrous; but a momentary scene in which he solemnly creates Craigen a Marshal of France brings tears into the eyes.

The heroine is one of those women who love to be mastered. Before her fiancé appears, to set her free, she learns to realise that she loves the philosophic cave-man and resolves to give her life into his keeping.

This is a merry and fantastic play; but the serious dialogues between the hero and the heroine remind the hearer often of reality. The piece is commendable not only as a theatric entertainment, but also as an earnest annotation of a common chapter of experience.

"BEAUTY AND THE BARGE"—ACT II

The crew of the "Heart in Hand." "The part of Captain James Barley affords Mr. Cyril Maude an opportunity for an admirable performance of an aged and amiable philanderer whose life has been nothing but an endless inland voyage."

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BALZAC THE BUSINESS MAN—A NEW LIGHT

BY FRANCES WILSON HUARD

The hitherto accepted idea of Honoré de Balzac as a man of business has been that he was a child, a visionary, a dreamer, a builder of gigantic schemes that utterly lacked balance. Anecdote has gone far to foster that idea. For example, it is told how Balzac had a house built after his own plans, forbidding the architects to make either changes or suggestions. When the structure was finished it was found that no provision had been made for any staircase between the floors. Stories of this nature, and the memory of his life-long struggles with his debts, has caused the idea of Balzac as a business man to be regarded as a jest. It was all very well for him, in the printed page, to win fortune for this or that creation of his Human Comedy. Posterity accepts readily enough the finance of "Cæsar Birotteau," but in actual life it was very different, and his only sound scheme of money winning was in his industrious exercise of his extraordinary literary gifts. That was the point of view of yesterday. But recent discoveries have revealed a somewhat different Balzac. These discoveries grew out of the launching of the new edition of the novelist's works which is being printed at the Government Printing Office in Paris. For this new edition the Institut de France placed its Balzac treasures at the disposal of the publisher on the condition that the work of revision and annotation should be done by two men especially fitted for the task. These men were Marcel Bouteron and Henri Longnon. The work of making the illustrations was intrusted to M. Charles Huard. To this labour M. Huard devoted two years, during which he was materially aided by Madame Huard, who is the author of the present article and incidentally, a daughter of the American actor, Francis Wilson. The two had access to Balzacian material which hitherto had been kept from the world, followed industriously Balzac's footsteps about France and beyond French borders, and made use of old prints and costumes illustrating the Paris of Balzac's day and the fashions in dress adopted by her men and women. As a result of these researches Madame Huard has been writing a series of papers about the author of the "Comedie Humaine;" none of them, however, we think, presenting him in a more strikingly new light than the present paper on "Balzac the Business Man."—Editor of the BOOKMAN.

THERE is not the slightest doubt that Balzac was an excellent man of business. All his life long he dreamed of affairs and at the same instant he conceived an idea he sought the means of putting it into operation. His plan was no sooner evolved than he saw his enterprise quoted on the Bourse. No magnate of industry was ever more broad-minded nor better gifted with working power, energy and patience. Yet why did he never succeed? Some argue that like many inventors he lived fifty years too soon, while others explain his ill-fortune by that simple word "unlucky." How many of his magnificent combinations, golden dreams and genial operations evaporated almost as soon as conceived. Nevertheless it is interesting to note the fecundity of his brain and his untiring efforts to build up the necessary fortune which would permit him to write in peace.

When twenty-five years of age, he went to Paris determined to make a name in the literary field. At first his condition was most precarious and, fearing lest he be obliged to accept degrading propositions, ashamed of being forced to depend upon his family for sup-

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port, he resolved to try his hand at speculating, which seemed to be the only means of attaining his liberty. His ideas upon this subject much interested one of his father's neighbours, who, although himself a shrewd man of busi-

HOUSE AT TOURS IN WHICH BALZAC WAS BORN

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ness, offered to launch Balzac and even went so far as supplying the necessary funds.

Balzac began by editing books. It was he who first had the idea of those compact, double column volumes, each one containing the entire work of some classical author (an idea which has since then admirably succeeded). He published thus a complete Molière and a

PORTRAIT OF BALZAC IN THE MUSEUM AT TOURS

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complete La Fontaine, but alas! he encountered the ill-humour of the booksellers, whose interests he balked by threatening to render extremely difficult the sale of their editions in numerous volumes. They boycotted him, with the result that in a year's time he barely disposed of twenty copies. Unable to find sufficient capital to advertise his undertaking, he was finally obliged to sell his entire edition for the net weight of the paper.

His backer having thus lost his securities, but still interested in seeing Balzac succeed, took him to visit one of his relatives who was making his fortune at printing. Balzac became enthusiastic, studied the matter very carefully, and thinking of Richardson who became wealthy by writing and then printing his own books, decided to adopt the trade. By force of persuasion he succeeded in obtaining his parents' consent as well as the money to begin this new enterprise. Realising his own comparative incapacities, he took as partner a very intelligent typesetter named Barbier, whose dexterity he had noticed in one of the printing shops he had visited This young man, married and the father of a family, was gifted with the best of qualities, but unfortunately the only funds he brought into the association was his knowledge of typography.

The license procured, they set up shop Rue des Marais St. Germain—to-day Rue Visconti, and went to work. Needless to say, their beginning was very unremunerative. Seeing this, Balzac conceived the idea of proposing printed circulars to druggists and chemists to help them launch their patent medicines. He realised what a future lay in advertisement and he himself composed the first prospectus which came from his press. But he was ahead of his time. No one would listen to him.

II

Discouraged, he turned his energy in another direction, and an occasion of uniting a type foundry to his printing shop then presenting itself, he did not hesitate to buy. He hoped by so doing he would be able to float a loan or to find a third associate. Alas! the guarantees given to his first creditor caused all his negotiations to fall through.

His family was obliged to come to his rescue, but after several months these prudent "bourgeois," becoming frightened by the expense and doubting his success, refused to furnish their son with further money, just as he was about to attain his goal. He tried to sell, but received only the most ridiculous offers. To avoid bankruptcy he finally gave the printing shop and the foundry to one of his friends for the only price that had ever been offered. As Balzac had predicted, that friend made a fortune and the house, which is just the same as in those days, is still occupied by the Deberny Type Foundry.

Literally hounded by creditors, he withdrew from the printing business in 1827 and turned to his pen as a means of livelihood and of honourably acquitting his indebtedness. His courage was remarkable, for only a short time afterward he writes: "Sooner or later literature, politics, journalism or a *grande affaire* will make my fortune."

He was brimful of ideas and projects, but could get no one to hear him. One day when at Henri Monnier's, he expounded a theory by which both he and Monnier were to gain several millions. "Good," exclaimed the latter, "agreed, I am your partner. So just pay me down a dollar or two in advance."

In 1834 he wrote: "My brother-in-law has just discovered a process which resolves the problem of incline planes in railroad constructions and will save great expense in building and in traction. It is possible to sell this discovery to the English. My brother-in-law refuses to go to London, so it is I who shall make the trip and try his luck." Once again his efforts were fruitless.

During his visit to Genoa in 1838 he learned that there still remained in Sardinia whole mountains of scoriæ left by the Romans who had exploited the silver

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mines. This news set him thinking and he reasoned that the Romans and the metallurgists of mediæval times, ignorant of the precise methods of extracting ore, must necessarily have left quantities of silver and lead in their débris. He spoke of the matter to a Genoan banker and asked him to procure a sample of the slag and to send it to him in Paris. Almost a year later he received the specimen, which on examination yielded fifteen per cent. of lead and ten per cent. of silver. Without a moment's hesitation Balzac took the first diligence for Marseilles, where he found that the only available boat for Sardinia was a coral fisher. Nevertheless, he embarked and almost famished, half devoured by vermin, obliged to sleep on deck amidst ropes and rigging, he finally reached the desired shores. Here he got a horse, and after three days, during which he remained eighteen hours at the time in the saddle, crossed virgin forests and encountered almost impenetrable labyrinths, he arrived at Cagliari only to find that the Genoan banker had already obtained the concession and thanks to his (Balzac's) idea, was on the road to fortune. This blow would have prostrated any less robust nature, but still valiant he turned his attention toward Argentura, an abandoned silver mine. He had some ore extracted and began negotiations with a view to buying. He returned to Paris in order to accumulate the necessary funds, but while he was so doing a Marseilles banking house got in ahead of him, bought and began to exploit the mine in question.

A little bit later on new projects surged in his brain, for we come across the following lines in his correspondence: "I think I shall leave France and will carry my bones to Brazil in a mad enterprise which I am going to undertake on account of its madness. I shall go there and seek the fortune which I lack." Fortunately for literature this plan was never put into execution, and not long afterward we find him concocting with Gavarni, the artist, a plan for rejuvenating the galleries of the Palais Royal, a former fashionable centre, then abandoned by the public.

III

Careful perusal of his letters to Madame Hanska brings to light the fact that his business instincts were never wholly dormant, for although he wrote her almost daily, there is hardly a missive in which he does not mention affairs. He advises the well-beloved in her territorial acquisitions and investments. "There ought to be no question about selling your wheat, for I see that our navy has asked Poland to furnish one hundred and fifty thousand kilogrammes every three months. You should make me your commission agent. I will then go to Odessa, get your grain and make it into pancakes for our sailors. I fear that for a land owner you are somewhat lacking in invention." His fiancée must have protested against his apparent extravagance, which made him the slave of his pen, for in reply to one of her letters we find the following:

"Learn then, soul of my soul, that I have not fatuous tastes, that for certain really great *esprits,* and I believe I am a great one, there are but two ways of living: either grandly like people who have a hundred thousand francs income, or very simply. What I abominate (and you will be of my mind) is the *milieu bourgeois,* their half measures, their semi-convictions, their conciliation of wealth and poverty, their 'both sides of the fence attitude.' With twelve thousand francs income one can live simply in Paris, dwell in a faubourg, have but two servants and keep up respectable appearances. But remember when I say twelve thousand income, I mean twelve thousand francs, provided one already has his house furnished and all such necessities. Now then furniture is expensive. It represents fifty thousand francs. My own is worth eighty thousand francs.

"Between twelve thousand francs income for a family of two (husband and wife) and sixty thousand income for the

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same *ménage* all intermediary revenues are full of worry and suffering; they are the bourgeois fortunes who seek *plaisir de luxe* because they border on them and float between privation and pleasure. At sixty thousand francs income commences real Parisian life, without worry; that is to say, if well administrated.

"I am going to the roots of this question with you, since you have asked me to do so, and I want you to know about that life. Suppose you have eight hundred thousand francs fortune (seventy thousand ducats) and you want to come and live in France, this is what you must do if you wish to live well, happily, and without worry.

"You must take three hundred thousand francs and buy an estate, where you will spend seven months of the year, the which estate will bring you but ten thousand francs income, but where you will live for seven months at one thousand francs per month, you and your family. You will spend one hundred thousand francs to buy a house in Paris, where you will live five months every winter, and then you will invest the remaining four hundred thousand in French Government bonds, which will yield you fifteen thousand francs to cover your winter's expenses. That is wisdom and happiness at eight hundred thousand francs. Suppose you lessen your investments a trifle, say five thousand ducats. It's the same thing, the same mode of procedure only you must count five thousand ducats more for the arrangement of your life.

"Let us go into detail. A *ménage* in its five winter months in Paris (November to March) spends three thousand francs in cabs, the cuisine costs five thousand francs, clothing and pleasure cost two thousand five hundred francs, general expenses, such as servants, heating, lighting, etc., two thousand five hundred francs; so you see there still remain two thousand five hundred for extras and things that have been forgotten (I am supposing the *ménage* in its own house with all furnishings paid). Ancelot has bought a home, Rue Joubert, Chaussée d'Antin, a delightful place, for one hundred thousand francs. It is better to spend a hundred thousand thus than to have ten thousand francs rent or pay two thousand five hundred a month in a furnished apartment. The rest of the year one lives as he pleases on his estate. All such properties, aside from their rental revenues, owe so much butter, so much grain, so many fowls, etc., to the proprietors who have their private gardens and parks; and life in the provinces is eighty per cent. cheaper than in Paris. This programme, however, does not comprise a private stable.

"Now another formula. One can perfectly well live in Paris all the year round (in his own house) with thirty thousand income. Gérard used to receive like a king every winter and he had but thirty thousand income, but he has a country house in Auteuil and his house in Paris, which represents the capital of three hundred thousand francs. To obtain thirty thousand francs income in French bonds one must invest eight hundred thousand. Lamartine runs a house on a rather large scale, and surely he hasn't more than fifty thousand income. But he lives six months in the country.

"By going farther away from Paris and looking out for bargains one can find delightful places and even hope to enlarge his capital if he is willing to spend three hundred thousand francs. Châteaux that have cost more than that to build are to be had in Berri, Sologne, in the Landes near Bordeaux, and in Perigord. But in Normandy and within a sixty league radius of Paris everything is extremely dear. One must make up his mind to spend a year or two looking for what he wants, waiting for a good bargain and having for adiviser a man like Gavault, who really knows a good thing.

"Dear Madame de B. was always divinely dressed and yet she only spent eight hundred francs a year on her wardrobe; she kept her family going on nine thousand francs income. There is a science of existence in Paris, but I know it better than any one else. With

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that knowledge a family having sixty thousand francs income lives better and more grandly than a family with one hundred thousand income which they don't possess.

"Don't believe that I am extravagant. I am the most economical man alive, only there are ways of calculating that fools call ostentation. For example, Rue Cassini I bought fifteen hundred francs' worth of carpets in 1833. They are still new and handsome, yet everyone criticised my extravagance. Those carpets cover seven rooms. If during the last seven years I had to pay a man five francs a month to polish my floors I should have spent six hundred francs and have nothing to show for them. My carpets are still good for ten years' service and would make a magnificent effect in a château.

"Well, then, I shall have had luxury where an economical *ménage* would have had poverty. People who criticise luxuries put paper on their walls that costs ten francs a roll. A roll is the equivalent of five ells of tapestry. My tapestries cost two francs fifty-five the ell. Now they leave their ten francs worth of paper to their landlord, whereas when I leave my apartment I carry my twelve francs fifty with me.

"Some say that I am ruining myself in house furnishings. Here, my mother's room is hung in Persian linen that was ten years on the walls Rue Cassini, is good for ten years more and cost two francs the ell. A book shelf and twelve drawers in vulgar mahogany, a piece of furniture fit only for an *épicier,* is worth one hundred francs, while if I buy a delightful piece of antique cabinet making for ninety francs people throw up their hands and cry prodigal. An *épicier* buys a mahogany bureau for two hundred and fifty francs. I buy one in ebony ornamented with superb bronze, better than a Boulle bureau, for the same price. If he wished to get rid of his bureau he would lose two hundred francs on it, whereas mine is worth five hundred francs. And so it goes. Hippolyte Souverain once said to some one: 'Balzac knows how to calculate better than Rothschild.'

"But enough about Parisian life. You see that fortunes are what their masters make them and that one can say nothing without a basis. You should have sent me a figure to start from. If you had sold Paulowka for five hundred thousand francs in 1833 and invested the money in French bonds, to-day you would have twenty-five thousand francs income and three hundred and fifty thousand francs capital, besides your twenty-five thousand francs income, produced by the accumulation of interest. And if you had invested the latter as it came due, you would have had fifteen thousand francs more income, that is to say, forty thousand francs in all.

"If all this doesn't satisfy you I will come back upon the subject. I have eighty thousand francs' worth of furniture and 'Les Jardies' have cost me a hundred and twenty-five thousand. I owe two hundred thousand francs. If my stock was saleable I should be penniless but without debts. 'Les Jardies' was a great error. I wanted to live there and spend little. But life in the suburbs of Paris is twice as dear as in the capital. In Passy we pay seven sous for a chop, which in Paris is worth five. Paris starves its suburbs just as a big oak tree prevents anything from growing beneath it.

"To sum it all up, one hundred thousand francs to buy a house, one hundred thousand for the necessities of life, three hundred thousand for an estate and three hundred thousand invested make a charming existence worth eighty thousand ducats. If you have but forty thousand ducats you will fall into a simple, obliterated, calm and tranquil existence, lost in the provinces or in a faubourg of Paris."

Not exactly the kind of letter one imagines the author of *The Lily of the Valley* writing to his fiancée, but such as it stands it represents the height of Balzac's ambition; ambition that deep down in his heart he hoped the alliance

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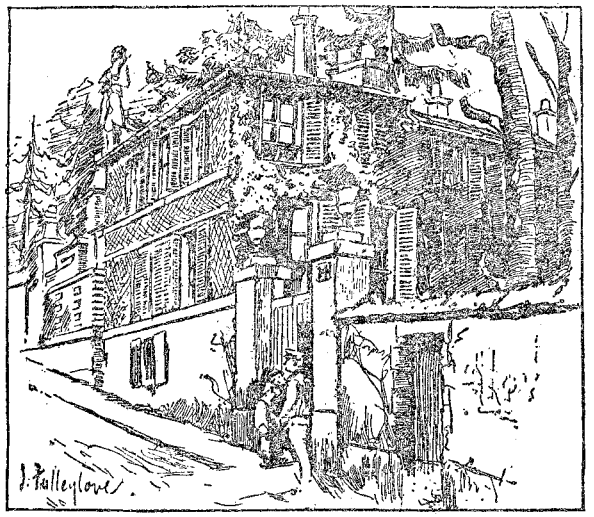
with Madame Hanska would permit him to realise.

IV

In 1845 we find him much occupied by real estate investments. He had realised that that quarter of Paris near the Parc Monceau was destined to become a fashionable centre and he made every effort to accumulate a sufficient sum to permit him to speculate on the ground. Emile de Girardin, M. D'Aligre, and King Louis Philippe, all the biggest speculators of the time, followed his advice and made millions. He also speculated on the Bourse, for toward the end of that same year we know that stock in the Northern Railway made a sudden drop which obliged Balzac to hurry the finish of *Cousin Pons* in order to obtain ready money.

During a visit to Madame Hanska in Poland in 1847, he was quick to see the resources of the country and predicted that sooner or later Russia would be the master of the European markets. The following is an extract from a letter written to his sister, Madame Laure Surville, while on this same visit: "Here are some details which I am sending to your husband and some questions I want him to answer. The two counts Mniszechi own an estate, one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, situated, fortunately for them, on the Russian frontier at about five leagues from France and the City of Brody. At Brody begins the Gallatian road which terminates at the commencement of the Krakovian railway and the railway from Krakovia to France will be finished the fifteenth of this month, because there was merely a breach of a few leagues to be covered between Hamam and Hanover, and the road will probably be inaugurated by the time this reaches you. Now at the present moment France, where a tremendous amount is being consumed for railway ties, is almost wholly lacking in oak. I happen to know that oak for building purposes or cabinet making has almost doubled in price.

"This explained, the above-mentioned gentlemen who own twenty thousand acres of oak can sell sixty thousand feet



"'LES JARDRES' WAS A GREAT ERROR. I WANTED TO LIVE THERE AND SPEND LITTLE. BUT LIFE IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS IS TWICE AS DEAR AS IN THE CAPITAL. WE PAY FOR A CHOP SEVEN SOUS IN PASSY, WHICH IN PARIS IS WORTH FIVE. PARIS STARVES ITS SUBURBS JUST AS A BIG OAK TREE PREVENTS ANYTHING FROM GROWING BENEATH IT"

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of oak ten metres high which would have an average of ten inches diameter at the base and ten inches at the place where the beam is cut at the small end. It would be necessary to calculate the price that could be offered to the owner for each beam, after deducting first the transport from Brody to Krakovia; second the freight by rail from Krakovia to Paris, in which would be comprised the passage across the Rhine at Cologne and across at Elba of Magdebourg, for on these two rivers, the viaducts not yet being finished at Cologne and hardly under way at Magdebourg, transshipment is necessary; and the transshipment of sixty thousand beams is no small undertaking. But if, for example, they could be bought originally for, let us say, ten francs each, and the transport amounts to twenty francs each (I state that figure to explain my reasoning), that each beam came to thirty francs, the question is, what would be the value in Paris of sixty thousand pieces of oak thirty feet long which would furnish sixty thousand twenty-foot beams and sixty thousand ten-foot railroad ties. If we could only obtain twenty francs profit that would mean twelve hundred thousand francs. An affair of this kind cannot be negotiated without a banker, and it goes without saying that it can only be done a little at a time, say by tenths, taking two years to accomplish the entire enormous exploitation and giving the proper guarantees.

"Now I happen to know that in France an oak of the above mentioned dimensions is worth one hundred francs. Tell your husband that by going to the offices of the Northern Railway Company he will obtain all the necessary information about freight on the four lines, which are each a continuation of the other and go to Paris from Krakovia; also let him find out about the transits and the cut rates that all companies usually make for any such undertaking.

"You must give me a categorical answer about this affair which, if it yielded but five francs a beam and two francs a tie, all expenses paid, would mean a fortune of four hundred and twenty thousand francs. It is worth while considering. There is absolutely no doubt about the existence of the sixty thousand feet of oak and still less about the possibility of my being able to buy it; but I doubt if they are to be had for less than eight francs each; that would be the lowest sale price. Now as I am only speaking of the trunk of the tree and not of its branches, there might be means of finding one hundred and twenty thousand ties in the big limbs, without mentioning the enormous quantity of fire wood. From Krakovia to Brody there are eighty leagues from France on a marvellous road where sleighs are used in winter. There are organised post houses all along the way as well as relays which are kept by very intelligent Jews who are excessively audacious in driving bargains and who offer all the advantages of competition. So answer me as soon as possible and have Surville make me an exact estimate of what the transport from Krakovia to Paris will cost; all the transit fees, duties, and if there are any, etc. I can find out here what it will cost from Krakovia to Brody and I will add that on. We'll settle all details about this affair by correspondence and in the spring we'll do it, if after ripe reflection, we find it worth while. You would not be astonished that it has not already been done if you realised the indifference of the land owners in this country, which is a kind of Polar Antilles, where the proprietors are creoles exploiting their estates with Moujiks. The two M. Mniszechi are loyalty itself; there cannot be the slightest doubt about their word or their contract, and as to the cutting down they have the intention of clearing away two thousand acres; so at least there will be no difficulty about those two thousand. We could have the trees marked in the remaining fourteen thousand. I hope that we will be able to carry the thing through, and the details I am giving you prove that I have you and my nieces constantly in mind.

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"The question amounts merely to this: which means of transport is the least expensive, by water or by rail, for if pines are transshipped with enormous profit from Riga and Archangel to Havre, making fortunes for the intermediaries at Riga, Havre and Paris, what would it mean to transport oak, which is almost doubly valuable?

"Now, then, here is a most important favour I am going to ask you to do for me; read the papers very carefully and write me a line the very instant that the Northern Railway Company asks for funds or indicates a payment. This, I repeat, is of the greatest importance to me."

Like many others, this plan fell through, but it did not in the least discourage Balzac, who, when he crossed Russia in 1849 on his way to marry Madame Hanska, noticed that the Polish land owners possessed immense marsh lands which they were trying to drain and render healthy by means of dikes composed of straw and dirt conglomerated. Balzac realised at once what an immense fortune could be made if the country could be thus transformed as well as the money there could be earned by the construction of proper dikes. He wrote off to his brother-in-law, Surville, who was a civil engineer, asking him the way to fabricate concrete with which to construct dikes, as well as innumerable questions about the sand, cement and lime necessary for its composition. In each successive letter he adds: "There is admirable business to be done here. Russia contains the *matière première* of all productions. She is destined to furnish all Europe."

About this time Surville, seized with the gold fever that was then agitating France, wished to try his luck in California. Balzac wrote to his sister to try to dissuade him. "That a learned man like your husband should believe that there are still deposits like those in the Ural Mountains or in California and that he should go in search of them by founding his theory on his geological comparisons, well and good. To go in search of other Urals or another Sacramento, where one would be the first, that's what would be interesting, and I would go with him if I were ten years younger. I thought of doing it twenty-five years ago, and it was Madame Deberny who hindered me. If she were alive she could tell you how in 1829 I once said to her that there was surely lots of gold at the foot of unexplored mountains, still unknown on the maps."

After his marriage Balzac and his wife started for home, but he was already attacked by that illness which was to carry him off soon after his return to Paris. Owing to his condition that fatiguing journey became almost intolerable, but nevertheless all along the road he bought pictures and *bric-à-brac* with an eye to speculation. "At the Fesch sale," wrote he, "with twenty thousand francs one could have made forty thousand." And in his last letter to his mother he mentions his worry about the stock in the Northern Railway.

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AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

IV—North Carolina

BY THOMAS DIXON

Author of "The Leopard's Spots," "The Traitor" and "The Southerner"

Nature made North Carolina the cradle of American democracy. All attempts to establish English settlements direct from the Old World on her soil failed—although the third of Sir Walter Raleigh's colonies numbered more than one hundred people. Shortly after they landed on Roanoke Island, Eleanor Dare, the daughter of the Governor, John White, gave birth to the first white child of the Western world. She was christened "Virginia" in honour of the new land Raleigh had named for the Virgin Queen Elizabeth. The county of Dare, on the coast of North Carolina, bears her name.

White returned to England promising speedy relief. The thunder of the guns of the Spanish Armada in the British Channel not only changed his plans, but remade the map of the world. It was three years before he again anchored at Roanoke Island, and every trace of his colony had disappeared. The only sign they left behind was the word "Croatan," carved high on the trunk of a lone pine.

There is no longer any doubt that these colonists intermarried with a friendly tribe of Croatan Indians and moved into the interior.

While I was a member of the North Carolina Legislature of 1885, these Croatan Indians petitioned for separate schools, claiming to be the descendants of early English settlers and Indians. Their pronunciation of our language was almost purely Elizabethan and forty-two of their family names are identical with those of White's lost colony.

Senator Revels, of Mississippi, classed as a mulatto during the Reconstruction period, was a Croatan Indian from Robeson County. Henry Berry Lowerie, the most noted outlaw produced by the chaos which followed the Civil War in the South, was a Croatan. The fact that this mere boy openly and successfully defied the combined armed forces of both State and Nation for more than seven years is good evidence that the blood of the breed of Drake and Raleigh flowed in his veins.

No further attempt was made to land English colonists directly on our coast. Better harbours were later found at Jamestown and Charleston. Nature had built a huge fortress of sand far out into the Atlantic, protecting North Carolina from intrusive pioneers. No effort of the unaided imagination can picture the isolation and solemn grandeur of this white shining shore of my native State, stretching hundreds of miles along the Atlantic seaboard. Behind its shimmering mountains of shifting sand lie the beautiful waters of the Currituck, Albemarle, Roanoke and Palmico Sounds, swarming to-day with fish and game,—almost as primitive and elemental, save for the absence of the Indians, as when Raleigh's ships dropped their anchors there in 1587.

On this vast sand bar, near Kitty Hawk, the Wright brothers found the silent world for their first experiments in flying,—far beyond the ken of the newspaper man. The traveller who has never seen the surf of a storm break on this Hatteras reef has not seen the real ocean.

The most tremendous impression of my youth was the first sight of it. I crossed the sound and suddenly sprang to the summit of one of these sand dunes. A forty-mile gale was blowing and the

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surf breaking five miles off shore. As far as my eye could reach, I saw huge white, thundering, foaming mountains rolling in on the beach from out the mists of eternity! I stood rooted in my tracks for more than an hour in breathless awe. No other sight or sound of nature has ever moved me so profoundly.

These hundreds of miles of combing breakers made my native State the birthplace of the ideals on which our Republic rests. Their grim, dangerous barriers happily protected North Carolina from direct settlement under Old World influences and made her soil our colonial frontier. Into this frontier wilderness, daring young spirits quickly moved from the aristocratic settlements of Charleston and Tidewater, Virginia, and began their work of creating a new nation.

The first settlements in Virginia and South Carolina were modelled strictly on the ancient ideals of class and privilege. They were distinctly aristocratic and they hated democracy as the devil hates holy water.

The men who shook the dust of those early settlements from their feet had breathed the new air of freedom and seen a new vision of life. But they dreamed dreams impossible of realisation in the atmosphere of Colonial Virginia. Old Berkeley, the greatest of the colonial governors who cursed our shores, was a tyrant beside whom George III was the veriest amateur.

Into North Carolina moved the liberty-loving young pioneers who refused to accept the worn-out formulas of Tory Society. They left behind them the Established Church and the Established State. They built after their own ideals. The Episcopal Church was the established Institution of Colonial Virginia, and they whipped Baptists with as cheerful unction as ever a Puritan burned a witch in Salem, Massachusetts.

No church with a history of State protection has ever flourished in North Carolina. The Episcopalians down there now are choice folks, but they number a mere handful. In my native county of Cleveland, but one Roman Catholic lived during my boyhood. She was the wife of the leading merchant. A priest came to see her from some far-off world once in two years. He made an address on the Catholic religion in the Court House on one of these trips. A dozen curious boys and a few loafers made up his crowd, and he never tried it again.

North Carolinians are practically all Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians. The Presbyterians are still a small body compared to their Baptist and Methodist rivals. The fact that John Knox's Church was "Established" once in Scotland has always been against them in spite of the vast migrations of Scotch people into the State. My own ancestors were Scotch on three sides of the house, but all of them became Baptists under the influence of the democratic ideals of the colony and the State. A Baptist church is a little republic within itself, and every Baptist church is absolutely free and independent of every other church in the world. The Baptists outnumber any other denomination in North Carolina. They have always been a native growth.

As North Carolina was the frontier wilderness of the early seaboard colonies, it was not only natural, it was inevitable, that on her soil the first battles of freedom should be waged against Old World tyranny and Old World ideals. Long before the famous Tea Party in Boston Harbour, the people of this rebellious colony had defied the Crown of England to enforce the Stamp Act. The first real struggle of the American Revolution was the battle of Alamance, fought May 16, 1771, on the soil of North Carolina. The Alamance Regulators, who defied their Colonial Governor, led the way for the men at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Six of their brave leaders, captured in battle, were hung for treason years before Nathan Hale's immortal words fell from his lips. One of these martyrs, James Pugh, with the rope around his neck, made a speech for American freedom of such fiery eloquence, that his executioners sprang on him and knocked the

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barrel from under his feet while he was still proclaiming the certain end of tyranny. A bronze tablet now commemorates his execution on the Guilford battle ground.

It is not to be wondered at, in view of such facts, that the Mecklenburgers issued a Declaration of Independence a year before the Philadelphia document saw the light. If historical sceptics yet doubt this fact, they can find ample confirmation of it by examining the Court records of Wayne County, as I did a few weeks ago. These records, in a perfectly clear and legible handwriting, are all dated from the year of our Independence 1775 (Mecklenburg)—not 1776 (Philadelphia).

North Carolina has always felt the Union to be of her heart's blood, because she first saw its vision and felt the throb of its life. For this reason she was the last of the old Southern States to cast her lot with the Confederacy. Her stand once taken, the fight was made with the dogged, desperate courage that has ever been characteristic of her people. Her boys were first to die at Bethel and led the last charge at Appomattox. She sent more men into Lee's army and left more dead on the field than any other Southern State. Long after every other Southern port had been closed, her daring blockade runners held open the silver thread of the Cape Fear River at Wilmington against the combined fleets of the Union until the very hour that Richmond fell.

When the darker days of Negro rule under Federal bayonets after the war threatened to extinguish white civilisation, again her people led the way in successful revolution. North Carolina was the first Southern State completely to destroy every trace of the Negroid regime, root and branch, and reëstablish the white race in its present position of supremacy.

Here the Ku Klux Klan not only elected the first white Legislature under a Negro ballot, but they impeached and removed from office the first Governor of an American Commonwealth who ever suffered that humiliation. The articles of impeachment against William W. Holden had no precedent in history, but they were characteristic of the people, whose passion for liberty had created the first impulses of our national life. The Governor was removed from office and deprived of his citizenship for daring to suspend the writ of *Habeas Corpus,* which guarantees to every freeman the right to trial in open court confronted by his accusers. In his struggle to crush the Ku Klux Klan, the Governor suspended the writ and began to arrest North Carolinians without warrant and hold them in prison without trial. The President of the United States, he argued, had dared to do this thing during the Civil War. And so he had—but no Governor of North Carolina had ever dared it, even in the darkest hours of the war. And no Governor of North Carolina will ever again dare it.

The most vivid picture that comes back to me to-day from my childhood was the passing of the Klan through the silent streets of my native village on a beautiful moonlit night in 1869. I can yet feel the chill of the pine floor on my little bare feet as I leaped from the trundle bed, rushed to the window and watched the long line of white-robed horsemen ride by in perfect cavalry form. Their "Night Hawk" blew his whistle at the corner, and the shining column wheeled suddenly and galloped away into the cold December night.

Shivering with terror I grasped my mother's hand and whispered:

"Do you think they'll hurt us, ma?"

With a low laugh she bent and kissed me:

"Of course not, silly—they're our people—they're guarding us from harm."

Years afterward I learned that her brother, Colonel Leroy McAfee, was their chief in Piedmont, Carolina. It was his hand that drew the bill of Impeachment which removed Governor Holden from office.

In climate and soil North Carolina is the Italy of the New World, with a touch

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of Switzerland on her high mountain ranges in "The Land of the Sky" about Asheville. On my first trip to Italy I waked every morning with the dim, sweet consciousness that I was a boy at home again in the foothills of my native State—even the fleas in Italy seemed to bite exactly as they used to at home. Oranges and lemons grow in our extreme southeastern section, while Mount Mitchell lifts its rugged head so high among the stars that I have seen icicles six inches long formed at the mouth of a cave in which our party had slept on August 10th.

The old geographies used to dismiss North Carolina with the trite statement that her principal products were tar, pitch and turpentine. As a matter of fact, she raises more tobacco than Virginia and more cotton than South Carolina.

The one thing she has never grown has been big cities. She has always been and is to-day a purely rural State. The growth of great modern cities with their vices and wealth, their shame and pride has been something North Carolina has never known. This fact accounts for the large number of illiterates accorded to the State by the Census rolls. The problem of education has been made doubly difficult by the fact that so few people live in cities and so many are scattered over widely separated rural communities.

The novelist is yet to appear who will develop this rich field of genuine American life. I have barely touched its surface in a single village of the foothills. O. Henry had just begun his marvellous career when death called him. I have not yet recovered from the sense of personal grief his loss brought me. I had believed this gifted son of my native State would develop into our great novelist-historian.

The chief characteristics of North Carolina people are modesty, simplicity of taste, the scorn of humbug, honesty, the love of liberty and the ideal of solid character as the end of life. I know of no better example of these men to-day than our present Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Walter Hines Page is a profound scholar, a student, philosopher and thinker, and yet he has never taken the least pains to let the world know it. He is an orator of rare wit and eloquence, yet never posed as such. He is a shrewd and careful man of business, a diplomat by instinct, a patriot not a politician. He is the best equipped and most thoroughly representative man of American democracy we have sent to any foreign court in a quarter of a century, and every trait of his character he owes to his birthright as a North Carolinian.

In all my life I never heard a man of my native State boast of his ancestors—his ambition is to be one.

THE FORGES OF THE SUN

In the Grand Cañon of Colorado

BY THOMAS WALSH

As in the furnace depths of Geni-land
The molten sparks from off the anvils blow,
Adown the cañons now a brawny hand
Upon the bellows sets the days aglow;

Old Autumn with his sledges welds the gold
Of leaf and harvest, laughing loud and clear
At Vulcan and his magic shields of old,
And forging red the sunsets of the year.

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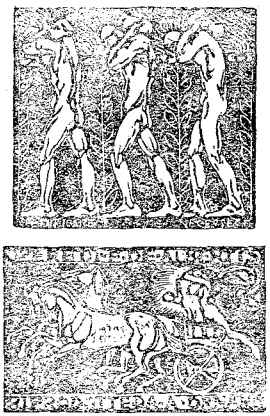
THE REBIRTH OF ITALIAN ILLUSTRATION

BY GARDNER TEALL

To true lovers of old Italian books and to true connoisseurs of the book arts of the Renaissance, the decorative designs which accompanied the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili,* printed at Venice by Aldus in 1499, so cling to memory that, together with other exquisite book illustrations of the period immediately following, we have been saved the full realisation of the depths to which Italian illustration had fallen in the last half of the nineteenth century. It seems extraordinary that the enchanting *Dream of Poliphilus* should not have produced a longer line of descendants, so far as the traditions of art are concerned. But while the Italians of the nineteenth century were struggling to make live again those arts which were the glory of Tuscany, of Venezia, of Umbria, and of Rome, a struggle attended with success, their apathy toward the art of book-illustration was as marked as their keen interest in the cinematograph. It makes no difference whether Giovanni or Gentile Bellini, Andrea Mantegna, Bartolommeo and Benedetto Montagna, Carpaccio or Giovanni Buonconsiglio, or, again, Vicenza, illustrated Francesco Colonna's book for Master Aldus the printer, or at least it makes little difference to us, in so far as the enduring effect of these il-



BOOK DECORATIONS ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY E. MANTELLI AND E. DE ALBERTIS.

HARVEST TIME. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE KAROLIS

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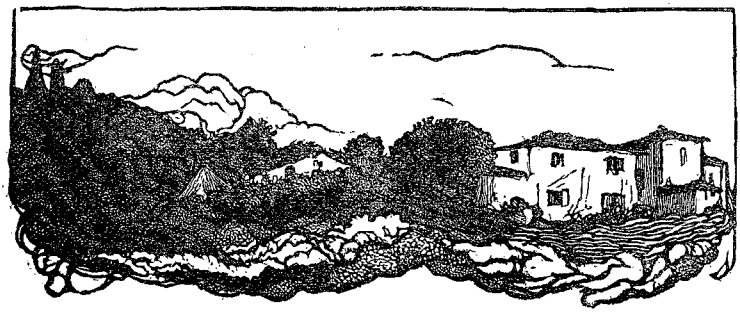
HEADING BY THE "WOOD-ENGRAVERS OF SAN LEONARDO," A GROUP OF ARTISTS OF FLORENCE WHO DRAW THEIR INSPIRATION FROM GORDON CRAIG, WHO, IN TURN, DRAWS HIS FROM ITALIAN ATMOSPHERE

lustrations to the *Hypnertomachia* are concerned, for any one of these names simply reminds us again how the work of any one of them, in painting or in drawing or in engraving upon the wood block, might stand for us as evidence of that constructively ardent love of classical antiquity which animated Italian scholars of the period in which these artists lived.

We have drawn so much inspiration from the Renaissance that we have not always realised how completely true art appears to have deserted Italy during a certain period. To be sure Michetti, Signorini, Marius Pictor, Dalbono Car-

THREE BOOK DECORATIONS DESIGNED AND DRAWN ON WOOD BY G. GUERRINI



TAIL PIECE BY THE "WOOD-ENGRAVERS OF SAN LEONARDO"

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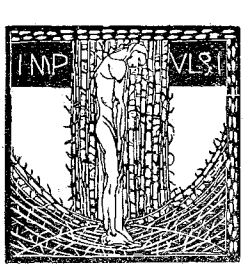
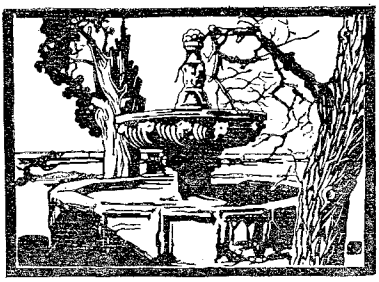


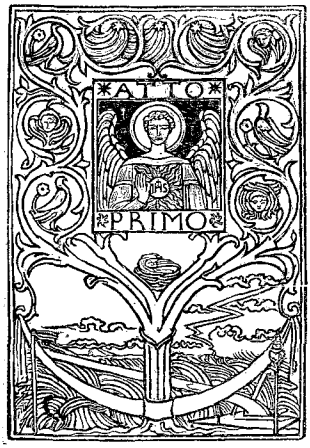


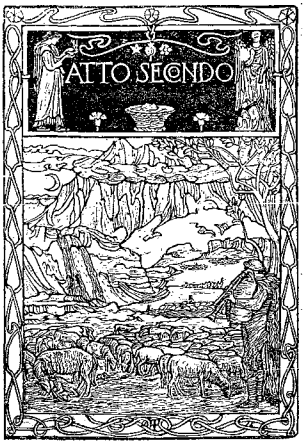
BOOK DECORATION FOR F. TOZZI'S "BARCHE CAPOVOLTE," DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY E. MANTELLI; "THE FOUNTAIN," A WOOD ENGRAVING BY B. M. DISERTORI, AND A BOOK PLATE DESIGNED BY F. BALBIS.

cano, Bistolfi, Fattori, Trentacoste, Pellizi, Fragiacomo, Serra, Tito, Calandra and Ciardi (to name a few of the painters) coaxed it back again. But it almost seems as though the spirit which evoked the Renaissance (that very study of classical antiquity just alluded to, which Petrarch inspired, the flame which Mantegna fanned into the fire that lighted the torches of Albrecht Dürer and others of the north), demanded its own resumption, and held modern æsthetic expression (so far as the graphic arts were concerned) as hostage against its return to the throne, which all the "frivolry" of Venice, Rome's *baroque* distemper, and the style *rococo* (subtle poison of the *régime* of Louise Quinze, filling the veins of its time like malicious quicksilver), had banished it.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VITTORIO BELLIENI

True, the eighteenth century Italians dug away in their ruins, but to them Cæsar had come to seem insufficient without a peruke and





THREE PAGE DESIGNS DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE KAROLIS

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Helen of Troy incomplete without a masque and *parasole*. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Austrians,—all of them were giving less to Italy than they were taking away from her. The Venetian Senate was fussing over the tremendously important question of how wide should be the lace on the shroud of a dead Dogaressa while an enemy was closing in on a territory left undefended by inaction!

BOOK DECORATION DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY ADOLF DE KAROLIS

All these things go to show that art does not live on itself alone, one masterpiece breeding another, one school of draughtsmen, of painters or of engravers being the sole inspiration of another. Life and truth are art's truest progenitors, and when any period sinks to the level of insipid sentimentality, to cultivated artificiality, or when any period would make it a virtue to be flippant, careless or merely clever, then, when the wrath of the gods descends, art is left threadbare for a generation to come, and only the generosity of memory can cover the intervening period that separates the fading accomplishments of the past and the awakening accomplishments of the present. And so it is that Italian illustration fallen to the very depths did not rise again until the strengthening of the new nation which was born of those days of 1871 that witnessed a United Italy, a new foster-parent to nourish and to cherish art's revival in art's old cradle.

SELF PORTRAIT DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY KAROLIS AND OTHER WOOD ENGRAVINGS BY THAT ARTIST

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THE LANDING. DRAWN AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY KAROLIS

One always looks with particular interest for what may be peculiarly *native* in the art of any land, studying at the same time external influences to the measure of the formative or non-resistant qualities of such influences. Despite the strong hold the fashions of French art had upon Italy during the eighteenth century, we must not forget to take into account that France was, after all, finally returning some of the things she had, at an earlier period, borrowed from the South. Italian book illustration in the nineteenth century, while, in itself

THE CENTRE ILLUSTRATION, "THE RETURN," IS FROM A WOOD ENGRAVING BY KAROLIS. THE OTHER TWO WOOD ENGRAVINGS ARE BY G. COSTETTI, ALSO A FLORENTINE

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vampid enough, was fortunate in having the earlier traditions kept aglow by the "small arts" (if one may call them such, without encroaching on what was, after all, a true dignity possessed by them), by casual prints, and particularly by the engraved *cartes-de-visite* and well-designed *ex libris* labels of the period. Indeed, it is somewhat remarkable that, during a decade when Italian artist-draughtsmen were designing excellent book-plates, the work of the Italian illustrator of books and periodicals should have continued so mediocre. Even poster-art in Italy had taken an important position in graphic art before illustration was reawakened to its present æsthetic life, as it has been in the rebirth of the art among the younger pen draughtsmen of the Italy of the moment, from among whom have come the artists, reproductions of whose work illustrate this article.

Milan or Turin might have been expected to have given prime emphasis to this rebirth of distinguished work in illustration by reason of the prominence of these cities in the printing arts. However, it is Florence who has fanned the old traditions anew, until again they have kindled the enthusiasm that still pulses within the veins of Italy's artistic sons. Probably, the leading personality in the present Italian revival of the art of illustration is Adolf de Karolis, a young Florentine, whom Englishmen have been pleased to call "the Walter Crane of Italy." We have only to scan the work of De Karolis to feel that he seems almost to be a *quattrocentist* come among us again. Yet one whose exquisite sense of design has taken into account all the realities of the centuries intervening since Aldus pored over the proofs of the *Hypnerotomachia* or Sandro Botticelli—one wonders if it was Botticelli—worked on his illustrations for the *Divina Commedia* of 1481. Surely De Karolis's work is not imitative, but springs with all the originality from the fountain-head of inspiration that ever has refreshed Italian artists when they have not been banished by banal conditions from their own proper realm. D'Annunzio's *Francesca da Rimini* and *Figlia di Jorio* have been beautifully adorned with drawings by De Karolis, who is a master-craftsman as well as a master-illustrator, as he himself engraves on wood the designs he invents. This gives to them an added interest, value and beauty. That the influence of De Karolis has been strongly felt by other Italian artists of to-day is evidenced by the enthusiasm they hold for his work, and an enthusiasm that happily enough appears to inspire them without leading them to any servile imitation. Take, for instance, the designs by E. Mantenelli or by E. de Albertis. Both these new illustrators possess an originality markedly their own and both have an art personality well worth contact through expression. Again, the drawings by G. Guerini are quite as different in style from those of De Karolis, and yet one feels the work of the latter artist has meant much to the former, as also to two other Italian draughtsmen, B. M. Disertori and F. Falbis. On the other hand such artists as Vittorio Bellieni stand alone; they are their own inspiration. Bellieni has illustrated some of the most delightful Italian stories for children in a manner that delights the Italian child as much as Reginald Birch or Palmer Cox have delighted the American child by their distinctive work.

While it is not alone among the group of young wood-engravers that Italian illustration of high artistic merit is to-day confined, it can be said without hesitation that the rebirth of illustration in Italy owes more to them than to others, more even than to those English artists who have lived much in Florence and have, like Gordon Craig, drawn much from Italian atmosphere, anglicised it, and have returned it again to be remoulded as it were, as one may discover in the clever, but perhaps not enduring work of the little group which calls itself "the Wood-Engravers of San Leonardo," a Florentine brotherhood, as it were, or, more properly speaking, an art brotherhood in Florence dominated by Gordon Craig, an Englishman, whose great talent

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is known to all. No, we must credit the native Italian artist-draughtsmen themselves with this renaissance of illustration which concerns us here, and we may expect great things from them to-morrow, judging from to-day's accomplishments and forgetting his mid-time of inaction.

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY-ONE

BY RICHARD DUFFY

II—A New York Group of Literary Bohemians

"To drain life's quintessence in an hour, give me the days when I was twenty-one."

Those who can recall without strain of memory that chartered colony of Bohemia, Maria's in West Twelfth Street, when the final nineties were dwindling into "the pathos of distance," must rub their eyes in wonderment if they ever stop to consider the altered aspect of the nebulous land where writers and illustrators are supposedly predistined to gather. Of course there were other places, surviving on the tradition of Pfaff's sufficiently shrined restaurant. Others again sprang into being as resorts for so-called "literary and artistic" people long after Maria herself had retired to Italy with the competence amassed quietly amid the uproar of diners, who were their own cabaret performers and of hatching playwrights and novelists who talked enthusiastically of novels and plays they have until this day merely dreamed.

The cant explanation for the limited existence of these institutions is that they are invaded by the Huns from office and shop who follow Bohemia as an avocation, and by the Goths, who are professional Bohemians with one poem or one story to their credit, that points them out to the Huns with somewhat of the distinction of a birthmark. This diagnosis is not wholly incorrect; yet the changes that has come over the generic character of writer and illustrator must also be taken into account. Either career, whether followed by man or woman, is followed systematically as a business. One immediate result is that after a day's work these people confine their quest of entertainment to their kind and seek public applause only as it comes through the publishers' increased price for their work. Then, as there are so many women who write or illustrate, it is natural that much of their social life should be spent under the personal rooftree. According to circumstances this is set over a small apartment, a spacious studio, an entire house, or one of the habitations modestly termed apartments, which are advertised as having almost as many baths as rooms. So it must not be imagined that Bohemia no longer exists even if the original wrapper and label are outmoded. The name has become so quaintly obsolete that when a well-known magazine figure, who is also envied as a hostess, was once described as "the Mrs. Astor of Bohemia," all that heard laughed, including the lady herself.

If you go back to the days when the transition was well under way, it will be hard to pick out a man more striking or more picturesque than the late Richard Hovey. He and Bliss Carman had become personages in Boston literary circles before the rest of the country knew them except through the verses they had published either jointly or separately. At first glance Hovey suggested in a startling manner the portraits of Alphonse Daudet. Yet the mental image fairly obvious to be drawn from descriptions of the French novelist makes him out rather of medium height and nervously tense

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THIS DRAWING OF MARIA'S RESTAURANT, IN WEST TWELFTH STREET, WAS MADE BY THE LATE GRIBAYEDOFF WHEN THE PLACE WAS IN ITS HEYDEY AS A BOHEMIAN RENDEZVOUS. AMONG THE INTERESTING PEOPLE SHOWN ARE TO BE NOTED JULIUS CHAMBERS, PAUL DU CHAILLU, JULIAN HAWTHORNE, WILLIAM WALSH, MICKY FINN, GEORGE B. LUKS, TONY ANTHONY, JAMES L. FORD, JUDGE GOFF, ARCHIE GUNN AND HENRY TYRELL.

of manner. Hovey may have been only five feet ten, but he carried himself as if he were six or more; and with his added amplitude of frame moved along the street or in a room with the serenity and authority of a bishop in full ceremonial.

His voice was admirable, sonorous and colourful, and he used it excellently whether to read or recite. It was a novelty to editors, when they asked him to submit a poem, to have him ask: "Perhaps you'd like this?" Forthwith he would recite the poem he had to offer, not faltering in a line and bringing out the thought and feeling of it all magically, as we read the first poets gave their soul to rapt listeners. In case the poem happened to be unsuitable for the purpose, Hovey would smile unperturbed and proceed to recite his second choice. If the poem were accepted on his recital he would go back to his apartment to write out a copy of it and send it to the editor. Here in his own home he appeared at best as a declaimer of his own verse.

There comes to mind an evening when he read a play in blank verse, based on some premise from mediæval Italian history. The room was crowded with men and women, seated or standing roundabout as they found place. Master of himself and imposing to his audience, he stood apart in the room of shaded lights. He did not read as an actor would read, sinking his own characteristics into those of the *dramatis personæ*, but delivered the whole as the utterance of the poet who had created them. After the second or third act there was a pause for refreshments and the babble of the

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company rose in ecstatic praise of the drama or in chatter about other matters of more instant interest to them. Here and there Hovey moved, hearing compliments or unheeding extraneous talk, as he met his friends, with a weight and poise of manner as if he were only an onlooker and not *le maitre* on the occasion. By one of those surprising twists of Fate, that occur so habitually, it was not such a very long time before many of the same company returned to the

BLISS CARMAN IN THE DAYS OF "BARNEY M'GEE"

apartment to see the poet dead. He lay on a bier with a black pall draped like a mantle over him. His handsome face shone white in the light of candles. Before a canvas on an easel a young woman was painting his portrait. The song of the poet was stilled, yet there came back as he lay there the early impression of the serenity and authority of a bishop in full ceremonial.

One of the poems Hovey sold to an editor on recital, as it were, is the initial piece in *Last Songs from Vagabondia.* It is called *At the Crossroads* and prefigured better than either he or Bliss Carman could have guessed, the term of a poetical partnership unique in American letters. The last stanza, it will be remembered, reads:

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live, or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

A famous and more cheerful song of Hovey's, and one whose story is here given in a letter from Bliss Carman is "Barney McGee," with a lilt to it that sings itself:

Barney McGee, Barney McGee,
You were always the one to befriend a man,
You were always the first to defend a man,
You had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck, and hard up for a V.

Under the date of November 25, 1913, Bliss Carman says:

MY DEAR DUFFY:

I remember very well the pleasure I had in watching Richard Hovey write "Barney McGee"; and how he enjoyed it himself as he would read over each stanza to me, as it was completed. We were spending a holiday in the Grand Pré country in Nova Scotia. I am not certain of the year, but I think it must have been '94, '95 or '96. Very likely the latter date, for the poem appears in *More Songs From Vagabondia,* which was printed in that year, and I have a vague remembrance that the poem was written when the book was already in type, to add to its list of poems, which I suppose did not seem to us up to the mark; or perhaps not wholly of the character we wanted our book to reflect. . . .

With best wishes,
BLISS CARMAN.

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Bliss Carman's frank heart continues to greet the open sky, praise be for *it,* as the Irish say, and few men change less with the wearing of the years. He is always the most approachable of men, if you have the directness to approach, and yet despite his long length firmly footed on earth his head seems reaching to the stars. If Hovey may be said to have drunk deeply of Maeterlinckian mysticism, long before the Belgian was a familiar here, there is no less of mysticism in Bliss Carman, but it is rather of Emersonian distillation. From behind thick lensed spectacles his grey eyes weighed you from afar and it was from afar that his low even voice of hardly more than one tone addressed you. It harmonised with the simplicity of his verse, which is the simplicity of a bird's song or the music of running water. If Hovey was stared at in the streets of conventional New York, it is safe to say people put him down in their minds as some kind of a Frenchman. Carman, it may be ventured, they took for an Englishman, most probably a parson. This because Carman usually wore tweeds, with a jacket of Norfolk pattern, which is the costume of legend for the English tourist. The parson suspicion might be traced to the broad-rimmed low-crowned black felt hat he affected.

This costume, the rumour came from Boston in those days, had been noted with acute critical reservation at the Pop concerts in that city, although the appreciation of Carman as a rising star in the poetical firmament was unreserved. Carman was always a man of few spoken words. In offering verses to an editor he stated the case, that some writers take from fifteen minutes to an hour to state, with a sentence on this order. "I'm not sure whether these verses are magazinable. I'll leave them for you to read." For all his seeming aloofness from the waste and trivialities of things mundane, those that know Carman know that the man is gifted with geniality and a subtle humour. There comes back to mind his account of an evening spent with James Whitcomb Riley. It was their first meeting, nor would it be easy to bring together two poets of such differing character. They talked for hours of all matters up and down the world. Carman was full of enthusiasm for the vitality and charm of Riley, who whenever he wished to emphasise a point in his talk would kick Carman's foot under the table and ask with a smile: "Are you following me?"

II

Another man who was writing some verse at this time and who was writing a good deal more prose in the form of illustrated articles for the magazines, but whose later work has placed him as a serious novelist, is Theodore Dreiser. But *Sister Carrie* was being thought out, and when once he really got down to writing it the fecundity of the man was amazing. Every few days he could make the breezy announcement that since he last came in view he had written as many as ten or twenty thousand words. When the book was ready for the printer, if memory is correct, he had written half again as much on the story as is published. Although some critics have likened the model of his novels to that of Zola, the master Dreiser recognised and venerated was Thomas Hardy; and while he was working on *Sister Carrie,* in fact before he set out, his outline of the story's backbone, showing his characters moving to an inevitable fate, suggested the Hardy method.

He always sat in a rocking chair, if he could find one, and he sat in it to rock, his long frame crouched at the shoulders, while he folded a handkerchief into the dimensions of a postage stamp with the slow patience of a Japanese drawing a maple leaf. If he was not talking he would be humming the refrain of *On the Banks of the Wabash* or of some other popular song. He had hundreds of them in his head, having been the editor of *Every Month,* a magazine published by a song firm, of which his late brother, Paul Dresser, the song-writer, was a member. The words of the Wabash song

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were written by Theodore for Paul and were intended to be used in a play of Middle West life that Theodore began and abandoned. Paul always looked on the world with a smile, and if the world wouldn't smile, why Paul said something to make it smile. Theodore regarded the great problem with question from under shaggy, sombre brows, though he nearly always had something amusing to pass on from Paul. Once when Paul was touring in *The Green Goods Man,* he found himself in a one-night stand that consisted mostly of railway station and a hotel. On his way to the performance Paul asked the first man he met where the "Hall" was. The townsman's civic pride was cut to the quick. "Hall, hell!" he replied, pointing down the Main Street and almost reaching the end of it with the tip of his umbrella, "we ain't got no Hall, we gotta 'n Op'ry House." Dreiser's experiences in the song-publishing house provided him with material for a novel he had planned before *Sister Carrie.* It was designed to show the career of a writer of popular songs, in whom success operated as a virus. As he mapped it out, it promised to have both the qualities of success and novelty.

The books of Dreiser have been handsomely received by critics abroad and at home; and to be cited among those at home of exceptional individuality in his work and in himself is James Huneker. Most, while agreeing to this characterisation of Huneker, will wonder why a man of delightful companionableness should be introduced so stiffly. Even Huneker himself might look down from the top of the pedestal and ask: "Are you sure it's solid?" Whether assured or not, he would insist, that if he was expected to keep up anything like a conversation, he would have to step down and look you in the face from a chair. Nor would the chair be regretted when one had discovered that for copiousness, stimulation and general judiciousness of talk on all that is understood within the purview of the arts it would require no slight search to meet with the equal of Huneker. There comes to mind an hour's talk with him when he spoke of his books, of his habit of reading a book each day, of his mezzotints, and of Chopin the while he played the piano with careless charm to bring out the points of what he had to say about the composer. After a brief luncheon he suggested a cigar and some chat *pour faire la digestion.* It was a little after two then, and there arrived the moment that seemed proper to take one's leave. To his surprise the writer awoke to the fact that instead of listening for an hour, as he had supposed, he had been listening for four hours, and yet he had often heard Huneker talk before. At this period Huneker was doing the third of his feats of journalistic prowess on the *Sun.* He had written music criticism, criticism of the theatre and was now engaged as art critic.

Incidentally he had written some short stories and was labouring on his most ambitious endeavour, the *Life of Liszt.* His admiration for Liszt dated back to the days when as a youth he had saved what money he could and had gone to Paris to study the pianoforte under the great Hungarian. That project could not be carried out, but he will tell you as an instance of youth's hero-worship how he ran half a block on one occasion to have a good look at The Master, who was riding away from a concert in a cab. And as an instance of the recognition of genius peculiar to the French, he will tell you of being seated on *l'imperiale* of an omnibus that was jogging along a quiet avenue. It came up with a stocky, white-bearded man approaching from the opposite direction. The conductor ran up the steps to the top of the bus and announced with dignity as he pointed to the white-bearded man: "M'ssieu' et mesdames, v'la M'sieu' Victor Hugo!"

In one of Huneker's reviews of an exhibition of paintings he spoke of a portrait of the late Charles Battell Loomis as showing the traces of sadness always to be found in the expression of a genuine humourist. The line sums up the man. No one could be gentler and more spiritually *triste* than Loomis, although in

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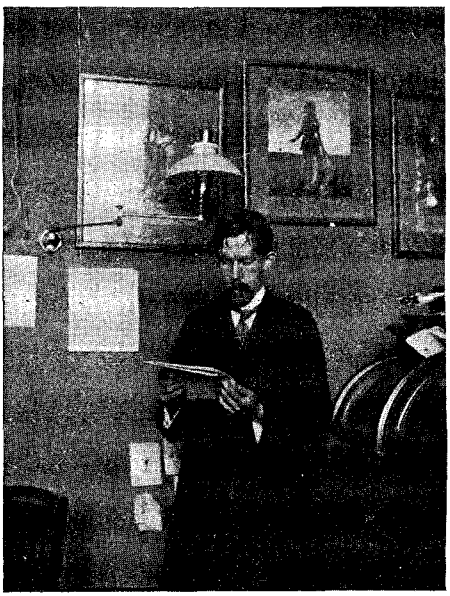

THE MELANCHOLY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

contact with him while one always was conscious of kindliness, he was far from suggesting any cause for tears in this life. If he had not possessed this essential refinement Loomis might have succeeded better as a slapstick comedian, but no matter how grotesque his conception might be, his treatment always, whether in his readings or in his appearances in print, conformed to that moderation which permits you to laugh without having the subconscious compunction that after all you are only watching a man grin through a horse-collar. Loomis was such a bred-in-the-bone New Englander that when he went to Ireland and his soul caught some glow of Celtic glamour, it was astonishing news. He was presented to Lady Gregory, to W. B. Yeats and to others of the circle identified here primarily as the founders of the new Irish theatre. He said once he should like to go back there often for his holiday, and it's not so hard to believe; for he was one of those men who as an Irish boy would have hid himself in a hedge at dusk by a field of daisies, waiting and hoping against the chance that the fairies would appear.

III

A New England humourist of another variety, one with the tang of the sea in his veins, is Joseph C. Lincoln, who at the time of which we are thinking was not writing stories at all, but verse. He is modest now and was modest then, calling himself simply "Joe" Lincoln until editors persuaded him to the dignity of his rightful name, Joseph C. It is questionable whether he had ever done more than think some day he might write a story until he put together the incidents and characters that later formed the basic matter of *Cap'n Eri.* Then writing stories was rather a side-line, and he gave part of the week to work on an accountancy publication of some sort. Yet once he caught the knack of turning out short stories, he produced them with methodic rapidity, each having as its chief value the sense and humour with which he portrayed those people of the Cape, which he had left to seek his fortune in the big world of Boston and later New

JAMES HUNEKER

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York. Before many knew what he was about he had published his first novel; and he goes right on with the same precision and industry at making his readers smile as he did when he essayed the new venture of the short story. Meanwhile his first volume, *Cape Cod Ballads,* is to a degree overshadowed, although it is alive with the native essence of his fiction and incidentally should be a treasure trove for those that like recitations.

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

When "Joe" Lincoln was writing his first book Wallace Irwin and Mrs. Irwin arrived in New York one day "quietly," as some newspapers say in reporting the wedding of persons that under no circumstances could be expected to be married on a sight-seeing coach or in a lion's cage. Still Wallace Irwin was known across the continent as the author of *Sonnets of a Hoodlum,"* which reputation he allowed in no way to interfere with his determination to settle down to work here. He went about town to see where his verses might be wanted and then he went home to write them. Possibly it is not the most inviting of tasks to sit at a desk in the morning with the mental semaphore signalling: "Now for something funny!" But from the first humourist down, no easier way has been found that counts and lasts. And also, from the first humourist down, it has been long a legend that there are times when he must contrive to make his readers laugh when a laugh is the last earthly sound he could wish to hear.

This is not to say, of course, that serious writing is less of a toil than humourous, as everybody knows. Fair sample of the moods common to all writers is to be seen in this extract of a letter from Brand Whitlock, the man who wanted most of all to be a novelist, and still may be judged to have the desire, but who has acquired his larger reputation in the politics of his State. He was engaged on his first novel, *The Thirteenth District,* and said:

> Sometimes I think the whole thing is rot, and tear a lot of it up; and go to bed sick over it; then again I let myself believe it will all turn out pretty well. You know the feeling—sometimes there is consolation in thinking of it as the true artistic despair, and one can swell around grandly and morosely with that idea nursed to the breast—but that may be a form of mere self-delusion, self-pity appropriate to dubs. I wish there were some rule by which one could know.

Alfred Sutro has said somewhere that he made a like confidence once to Pinero, and the dean of British dramatists told him that, the thing you've done is never as bad as you think, when you think it bad, nor as good as you think, when you think it good. When Whitlock came East for a vacation trip one of his chief purposes was to meet William Dean Howells, whom he had pictured long as a kind of hero and yet hated himself for having done so, for fear he should be disappointed. But he found him as he said, at the time, "the greatest and kindest of men, so deliciously human; so lovable,

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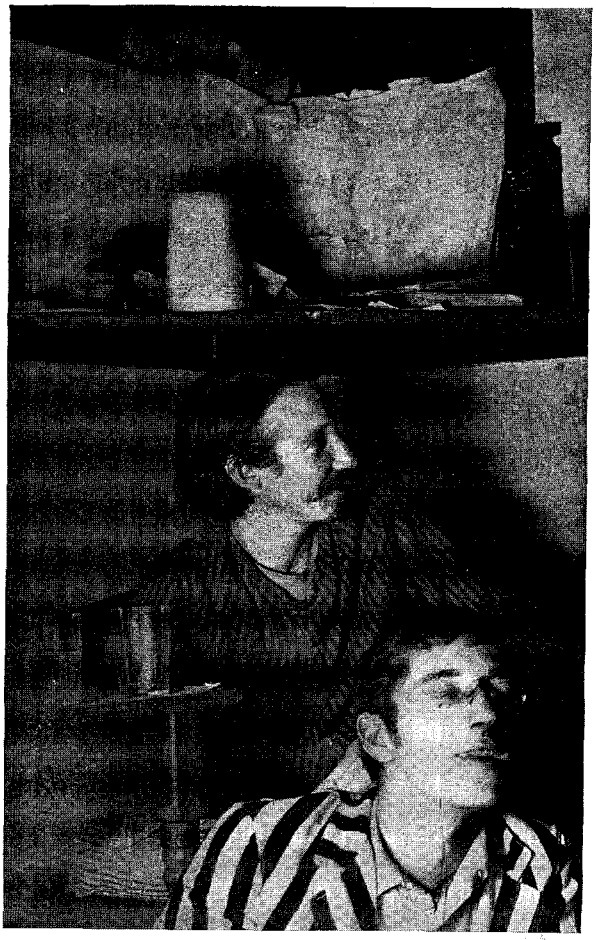

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

so tremendously interested and interesting." It was while the Whitlocks were visiting Howells that Mark Twain sent a postcard to explain his non-appearance at Sunday tea. This is what Mark Twain wrote:

DEAR HOWELLS: I am sorry not to have been able to get over to meet the Whitlocks, but the trolley cars were so crowded yesterday the motormen had to walk.

Among those who have taken to the writing of novels, few if any have even incurred the deliberate risk of the late David Graham Phillips. He was an editorial writer on the New York *World*, had a good salary and a future assured in his profession. Yet when he had laid aside a sum sufficient to keep him going for a period, he threw up his job and began to write novels, not for the hammock readers but for those interested in the social and political issues of the day. With excellent judgment Phillips timed his appearance, for then was the hour striking in which a vast population suddenly revealed itself as having eye and ear for naught else beside such problems. Personally Phillips was of the friendly distant order, and a man wholly absorbed in the one aim of writing his kind of book. To avoid inter-

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ruption he schemed for himself a plan of working hours that would seem extraordinary for any one except a newspaper man. He began to work at eleven or twelve at night and remained at his desk, where he wrote standing, for at least six hours and sometimes longer. Then he went to bed and was out of it again late in the afternoon to mingle in the world. At the beginning Phillips confined himself to such material for fiction as might be garnered from the political and financial fields. The present writer recalls a talk with him when Phillips was reading *L'Autre Danger,* by Maurice Donnay; and the old question came up that has been a poser for so many American novelists. Why would our public or publishers never permit a frank novel on the affairs of life between men and women, as they would on other kinds of mistakes, evils or misery? This happened not so many years ago and it is almost astonishing to notice the advance that has been made in the interval. Regrettably short as was the career of Phillips as a novelist, he himself had the opportunity to wrestle with this one of the constant and universal problems.

IV

Eschewing all problems save the one of contriving to tell a good story, looms on view Richard Harding Davis. Other men have been made famous by one short story, as Davis was made famous by *Gallagher,* but they have never recovered. Davis is like the patient of whom his physician said he had had "a splendid case of typhoid" and he would be the better for it during the rest of his life. Before this story enabled him to dig away from the reporter's ruck, it will be remembered, he had somewhat of the reputation of "a heavy swell" among his colleague newsgatherers. He tells a good story on himself that shows the tragic side of trying to keep up one's social duties and be a reporter at the same time.

Davis was on the New York *Evening Sun* then and came down to the office one day in a frock coat and top hat because he expected a short day and had a much desired invitation to afternoon tea. Instead of going to the tea, as he had hoped, he was suddenly sent out on a murder case up to the end of God's speed in the Bronx. It can be imagined what the Bronx was in those days before the subway or elevated had citified abandoned farms and supermortgaged ancient estates. A fine region unquestionably for a murder mystery and for a reporter to show his detective instinct, but not if he was habited for afternoon tea. Davis hurried here and there through six inches of mud part of the time and the rest of it sat disconsolate and chill on a rail fence, waiting developments the while his colleagues wondered why any sane man should dress the part like that, and Davis was saying all sorts of pleasant things to himself about the idiot who started the afternoon tea idea.

When he was a reporter on the Philadelphia *Press,* at the very beginning of his newspaper career, the appearance of Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night* set the city room on fire. A few enthusiasts got together, and with Davis framed a letter of admiration, which they sent to R.L.S., from whom in due course there came the following reply; which is here reprinted from *Ainslee's:*

MY DEAR SIR:

Why thank you very much for your frank, agreeable and natural letter. It is certainly very pleasant that all you young fellows should enjoy my work, and get some good out of it; and it was very kind in you to write and tell me so. The tale of the suicide is excellently droll; and your letter you may be sure will be preserved. If you are to escape, unhurt, out of your present business, you must be very careful and you must find in your heart much constancy. The swiftly done work of the journalist, and the cheap finish and ready-made methods to which it leads, you must try to counteract in private by writing with the most considerate slowness and on the most ambitious models. And when I say "writing"—O, believe me, it is rewriting I have chiefly in mind. If you will do this, I hope to hear of you some day.

Please excuse this sermon from

Your obliged,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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On the subject of R. L. S. there comes to mind the story of a man who walked into a magazine editor's office one day, announced himself as having been in business in Hawaii and wished to know whether he might not contribute an article on the commercial situation of the islands. In the course of conversation the visitor was asked if he had come across Stevenson at any time, and the man answered that he had dined with him more than once, but one dinner he remembered because during it he had suffered the greatest scare of his life. There had been menace of trouble among the natives for some time, and on the very night of this dinner the outbreak declared itself. Stevenson's guests were about half through their repast when the noise of shots and of shouting sounded so near, that all talk and thought was stifled and each diner stared at his neighbour in wondering alarm.

Some one suggested that the rioters might attack the house and in their frenzy let loose their revenge in arson and murder. The same dread was in every heart and panic flared round the table. Almost immediately Stevenson began to speak in a tone reassuring and with a smile:

"My friends," he said, "as this may be the last dinner we shall ever eat, let us make it a good one. I'm going to give you the rarest wine of my modest cellar."

At this he got up and went himself to the cellar to fetch the wine. The twist of joint courage and bravado broke the tension and the guests began to chatter and laugh. Before they could concern themselves again with their fears the tumult of the uprising had taken itself off into another quarter.

Lloyd Osbourne, to say one more word indirectly about R. L. S., journeyed to New York after his step-father's demise to build up a name for himself, although he was not a stranger to publishers and editors because of his collaborative effort on some of the novels of Stevenson. One day the business manager of a magazine was demanding to know from the editors why they did not have some celebrated names in their list of contributors. The editors proceeded to show their "star" writers and mentioned as one, Lloyd Osbourne, the stepson of Stevenson.

"What do I care about his stepson," said the business manager. "I want to see a story by Stevenson himself on your list."

All the beaten editors could do was to state regretfully that they doubted whether that could be arranged, because Stevenson had died about two years before.

Thus defile before the eye of recollection a few of the writers who have come into their own in the past decade or more. Not in any one group of specialists are they found revealing their best wares to admiring compeers, but each working with his own tools and aiming to get his best product before the public. They would almost seem to have had in mind the craftsman's creed as expressed by Kipling in some verses he sent to decline a dinner prepared for him by the Kipling Club at Yale in 1896.

MULVANEY REGRETS

Attind ye lasses av swate Parnasses,
An' woipe me burnin' tears away;
For I'm declinin' a chanst av dinin'
Wid the boys at Yale on the fourteenth May.

The leadin' fayture will be liter-ature
(Av a moral nature, as is just an' right),
For their light an' leadin' are engaged in readin'
Me immortial worruks from dawn till night.

They've made a club there an' staked out grub there,
Wid plates an' dishes in a joyous row;
An' they'd think ut splindid if I attinded.
An' so would I—but I cannot go.

The honest fact is that daily practice
Av rowlin' inkpots the same as me,
Conshumes me hours, in the muses' bowers,
An' laves me divil a day to spree.

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Whin you grow oulder and skin your shoulder
At the world's great wheel in your chosen line,
Ye'll find your chances as time advances
For takin' a lark are as slim as mine.

But I'm digressin'—accept my blessin'
An' remimber what ould King Solomon said:
That youth is ructious an' whiskey's fluctious,
An' there's nothin' certain' but the mornin' head.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

IV. The Boy and the Book

THERE is no minimum age for the book-lover or for the book-owner. One may, and should, begin to love books before he knows how to read. To such children reading comes naturally, like speaking. They need no formal instruction in it—or rather, their training began, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said it should, "a hundred years before they were born." And if, as the writer of this series of articles has been impressing upon his readers, a book owned should be a book loved, so that one's library is a group of intimates, not a throng of strangers, the boy and the girl should begin early to lay the foundations of such a collection, and to lay it in the right way.

The book intended for children's reading alone is a thing of recent date, and its inclusion in the public library is still more recent. A thing of yesterday is the special attention, given to children and their reading, that we now find in every up-to-date library—there was, therefore, until very recently, no such opportunity to survey the field and to pick favourites for purchase, as is now offered to children. Even now there is too little of what I have called the "laboratory" use of the children's collection in a large library, the reason being that the users of that collection are not the purchasers of their own books. Children's books are commonly gifts from their elders; and in too many cases their elders are willing to take on trust, especially just before Christmas, anything that is offered them as a "juvenile." The results have been unsatisfactory. One of them is that we have too many "books for children." In many cases the child easily reads and enjoys the same books as his elders. Intelligent children do not like being "talked down to," or "written down to." It is possible, however, to make the opposite mistake of giving children books to read that they find dull or unintelligible, just because the treatment is unsuited for the child's particular stage of mental development. It is possible to arouse in this way a distaste for what is good that may have long-continued or far-reaching influences for evil.

In my eleventh year I assisted at the establishment of a library in a New England town. So far as I can remember, the idea that it might contain books for children never occurred to any one—least of all to myself or to my companions. We were actively interested in the library, but we drew from it only adult books—our "juveniles" we borrowed from one another. Hence we were reading at the same time Max Muller's *Chips from a German Workshop* and Oliver Optic's *Sailor Boy;* Merivale's *Rome* and Alger's *Ragged Dick,* Tyndall's *Lectures on Heat* and Mayne Reid's *Afloat in the Forest.* It was hit or miss; some of us formed good tastes and some bad ones. I date some of my lifelong friends from that epoch, but I made mistakes whose injurious re-

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sults have also been lasting. I tackled George Meredith too early and have only just succeeded in overcoming my dislike. I did the same with Carlyle, and I can scarcely read him to this day. I am sure that if there had been some recognised relations in those days between libraries and children all of us might have fared better. It might, of course, have been worse. Well-intentioned efforts to ram "good books" down our throats might have resulted in a more serious mental indigestion than that which overtook us when we tried to swallow Meredith and Carlyle out of our own curiosity. Only, the result might have been a distaste for books altogether, such as similar efforts are producing all around us, making lifelong non-readers, or at best readers of drivel, out of persons whose mental calibre entitles them to the best that the world of literature affords.

There were, indeed, some feeble attempts at just this kind of thing, but we were strong enough to brush them aside. They were made chiefly in the Sunday-school, an institution which in that day accomplished some good and some evil. I do not intend to discuss it here; but whatever it did, it certainly raised no one's literary taste. The very name of "Sunday-school book" was synonymous in our minds with the vapid, unnatural, goody-goody type of volume issued by the ton by the S. P. C. K. in London and written to-order, I verily believe, by Grub Street hacks at the rate of six a week for so much a dozen. These were the only children's libraries of that day. We were too young to be driven to drink by them but not too young to be caught on the rebound by some literature that was below the library standard and below the standard of common morality. All that saved us was that other collection, with its history, its travel and its standard fiction. If you put a rotten apple and a sound one side by side, most normal boys will take the sound one, though if they have no alternative they may nibble into some pretty badly decayed fruit. Most Sunday-school libraries are better now: some have gone out of business and some have adopted a *via media* that is better still; they are confining themselves to aids to religious instruction, leaving general literature to be taken care of by the children's department of the local public library. In those days, as I have said, such public libraries as we had included no children's departments, and the first one was not founded for at least ten years after this, when an enterprising New York woman broached the subject in a council of educators. They thought it "tremendous," but it was too vast for them, and as for the libraries, they were still somnolent, although many of the public or semi-public institutions were by that time including children's books in their collections. Every one, adult and child, had to march up to a cage with a "call-slip" and feed with it the animals confined behind the bars, waiting thereafter for time to bring what they wanted, or something "just as good." The open-shelf was then unheard of in libraries of any size. But the new library day was dawning. The good New York lady opened her children's library, which lived a precarious life and died. The atmosphere was yet too cold for that little plant, but the sun was up, and things began to get balmy. Shelves were thrown open here, there and everywhere, and when the resulting rush came the children were on top. In their enthusiasm they crowded out their elders altogether, and librarians, in self-defence, had to assign them separate quarters. Everything seemed to work together to push on the modern library movement, and in a trice we had library-schools, branches, travelling libraries, State commissions with their inspection and field-work, fine buildings, increased municipal appropriations, co-operation with the schools, and, last but not least, children's rooms and children's librarians. What has been done for the children by our libraries for the past few years may appear from a few figures gathered by the present writer for a report to the meeting of the American Library Association last summer. These

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statistics show that in fifty-one of the largest public libraries in this country, containing altogether nearly nine million books and having a combined circulation of thirty millions, there are now 1,147,000 volumes intended especially for children, 280,000 having been added during the past year alone. Children draw over eleven million volumes annually for home use. These libraries have 231 rooms devoted entirely to children and 180 for their partial use, with a combined seating capacity of 16,000. Children in these libraries are holders of about half a million library cards. There are forty-two supervisors of children's work, with numerous clerical assistants and staffs of nearly 500 persons, many of whom have made the subjects of library work with children and children's reading a matter of special study. Of our schools for the training of librarians almost all give special courses in these subjects and there is one, connected with the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh, that devotes itself entirely to training qualified children's librarians.

There has been criticism of this rapid and remarkable development—some of it justified; but on the whole we may look upon it as not the least of the steps by which, in our reorganisation of the public library, that institution has made good its claim to be an active factor in the scheme of popular education. And especially is it to the credit of the children's librarians that they alone, or almost alone, have taken up seriously the problem of children's reading. They have studied it, and they have gone a long distance toward solving it. In some cases they have been prejudiced—a man is tempted to say that their prejudices have been feministic; but, at any rate, these prejudices have been on the side of sanity and morality. And they have upheld the worthy tradition of the library's absolute neutrality, in ignoring commercial and personal considerations altogether. They have calmly thrown out whole series of boys' and girls' books advertised as possessing all the virtues and eagerly loved and desired by a generation of children; simply because these do not come up to the standard that they have set up for the library to follow. To the protests of indignant authors, the wiles of publishers and the tearful demands of readers they have turned a front of adamant. The public has smiled, scoffed and scolded, but it is ending by meekly accepting the standards of these library czars—or rather czarinas. In many cases the opponents of their policies have included their own superiors—the chief librarians of their own institutions, whom they have been obliged to convert or coax into compliance. One of the results is often that the standard of a library's children's-room is far higher than that of its adult department. Its range is correspondingly narrower, but this counts but little with childish readers.

It is to the credit of the children's librarians, also, that a definite scheme of co-operation between the public library and the public school has been adopted in almost all towns where both these institutions exist. With a watchful teacher at one elbow and a watchful librarian at the other, there is little danger either that the child shall not have a sufficiently long list of books from which to select or that this list shall contain anything unworthy.

Children are especially qualified to make selection in the way that we have been recommending. Fitness for re-reading has been our test, and children are specially fond of re-reading, and of repetition of anything that they like. Who has not heard a delighted boy or girl listening for the three hundredth time to a favourite tale, correcting the details from time to time, and insisting that the right prepositions and adverbs shall all be inserted in their proper places? When the child learns to read, this fondness for repetition continues, and the well-loved volume of verses or tales is thumbed until it falls to pieces—long, indeed, after the reader knows every word of it by heart. Happy are those of us who retain this fondness for old friends; many of us are laughed out of it, or abandon it from a feeling that

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it is childish. Its prevalence among children makes it easy for them, or for their elders, to pick out books for their c ilection of room-mates.

I have spoken above of the work done by children's librarians toward the systematisation of children's reading, and have hinted that its results have not met with ready acceptance on all sides, especially in so far as the ruthless exclusion of old favourites is concerned. In particular, there has been wide difference of opinion regarding the expediency of recognising, in books for young people, the evil that there is in the world. Some would have the writer ignore it altogether; some would mention it only to condemn it explicitly; others would give prominence to punishment or retribution, while others still would not object to any true presentation that does not make the evil attractive or seek to excuse it. The first of these four classes, for instance, would not put into any boy's hand a story in which one of the characters pilfers from his employer's cash-drawer. The second would admit such a book, provided the theft were clearly condemned in the telling. The third would insist that the story include the arrest and imprisonment of the thief, while the fourth would not object to the incident at all, so long as the book did not incline the reader to pilfer or to give the impression that the act was a trivial slip. There can be no doubt that the modern tendency is toward this last point of view, and it should be remembered that it is not necessarily a looser one, or even a more liberal one, than the others. One may condemn an act and even show how it brings retribution, and yet make it so attractive that the reader will think it worth doing. On the other hand one may show wrong triumphant in such a way that its very success may excite all the reader's feelings against it. This is skilfully done in a recent book for adults, Frederick Trevor Hill's *Thirteenth Juror,* where the evils of our system of legal procedure are set forth in a story that ends with the complete triumph of an iniquitous cause through the aid of that system. The reader's sympathies are much more powerfully enlisted than if the story had ended with righteousness triumphant.

As for the policy of complete ignorance, one is tempted to say that possibly it might succeed if it could be tried, but it cannot. Certainly it has never yet had a trial. To attempt to keep the knowledge of evil from our children by excluding it from their books is even more futile than the traditional head-hiding act of the ostrich. Most of the readers detect at once the fact that such books are untrue to life, and their falsity nullifies whatever influence they might otherwise have. Even in cases where parents have so cloistered their children that they cannot make the comparison that reveals this falsity, the inevitable revelation will come sooner or later, and it is the very worst thing that can happen. I have known young people to be ruined by it rapidly and thoroughly.

The trouble with the sensible way of dealing with this matter is that to create an atmosphere that shall reveal wrong-doing in its moral hideousness, without telling falsehoods or suppressing facts, requires more skill than the ordinary writer of children's books possesses. To write for children a book with all possible good points and none of the possible bad ones is a more difficult task even than writing the ideal novel. No one has yet succeeded in doing the latter, and probably the ideal book for children is still farther from realisation.

Lacking ability to create an atmosphere, most writers for the young have striven to impart as much information as they can. Now children are eager for facts; their curiosity is insatiable. Once excite it, and you may fill an octavo volume with what they want, with the certainty that it will all be absorbed. But neither child nor adult wants an exciting narrative interrupted with disquisitions on zoölogy, history or topography. The reader knows and resents the writer's motive, and the "improving" matter is duly skipped. I do not say that it is impossible to convey information in nar-

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rative form; but I do say that most of the attempts to do so made by writers of children's books are failures.

Another moot question of children's reading concerns the inclusion of brutal, horrible or disgusting details in stories. These are especially frequent in the old folk-tales, and many good persons have been active in expurgating and deodorising these, thereby, in the belief of others, simply spoiling them. There can be no doubt that the imaginations of some sensitive children are injuriously affected by these details. It is equally certain that they have no such effect on others. The end of the Red Riding-Hood story in its classical version, in which the wolf devours the heroine, may keep a child of the former type awake in sleepless terror night after night, whereas to another little one the incident might appear simply as a diverting episode. It is not by fiction or folk-lore alone, however, that children are so affected. I once, as a boy, spent an unpleasant week in the house of friends near the scene of the Wyoming massacre, in Pennsylvania, simply because my elders, in describing the event to me, had failed to assure me that its immediate repetition was in the highest degree unlikely. Sensitive children must be treated, not by sheltering them from the grotesque and horrible, but by giving them the power to control their reactions. The old folk-stories are most useful in arousing racial memories and giving a sense of racial continuity. The chief criticism that may be made on our manner of using them is that we do not emphasise the racial element. Our children, most of them of predominant Teutonic blood, do not have this fact brought before them in their reading, largely because our literary heritage is so overwhelmingly classic. The young student of history sympathises with the Roman, rather than with his own valiant ancestor who defended his home against the Roman legions in the German forests. The boy who studies mythology knows all about Apollo and Minos and Iphigenia when his ideas of Woden and Freya are still hazy. We have to thank the Wagner music-dramas for most of our popular knowledge of the gods whom our own fathers worshipped. Possibly the interest in the Nibelungen trilogy, which is wider than the circle of music-lovers, may be accounted for by the stirring of racial memories. Neither the writers nor the selectors of children's books have taken this fact sufficiently into account.

Another element that needs to be more carefully considered in children's books than in those intended for adult reading is the illustration. The "picture-book" excites the wonder and love of the little one long before its text means anything to him. The pictures not only introduce him to literature but also to the appreciation of art. The chief trouble with the comic supplements of the newspapers, so generally condemned by those who have anything to do with the training of children, and so generally read by children in spite of it all, is their atrocious drawing and colouring. It is some consolation to know that the coming generation, which gazes weekly at these horrors, has access to Boutet de Monvel at the library and also at home, if the aid and advice of the children's librarian is to count for anything.

The illustrations in story-books are especially important in the case of child readers. Illustrators are notoriously apt to use their own imaginations instead of bothering to read the book in connection with which their work is to appear. They calmly represent girls of sixteen as old women of sixty and stage outdoor scenes in my lady's boudoir. In the last frontispiece at which I had the pleasure of glancing, the young woman shown by the artist on a mountain top in a thin white dress had been more appropriately garbed in tweeds by the author. This sort of thing does not worry the adult reader much. He would probably prefer the omission of this kind of picture, but he is tolerant of the publisher's eagerness to provide visual food for a certain type of mind, to supplement the intellectual pabulum offered by the novelist. But the child is not so wise in the world's

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ways. He has just emerged from an age where the picture is the whole thing; and even at his own age it is still more important than the text. In many cases, a boy or a girl looks at all the illustrations in a book before reading a word of it, getting in this way a preliminary idea of plot, characters and setting. This preliminary idea colours and controls the impressions received through the subsequent reading far more than most adults realise. If the illustrator depicts a heroine as sitting on the limb of a tree when the author says she is out in a boat, the adult reader simply laughs at the artist's error, but a child would be more likely to ascribe the error to the narrator. With him the picture is nearer reality than the verbal description.

The half-tone reproduction of the photograph, which has sins of its own to answer for, is at any rate to be commended for obliterating this objectionable personal equation of the illustrator in books of travel and description. In fiction it necessarily persists, and in juvenile fiction it must be reckoned with seriously.

In what precedes it has been assumed that the child meets with books for the first time at home or in the children's room of the public library; in other words, that his first conception of the book is as a friend. In too many cases it comes upon him instead as an enemy. Possibly this is too weak a word; he finds it a calamity, a catastrophe, under which he is crushed to earth and from whose overwhelming weight he vainly tries to escape during the rest of his natural life. Does this language seem too strong to depict the effect that some school-books have upon some children who meet books for the first time in connection with a school task? Then we have forgotten our own school days; or if we remember them, we have failed to take into account the fact that we made acquaintance with the friendly book before we came into contact with the inimical one. It is hard to realise the conception of a book formed by one whose only association with books is that of burdensome and distasteful toil.

Not that the school is necessarily blameworthy. Outworn methods may be responsible in part for the pupil's distaste, but one cannot acquire an education without toil of some kind, in some degree. The unfortunate fact is that this toil should be associated with books, especially in cases where there has been no previous contact with them. The only remedy that I can see is to ensure this previous contact, and to maintain its associations, in the library and at home, through the school period and beyond. The young reader will then learn to discriminate, and all that we shall have to ask the teacher is that he shall not shatter our idols by subjecting them to analysis. The fact that a boy looks with distaste upon his algebra or geometry should not and may not interfere with his love for the really friendly author; but how shall we ever persuade him to recognise the nobility of Milton or the humanity of Shakespeare, or the grandeur of Homer, if his first acquaintance with those authors consists merely of a sort of analysis that interests no one but the professional scholar?

All children are individualists; they rebel against group-treatment, even while it is necessary, in the family, the school, the library. Education is largely a struggle to bring them under the yoke of the group, and the attainment of adult age is a recognition of that bondage. "Children," says H. G. Wells, in a recent book, "pass out of a stage—open, beautiful, exquisitely simple—into silences and discretions beneath an imposed and artificial life. And they are lost. Out of the finished, careful, watchful, restrained and limited man or woman, no child emerges again." This is indeed true. But the tone of wistful regret that runs through it is hard to understand. Beautiful as childhood is, we should not mourn its development into something else; and the merging of that fascinating, individualistic frankness into a thing of relationships—restraining and limiting though they be, is but the passing of the child into the man or the woman. The growth of character is largely the growth

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of control. Whatever is good and noble in us has a chance to sprout and burgeon because we have learned to restrain and limit our primitive impulses. When the bonds of that control slacken and our "silences and discretions" cease to be, our friends recognise that something abnormal has come to pass; presently they take us and place upon us the restraint that we no longer know how to place upon ourselves. "The child," says Mr. Wells, "carries off the growing jewel of its consciousness to hide from all mankind." It is well to see that this jewel is of the true water, and not merely paste. The consciousness that the child carries from boyhood to manhood or from girlhood to womanhood should be the broad consciousness of humanity, which is common to all ages. The really human book will arouse and maintain this consciousness as no other influence will. And the open-hearted child who has taken into that heart of his the human feeling of true and noble books, will retain it in the "finished, careful, watchful" adult age, so that its very limits and restraints may be but elements of the control that makes for character.

It has been said that the most important thing about a man is his philosophy. Now philosophies are developed, not taught. Neither the man who believes that "nothing is new, nothing is true, and nothing matters," nor the one who is sure that all creation is moving toward "one far-off divine event" acquired his faith in school. Each is the resultant of a thousand mental and spiritual contacts, at home and abroad, in church, club, business and pleasure. It is in our power to see that a large proportion of these contacts in the case of our growing children are with the minds of the good and great, through books. It is worth our while to do so, and worth the while of the community and the race; for by a man's philosophy he lives, and the mental associations of our children of to-day will largely determine the attitudes, aims and achievements of the men and women of to-morrow.

THE DEARTH OF IDEAS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

With seven or eight carefully selected volumes of current fiction before him on his desk, a critic should experience no difficulty in finding some common point of approach, some stimulating idea suggested by the books themselves, either in the form of a quality or a defect, that merits a couple of pages of discussion. When no such inspiration comes, it is fair to conclude that there is something wrong, either with the critic or with the books. And the chances are very largely in favour of the latter alternative, because the more weary the critical mind may have become through a surfeit of uninspired reading, the more quickly and gratefully it will respond to the stimulus of anything really new and original.

In point of fact, original ideas in fiction have been at a premium for some time past. There is, in the first place, so far as can be seen from the disadvantageous nearness of contemporary criticism, no definite trend, no younger school either formed or in process of formation. In England things are rather better: there they have quite a group of younger writers who, while not strictly constituting a school, have a considerable number of kindred aims and principles that make their collective influence felt. Here, we find no such unanimity; it is the era of individualism, and what is worse, an uninspired individualism. Independence of the right sort is a healthy and encouraging tendency; and if a large number of

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our younger writers found themselves bubbling over with new ideas and methods, forced by sheer exuberance and superabundant vitality into all sorts of eccentricities of self-expression, it would promise well for the future. But the net impression left by the great mass of current volumes is that the authors are guessing, and not guessing any too shrewdly, what the reading public wants,—a process that is almost always fatal to good work. For the really big writer is not the one who gives the public what it wants, but the one who is strong enough to make the public want what he gives it.

The chief trouble with this process of guessing is that, paradoxical as it may seem, it inevitably leads to a rather monotonous sameness, an infinitude of twice-told tales. If you sit down to guess what the public would like, and happen to be inspired with a really new thought, then your case belongs outside of the category of which we are speaking. Otherwise, your guessing narrows down to a more or less conscious imitation of past performances, well-tested popular successes. In other words, you either imitate yourself or you imitate some one else,—and however sincere an imitation may be as a form of flattery, it is not sincere as a form of art. And furthermore, imitation is the last thing which the public wants,—and the best proof of this lies in the success of what is technically known as "the new twist." The new twist is nothing more than a threadbare plot to which is added some sudden, unforeseen change or inversion at the end; it secures its effect, not by keeping the reader guessing, but by persuading him up to the last moment that he knows precisely how the story is to end,—and then, presto! it leaves him gasping with amazement. In a majority of cases it is faulty art; because the most elemental principle of story construction is that everything in the story shall lead harmonically and progressively up to the one focal point; and if your final twist radically alters the ending,—if comedy is suddenly turned into tragedy,—the light and shade of your whole picture have been wrongly proportioned. And yet, this trick usually works well, because even one paragraph of novelty is so much better than no novelty at all.

One of the commonest manifestations of the dearth of ideas is found in what we may call the journalistic tendency in fiction, the tendency to work up the latest topic of current interest into the form of fiction. The San Francisco fire, the suffragette movement, the white slave traffic are cases in point. Now, there is no question but what they are suitable topics for fiction; the real trouble is that most of them come too late; they trail along among the camp followers, instead of being in the vanguard of the movement. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* owed its phenomenal popularity to the fact that it was in a way prophetic: it helped to mould and crystallise public opinion. The same novel, if written a generation later, would have been an anachronism. Suffragette novels are multiplying rapidly, and any publisher will tell you that half a dozen manuscripts on the same theme are rejected to every one that finds its way into print. But, unless an author has something really new to say on the subject, the day of the suffragette novel is almost over,—or else it has not yet come. When a movement of any kind has reached the point where it occupies column after column in the daily press, it is too late for prophetic fiction, and too early for historic fiction.

The novels of the current month now lying on the desk do not happen to include a suffrage story. But most of the themes are equally hackneyed. There is, for instance, a white slave novel, that reads like a curiously garbled version of one of the most spectacular murder trials of recent years; there is one Enoch Arden type of plot, in which the missing husband not only lacks the magnanimity of his prototype, but wins distinction as a rare specimen of coward, villain and blackmailer; there is a "back-to-nature" novel, picturing the great advantages of a life close to the soil, as contrasted with the close-packed, toiling humanity of

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city slums,—and incidentally exploiting a certain popular theory of woman's dormant preference for the neolithic man, the cave man with a club, who wins her through her admiration of his sheer animal strength. And then again, there is the equally familiar and overworked type of story, the gypsy trail type, complicated with a reminiscence of *The Forest Lovers* and *The Beloved Vagabond*. And still another volume that reads like a twice-told tale depicts the restless young wife of a staid, middle-aged husband, repressed and exasperated by the conventional narrowness and disapproval of her husband's family, and impotently longing for freedom and the right to find self-expression.

"THE STORY OF MARY DUNNE"

The Story of Mary Dunne, by M. E. Francis, may be most quickly and readily defined as the story we might have had in Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister,* if the little sister in question had ever come back to tell it. Mary Dunne is a simple young Irish girl, of the well-to-do peasant class, and if the honest, steady lad who loves her only had a little money of his own, there would have been no opposition on the part of her people, and the poor boy would not have needed to go off to America to seek his fortune for her sake. Mary hates to think of him, so far away and working so hard, while she sits at home doing nothing to help him; and so, unluckily, she conceives the idea of going out to service in England,—for she has heard of the good wages they pay there, and the neat little sum that a willing and industrious young girl could save up in a year or two,—for her lad cannot be expected back sooner than that. So, through friends, she hears of a good place and a kind mistress, and sets forth on her journey, chaperoned by a simple-hearted old priest, who thinks he has done her the best possible service when he leaves her in the care of a strange woman, a sympathetic, motherly sort of person who promises to see the girl safely to her destination. Weeks later, the house physician in one of the big city hospitals becomes interested in the pitiful story of a young girl who had deliberately flung herself under the wheels of an automobile, and whom his care and skill are slowly bringing back to life. He succeeds in tracing out her past history, and through him the old priest is sent for and Mary Dunne, with the joy of living all crushed out of her, goes back to her native village. At this point fate chooses to move rapidly. The poor lad who loves her comes back from America, thinking himself a rich lad, and little prepared for the tragic news that the old priest reluctantly breaks to him. He is a little slow in grasping the whole horror of the tale, but when he does, something seems to go wrong inside his brain and, instead of seeking out Mary and comforting her, his one thought is to avenge her. Fate again intervenes and aids him to discover the man directly responsible for Mary's fate, the man behind the woman who decoyed her. The next morning, the daily papers give a prominent place to the murderous assault of a crazy young Irishman upon an utter stranger, who had died almost instantly from a broken neck. The story of Mary Dunne, the full, unsparing story which she had not previously told even to her mother, "because I would have been ashamed, sir," is the story that she tells on the witness stand, tells to judge and jury steadily, unflinchingly, hiding the agonies that it costs her, because the telling of it will save the life of her lover. The book is unquestionably a sincere and earnest piece of work, and in spite of its frankness is consistently dignified, and at times poignantly tragic. And yet, the book leaves an unpleasant taste behind it; and one questions the correctness of the psychology of the lover's attitude when, after learning her story and her utter blamelessness, he refuses to see her again, shrinking from her as from something unclean, and is finally won back to her only after she makes the colossal sacrifice of stripping her very soul bare to save him. "I could no more marry her than if she were

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dead," he had told the priest; and the phrase lingers in memory, like an ugly blot.

"WANDERFOOT"

Wanderfoot, by Cynthia Stockley, also opens in Ireland, and has a strain of Celtic instincts and impulses running through it. Garrett Westenra is a young physician who has won a world-wide fame in New York by his wonderful achievements in surgery; but when we first meet him, he is returning from Ireland, where his mother has been laid away in her grave. Man of science though he is, Westenra has something of the mystic in his nature; "a mystical, subtle knowledge was his that somewhere in the universe a woman was waiting for him—a woman with the pale oriental face and the grey gown." It happens that on the steamer he meets with this woman of his dreams in the person of Val Valdarna, a strange, magnetic, haunting personality, whom you cannot help liking at first sight, notwithstanding that she lunches off a brandy-and-soda and a sardine, that her fingers are stained with nicotine, and that to the skilled eye there is no mistaking her habitual use of narcotics. Her history the reader pieces together bit by bit; she has been a plaything of fate all her life; there is a strain of oriental blood in her ancestry; her career has been one long vagabondage, for her mother was a public dancer, and her stepfather a roving journalist, her husband "a professional black sheep, who darkened life for her and blotted out the stars." But throughout all her wanderings and vicissitudes she had played a straight game and kept her soul clean,—but this, of course, Westenra cannot know. He simply judges her from appearance, with his keen, professional eyes, and finds that she represents all that is most repellent to him,—until he looks into her oriental face and realises that she is the woman of his dreams. Now, this one idea of a man finding the ideal of years embodied in the living body of a woman whom he believes unworthy, and whom he is irresistibly compelled to marry, though he asks pardon of his mother's spirit for doing so, is almost new, or at least this particularly intense variant of an old situation is new. But the manner of its working out is sorely disappointing; it is not worthy of the strength and skill of the author of such virile and compelling books as *Poppy* and *The Spur.* The story rambles wearily, from Ireland to the Atlantic, from the Atlantic to New York, from New York to the island of Jersey, from Jersey to the coast of Normandy. Westenra marries Val, starts a sanitarium, and expects this strange, wayward gypsy nature to settle down as head nurse, housekeeper, wife and mother all in one; and of course Val makes a rather sad mess of the whole attempt. Then, after the fashion of Enoch Arden, Val's first husband comes back from the dead; instead of having died like a hero in the Boer war, he played the part of deserter, and has since then been skulking through life under a succession of assumed names. Rather than tell Westenra the truth, Val lets him believe that she is tired of him, takes their little son and his adopted daughter, Haidee, and goes off to live apart from him in Jersey, comforting herself that her exile will not last long, because Valdarna has cancer of the liver. At this point the author becomes so interested in gardening and chicken raising that she quite forgets she is writing tragedy and ambles along for a number of chapters as blithely as though her heroine had not a care in the world. At last, however, Westenra discovers that the first husband is alive, so he puts Val out of his life; and, since she has no resources of her own and the pitiful wreck of her first husband is penniless, she and Haidee and the little son might have starved, if fate had not intervened in melodramatic fashion. She has a necklace of odd little green beads minutely painted with Chinese designs, an heirloom from some old Russian family. It turns out, just when her fortunes are darkest, that, if the green paint is carefully scraped away what remains is a string of almost price-

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less pearls, for which a French Jew gladly gives her seventy-five thousand pounds. From this point on, through further wanderings, Haidee's slow attainment of womanhood and numerous love affairs, there is no need of continuing this analysis, which has already reached the point of weariness. We know that the last page will find the long-suffering Val at last clasped in the arms of the repentant Westenra,—for that is the accepted formula for this distinctly cheap type of story. And this is a great pity, for Cynthia Stockley is very far from being a cheap writer.

"MADCAP"

Madcap, by George Gibbs, brightly written and praiseworthily brief, is really, when you come to analyse it, a patchwork of a number of overworked ideas, the more conspicuous among them being the *Gypsy Trail, Beauty and the Beast,* and the *Forest Lovers.* Hermia Challoner, the madcap of the title, is a New York heiress, with an untamed nature and an unbridled thirst for adventure. She becomes interested in an eccentric artist, Markham, whose uncouth manners have earned him the nickname of "Gorilla," and who tries to avoid her, only to have destiny fling her, time and again, at his feet. Once he takes refuge on an isolated island, when, presto! her flying-machine misbehaves, and she drops from the clouds, almost in his lap. Again, he is beginning to fear that perhaps his woman-proof heart is not quite so steeled against her as he thought, so he crosses the Atlantic and tramps the roads of France, and there, at a turn in the road, he sees Hermia, sitting dazedly in an automobile that has broken down in the very middle of a railway crossing, with an express train bearing down upon her at forty miles an hour. When Hermia is rescued, and the remains of her machine consigned to the scrap-heap, this unconventional couple decide to defy fate and tramp the highways of France together, trusting to luck, as the sparrows do, for food and lodging, and picking up what stray coins they may, he as a lightning portrait painter at two francs a head, and she as a *femme-orchestre* with five different musical instruments strapped upon her back, all of which she plays simultaneously and with equal lack of skill. It is hard to take the author seriously, although he apparently intends to write an idyll of the trail, after the manner of Ouida's *Pascarel* and Mr. Locke's *Beloved Vagabond.* But he fails through sheer heavy-handedness; the whole thing is too extravagant, too grotesque, too utterly preposterous. And when the idyll is over, the melodramatic interference of Olga Czerny, an adventuress who has all the time loved the Gorilla and creates a scandal in order to put Hermia out of her path by ruining her socially, suggests nothing so much as Archibald Clavering Gunter at his worst.

"THE VALLEY OF THE MOON"

The quickest way to define Jack London's new volume, *The Valley of the Moon,* is that it is just the sort of book we should have expected from him if he had been commissioned to write a replica of Frank Norris's *Blix.* Incidentally, it is an object-lesson in Mr. London's chief faults, and serves to explain why we must continue to rate the little that we have of Norris, the unfulfilled promise of his brilliant youth, higher than the best of Mr. London's mature powers. Not that the substance of the present volume forms in any sense a close parallel to *Blix*—on the contrary, they are miles apart, in mood, in environment, in philosophy of living. But they have just one thing in common: they are both of them intimate studies of a young man and a young girl, who love in clean, honest natural fashion, and who plan and save, and make up their minds to share comparative poverty together, and trust to love to tide them over the rough places. Blix and Condy Rivers were taken from the same walks of life as Frank Norris himself; Jack London takes his young couple straight out of the working class; Billy Roberts is a teamster and ex-prize-fighter, and Saxon Brown is an expert

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ironer in a public laundry. They meet at a picnic given by the Bricklayers' Union, they continue the acquaintance at the Orindore Club, and after a whirlwind courtship of a few weeks, they are married and settled in four cosy rooms furnished on the instalment plan. It is all very vivid, very true, and done with a sympathetic touch; but of course, Jack London would not have been true to himself if he had not insisted, almost to the point of weariness, on the physical attraction of this big, burly teamster, on Saxon's pride in his strength, her glorying in the knowledge that he has been a prize-fighter, that he has the power of making other men fear him. It is the pride of the primordial woman for her mate, the cave-man with the club; it is the animal side of human nature that Mr. London always delights in exalting, in all the relations of life. The present story is carried far beyond the days of courtship which end in marriage; and in the later portion of his story, he develops at great length the almost inevitable downward drift among the struggling lower classes in the big cities, the havoc wrought by competition, cuts in wages, strikes and riots, the desperation of a wife who sees her husband slowly being ruined by alcohol, anarchistic arguments and the inability to get employment, and finally serving a term in jail for assault. Saxon decides that when Billy comes out again, there is just one thing to be done: they will leave the city behind them, they will put their few small possessions in two bundles, strap the bundles to their backs, and set forth in pursuit of the open country, fertile soil, good, green acres,—government land, if possible, but at all events land, to be acquired in one way or another, to be loved and fostered and made to yield them happiness and wealth. Of course, in order to carry his point, Mr. London is naturally forced to permit this adventurous young couple to have most amazing luck. Everyone they meet, as they travel south through the rich valleys of California, is phenomenally kind and helpful; everything to which they turn their hand, becomes gold at their touch. It is all a fairy dream, a new Eldorado; and one closes the book wondering how many adventurous couples, dazzled by the brightness of the picture, are destined to try their fortunes and meet with disillusion.

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

It is pleasant, after a surfeit of realism, to run across such a blithe, irresponsible piece of farce-comedy as *General John Regan,* the latest contribution from the diverting writer who chooses to sign himself G. A. Birmingham. A more sleepy, dead-alive place than Ballymoy, in the county of Connacht, was never before imagined, either inside the pages of a book or out of them; and it is not surprising that an American with abundant money, a lively imagination and a keen sense of humour, should conceive of the excellent idea of trying to wake up this same sleepy town. He arrives in an automobile, with a great tooting of horns, proceeds to hire a room and order a meal at the one public inn of which Ballymoy boasts, and which has not had another guest within the memory of man; he meets the few leading citizens, and he makes the apparently harmless request to be taken to see the statue of their most famous citizen, General John Regan. When the crestfallen inhabitants of Ballymoy admit that there is as yet no such monument, the American expresses his amazement at such lack of public appreciation for "the great general, the public statesman, the deliverer of Bolivia." Now, as the reader promptly suspects, no one in Ballymoy has ever before heard of General John Regan,—but of course under such circumstances no true Irishman would admit of such ignorance; and from this moment onward, until the rising wave of patriotism makes the monument an accomplished fact, and the proud hour of the unveiling arrives, the reader is kept in a delightful state of uncertainty as to whether or not he has really guessed the underlying secret,—a secret which no reviewer would be so misguided as to betray. It is all a refreshing piece of indulgent irony, and

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it posseses one of the very few new ideas of the current season.

"YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"

Dolf Wyllarde usually has had something to say in her novels, but the present one is scarcely up to her average level. There is nothing new in the situation of a restless young woman, avid of admiration, excitement and pleasure, who finds herself married to a man twice her age, and obliged to leave him in Africa and return to England with her little son, because the climate of Africa threatens to prove fatal to her, while the husband must remain with his regiment. Neither is there anything new in the attitude of a proud and conservative family who disapprove of the young daughter-in-law, and who cannot understand her or make allowance for the restlessness, the loneliness, the lack of any real occupation, all of which, taken together, goad her into committing all sorts of indiscretions, and threatening to commit others even worse. Luckily, her husband comes home for a year, and his presence steadies her; but he is ordered off again to India, and she forbidden to follow him, recklessly threatens to find some one at home to replace him. But by this time, she has begun to take a keen interest in her boy; and year by year, as the boy matures, she comes to see more clearly that any unwise steps on her part will in the end reflect upon him, and that her rôle in life is destined to become more and more a passive one, that she must step aside, sacrifice her own interests, in order to serve him. There is nothing new in all this, and it is not set forth with any special skill or lucidness. In fact, several readers, privately discussing the volume, differed radically about its real central motive. All of which seems to indicate that it is distinctly below the level of Dolf Wyllarde's usual fearless and outspoken manner.

"HERE ARE LADIES"

It is a welcome relief to run across a new author of real talent, in the midst of a whole group of disappointing volumes; and a case in point is James Stephens, author of *Here Are Ladies*. It is hardly fair to call this stimulating little volume a collection of short stories, for they are less than that, and at the same time a good deal more. They are exceedingly brief, and for the most part condensed to the point of mere episodes; yet they sum up the tragedies of whole lifetimes. "Three Heavy Husbands" is the title that opens the volume. Upon first inspection, it looks like a story of average length, divided into three short chapters. Closer acquaintance reveals that it is the account of three matrimonial tragedies, instead of one, all quite unrelated to one another, excepting through the subtly implied deductions of the author. And what a surprising amount Mr. Stephens can crowd into a paragraph, a phrase, a punctuation mark, —sometimes into a discreet omission! Here, for instance, is a whole chapter of psychology of love condensed into six lines . . . "a trembling man pleading, 'Aid me, or I perish,' and it is woman's instinct not to let a man perish. 'If I help you, I hurt myself,' she sighed; and 'Hurt yourself, then,' sighed the man, 'would you have me perish?' " But although they have the cynical hardness of cold, hard gems, these little sketches are singularly elusive when one tries to give them at second hand. Read them for yourselves; the chances are about even that you may not like them; but if they do chance to appeal to you, you will be quite recklessly and extravagantly enthusiastic.

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TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's "Goldoni"*

A famous humourist once dedicated a book to "John Smith," adding that if it were true that the man to whom a book was dedicated always bought a copy, then boundless affluence was about to burst upon the author. The duty of a dedicatee to purchase at least one copy of the volume inscribed to him may be admitted; in fact this seems to be the very least that he ought to do in return for the compliment paid him. But if this is the plain duty of the dedicatee, is he denied the privilege of reviewing the book in which he may find his own name put after the title-page and just before the table of contents? This question is not easy to answer, although it is obvious that there would be disadvantages if every dedicatee felt himself bound not only to buy the book but also to criticise it. Plainly enough the man to whom a book is inscribed is likely to be lacking in the strict disinterestedness which is a main qualification of the critic. Yet if he eschews anonymity and comes out into the open and vouches for his opinion with his signature and if, also, he warns the unsuspecting readers that for once he is double-faced or at least that he is playing a double part, perhaps the dedicatee may be permitted on occasion to appear also as reviewer.

Therefore, the unsuspecting readers of this criticism are duly warned that the writer thereof cannot be other than predisposed to praise Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *Goldoni;* yet as he has diligently read not only the dedicatory page, but all the other pages also, he finds in these other pages abundant justification for his anticipatory satisfaction in the book. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is best known by his picturesque study of Molière's career; and in this new volume he has given us a picturesque study of Goldoni,—who is often styled the Italian Molière, just as Sheridan has been called the British Beaumarchais and Washington Irving the American Goldsmith. Goldoni is the Italian Molière, but he is also less than Molière in the ultimate importance of his work and—in a sense—more than Molière in the intimacy and significance of the scores of unpretending comedies in which he sympathetically reproduced Venetian life and character and manners as they were mirrored in his shrewd and tolerant eyes. He has not been overpraised in the sonnet of Browning, written on the occasion of the erection of his statue in his native city not far from the Rialto:

> There throng the people: how they come and go,
> Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb, see,
> On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
> And over Bridge! Dear King of Comedy,
> Be honoured! Thou that dids't love Venice so,
> Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

The chief authority for the facts of Goldoni's career is Goldoni himself, in the autobiography written in French, when he was nearly fourscore years of age. But this record of an octogenarian living in a foreign land and writing in a foreign tongue abounds in minor misstatements; it is *Wahrheit;* but it is also *Dichtung;* and it needs to be corrected by an examination of the records. Italian scholars, especially of late, have delighted to investigate all the obscure problems in the life of their earliest and still their foremost comic dramatist; and by these manifold investigations the

*Goldoni. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Illustrations from the paintings of Pietro and Alessandro Longhi. New York: Duffield and Company.

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American biographer has profited. This complete and detailed account of Goldoni, of all his adventures in life and in love, of all his activities in the theatre, is the fruit of several years of assiduous and conscientious labour on the part of the author,—a labour of love, beyond all question, but none the less an arduous task when the writer holds himself rigidly to the high standard of scholarly integrity that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has imposed on himself.

Yet the American biographer wears his erudition lightly; he does not force his readers to share his fatigue and he does not insist on their fingering the chips of his workshop. His book is easy reading, because its author has not only assimilated his materials, but also digested them. Goldoni, while he was in the flesh was intensely alive; and he lives again in these pages, with his geniality, his industry, his ingenuity and his abiding charm. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's biography is intended to be read, and not merely to to be referred to on occasion, —which seems to be the sole ambition of not a few German biographers who are so insistent upon being scientific that they forget to be artistic also. Alphonse Daudet once described a certain stolid tome, stuffed with facts, as intended "for external use only." No one could ever hint at any such stolidity in this American biography of the Venetian playwright. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has a keen eye for character and for the social picturesque, and his earlier adventures in novel-writing have taught him how to tell a story so as to hold the interest of his readers.

The book is not only based on devoted research, it is also carefully planned; and its author seems to have solved the difficulty of classifying Goldoni's scores of plays,—a difficulty which long puzzled the Italian critics. He gives separate chapters to each of the groups into which he has divided the comic dramas, paying special attention to those in which Goldoni has most completely expressed himself, the pieces in Venetian dialect in which the life of the Venetian populace is depicted with insight and sympathy. Goldoni, so Mr. Howells declared in the delightful essay he once prefixed to an expurgated edition of the autobiography, "painted the Venice of his time so gracefully, so vividly, so truly, with so much more of the local human nature than of the mere manners of the age, that his plays mirror in wonderful degree the Venice of our own day."

But while Mr. Chatfield-Taylor bestows his highest praise upon Goldoni's Venetian comedies, he is in no wise lacking in appreciation for the rest of the lively pieces in Tuscan—of which *La Locandiera* and *Il Ventaglio* have recently been acted here in the United States. And he gives a keen yet kindly estimate of the comic dramas written in French after Goldoni had expatriated himself in Paris; the best of these French pieces is *Le Bourru Bienfaisant,* which still holds the stage in Italy. As Goldoni was the reformer of the Italian stage and as he strove valiantly to banish from it the mask-characters, Brighella and Pantalone and the rest, which had degenerated into degrading vulgarity, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor had necessarily to devote one chapter to the origins and the methods of the Improvised Comedy often called the Comedy-of-Masks, which served Molière as a pattern for his earlier and brisker comedies; and this chapter is perhaps the best in the book, supplying a better account of a most interesting and most significant dramatic development than can be found anywhere else in English.

The book is illustrated by a dozen reproductions of episodes of Venetian life and character by the Longhis, who were almost as felicitous with the pencil as Goldoni was with the pen in catching the colour and the movement of the city in the sea. And in an elaborate appendix Mr. Chatfield-Taylor provides a bibliography of Goldoni, more thorough than any which has yet appeared in Italy, and also a complete chronological list of Goldoni's plays, with notes on their sources and on their translations and

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adaptations. The importance of these appendices may be gauged by the fact that they occupy more than seventy pages; they were prepared by Professor van Steenderen, of Lake Forest College.

Brander Matthews.

II

G. K. Chesterton's "Magic"*

Mr. Chesterton has written a play. We all seem to come to that sooner or later, the novelists and poets and philosophers as well as the dramatists: an interesting phase of contemporary literary history, forecasting as it does the possibility of another great outburst of English drama like the Elizabethan. Otherwise Mr. Chesterton's play, considered as a play merely, is not of special importance. It is not a bad play. It is quite good enough to hold and reward the attention of an audience by purely dramatic means; and if it is performed here without too much preliminary butchering, it will undoubtedly do so, as it has already done in London. It has points of admirable theatricism like the final prodigy that paralyses natural explanation, when the doctor's red lamp burns blue. That is good theatre because it employs the peculiar possibilities of the stage to produce an effect which could not by the means of any other art be made so effective. And it has flaws like the fading away of the opening scene and the unconvincing exorcisms at the catastrophe, which are bad theatre because they are more effective to read imaginatively than to represent. Such partial and irregular success is just what we should expect of a first-rate philosophical intelligence brought to bear for the first time upon the technique of an art. But it is of much greater importance what one of the strongest and sanest thinkers alive contrives to say, by whatever technical means he chances to elect. And this time Mr. Chesterton has said something very important indeed.

People will have a dreadful time getting at the meaning of this play, because it is too perfectly and emphatically clear. It is like looking for a name printed in large letters across the entire surface of a map. They will go looking for something abstruse and complex and paradoxical. They will infer that because Mr. Chesterton does tricks for amusement, therefore he cannot truly know or sincerely discuss anything of moment; thus adopting toward him the attitude of the other *dramatis personæ* toward the Conjuror. They will take his characters for realistic studies, and his episodes as fanciful and symbolic: whereas he means his characters for symbols, and his episodes for plain matters of fact. The Duke is not an actual duke: he is the British Aristocracy; and as such, he does literally and actually what the British Aristocracy is doing. Mr. Cyril Smith is not a real clergyman: as the Church of England, he represents the exact strength and weakness of that Church at present. The obnoxious Morris is not an American. Until the reviewer perceived this fact, he was conscious of a patriotic impulse to punch the wisest head in England for telling insulting lies about America. But, of course, Morris is meant for a gargoyle: a grotesquely symbolic mouth through which trickles the spilth of current unbelief; and the naming of America for this creature's local habitation matters no more than his creator's cockney version of the American language. Similarly, Mr. Chesterton is not trying to represent a modern conjuror, but an incarnation of the Manus, the Wise Man,—the Prophet, if you will—of all time. He means that the things which that Conjuror does are literally so done; and so they are. He means to say that the supernatural is a fact, and that devils are as actual as pigs. This, however, which his audience disbelieve, they will not understand him to mean, though he speak with the tongues of men and angels; whosoever shall disagree with

*Magic. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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them, the same is a jester. They will not answer, "You don't know," but only, "You don't say."

Once grasp this idea, and the whole story (whether you agree with it or not) becomes as clear as light. If you take Patricia and the Conjuror literally, their loves are wildly romantic and mystical: young ladies do not so behave with charlatans. But if you take them for Humanity and the Prophet, then their relation becomes a plain and accurate history of Human Nature and the Supernatural. First we accept the wonder childishly upon faith; then, finding it at odds with common fact, we renounce it as false; and at last, learning the harmonisation of those discords, we love it wiselier for being more greatly true than we had known. We used to believe the Mosaic story of creation much as we believe the Darwinian story of evolution: a somewhat innocent belief. Presently we dug up a few bones which had been buried more than seven days apart, and flung Moses overboard after Jonah. But recently we have dug up a great many more bones, and a few skulls; from which and from other modern developments we learn that Moses mapped out the facts of evolution more scientifically than Darwin, and that as truly as man's body rose out of the dust, his soul has fallen out of Eden. We denied the whole tradition of the flood, because the world is round and because the Jews and the Greeks and the Babylonians and other people all say that it happened; but now that the Archæologians and the Geologians also say that it happened, we have changed our minds. And our experience with these two biblical traditions holds in general for the whole body of tradition and myth and mystery of every kind and every time. Ilium has been, after all; Crete and Mycenæ produce their fabled relics; our synthetic chemist deals in alchemy, and our sciences adopt the mediæval marvels as fast as they can fit them with new names. Ghosts are spirits and apparitions are phenomena and miracles are demonstrations; and we will be very serious about magic if only we may call it psychic research. We guess how true they are; then we guess how false they are; and then, little by little, we know how they are true. Of a certain class of such phenomena Mr. Chesterton adopts the mediæval explanation that they are done by devils; and a very reasonable hypothesis it is. It fits the known facts now as well as ever, and much better than some recent theories. No sane person can read the scientific record of psychic phenomena without feeling their tawdriness and inconsequence to be rather impish than spiritual. And, of course, the exposure of charlatans (as Mr. Chesterton points out) disproves nothing else. Counterfeits do not disprove coinage, but the reverse; for you cannot counterfeit nonentity.

The only reason for considering Mr. Chesterton's view so absurd that he could not mean it seriously is that it is archaic; and the ancients we assume to have been savages or fools. Doubtless we can do some things they could not: when we can also do everything they could and did, it will be time to patronise. That is the only real harm in our new game of scientific classification and nomenclature, that it leads us to despise our betters as children mock a foreigner because he speaks a different language. Otherwise it is an innocent pastime enough, and even instructive. But the giving fine new names to things and stowing them away orderly in mental pigeon-holes produces an illusion of increased knowledge, like the quaint feeling that a bill is almost paid when it is folded and docketed and placed alphabetically upon file. Adam felt that way for a short time after naming the Serpent. Now, Mr. Chesterton may be right or wrong about magic. His theory of the supernatural may or may not be as correct as his history of it. But to take for granted that he is jesting or insane is not only dogmatism but exploded dogmatism. We are ignorant of the present trend of that very science which we invoke. We do not keep abreast of the progress of research in

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the subject. We are too far behind the times to believe in devils. Some of us are even so fantastically superstitious as to believe in an impersonal God.

Brian Hooker.

III

ESTELLE W. STEAD'S "W. T. STEAD: PERSONAL AND SPIRITUAL REMINISCENCES"*

An interesting and illuminating glimpse into the character of W. T. Stead is given in a letter which he wrote when a twelve-year-old boy at school. Speaking of a revival which was in progress, he says:

> There has been a great work going on in the school. . . . On the 18th of September the blessed work began. I obtained peace, so did six other boys. That night young G—— became serious; he has always been anything but serious. I talked seriously with him all that night, and he said that he wished he could come to Jesus. Next day I walked and talked with him a long while; at last he found peace in the afternoon. I was very pleased, and thought that God had made me the instrument of saving him, but afterward I heard him say that he had found peace through the instrumentality of A—— and that teacher I told you of. I felt this rather keenly, and still more when every boy in the school who had found peace could say he had led some to Jesus, while I who tried very much and prayerfully to turn some from their evil ways; how I walked long with them and talked to them, and apparently they took no notice at all, when another boy said just two or three words to them they would burst out crying and in a few minutes they would find peace. I know this caused great agony of spirit, that I could bring none to the Saviour.

This was the boy and this was the man. Always tremendously interested in the things of the spirit and an eager advocate of revivals, of movements, of causes, he was always tremendously concerned in having his finger in the pie. No wonder that Cecil Rhodes removed his name from the list of executors of his will, saying that Stead was too masterful to work with the other executors.

In reading his life one is impressed with the number of causes which Stead vehemently espoused. And in view of the commonly accepted idea that champions of new ideas are visionary and unpractical souls, one is struck with the fact that throughout his career Stead's material prosperity went steadily upward as he leaped from one agitation to another, from one new movement to the next. When, at the age of twenty-three, the youngest editor in England, he took charge of the *Northern Echo,* he made the paper ring with his denunciations of the Turk on account of Bulgarian massacres; and he was as hotly pro-Russian as he was hotly anti-Turk at a time when Englishmen regarded Russia as their natural enemy. Did it hurt him? It made a marked man of him, so that in a few years he was offered the important post of assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* And when, a while afterward, as editor of that journal, he conducted a campaign against white-slavers so vehemently that he was arrested, tried and sent to jail on a legal technicality, did that experience hurt him? He wrote editorials in his cell until he could return to his desk, and was more widely known and more widely read even than before. This is not to imply, however, that Stead's actions were prompted by ideas of self-advertising as a road to success. He rushed tempestuously into things because he was the kind of man who cannot be kept out; he succeeded because he had the ability that cannot be kept down.

That half of this biography is devoted to what the author terms spiritual reminiscences is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that a good share of Stead's life was given over to spiritual experiences. The unseen world affected him and fascinated him always. His belief in spiritualism, however, was of gradual growth. As a young man he had premonitions of coming events. For example, while editor of the *Northern*

*W. T. Stead: Personal and Spiritual Reminiscences. By Estelle W. Stead. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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Echo he once had a presentment that he would not continue long in that position, and he was therefore unwilling to renew his contract. Sure enough, like a bolt out of the clear sky came a totally unlooked for offer from the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Again, while assistant editor of that periodical he had a premonition that he would soon become editor-in-chief. He was laughed at, but within a few months John Morley, the editor, was unexpectedly elected to Parliament and Stead stepped into his place.

He was a man of thirty when he became interested in clairvoyance, and at one of the first séances he attended he was told that he would become "the St. Paul of Spiritualism." As he grew older he became an ardent spiritualist. Automatic writing, at which he became very proficient; séances; the investigation of ghost stories; photographing spirits; dealings with seers, crystal-gazers, mediums and hypnotists took up a great deal of his time. He never approached these things in the attitude of one who is willing to accept and believe passively; on the contrary, he was positive and aggressive in his determination to prove that his beliefs were indubitably founded on facts.

One of the most curious results of Stead's spiritualistic activities was "Julia's Bureau." Julia Ames was a young American woman with whom he had only a casual acquaintance in the course of her life. She died at the age of thirty. Yet when Stead took up automatic writing, the spirit of Julia seemed most anxious and best able to guide his hand. He wrote volumes at the dictation of Julia, and she became his spirit guide, counsellor and friend. In time, he established a sort of spirit clearing house, where those in quest of departed loved ones might try to have communication with them, and where spirits might have unusual facilities for getting in touch with those left behind. The bureau was conducted with a great deal of formality, with quantities of printed forms and a staff of high-salaried mediums. This was Julia's Bureau. It was an expensive affair, costing the first year ten thousand dollars.

Stead writes that Julia had for some time urged the establishment of the Bureau, but he had hesitated, on account of the expense. At this juncture William Randolph Hearst offered him two thousand five hundred dollars a year for his services as London correspondent.

"Well," said Stead to the spirit of Julia, "let's make it doubles or quits? If it's doubles, we'll start the Bureau."

Accordingly he cabled to Hearst that he would take the position for five thousand dollars a year; his offer was accepted; and the Bureau got under way.

What all the spirit-writing, spirit-rapping, spirit-hunting that occupied so much of his time meant to Stead is revealed in a little speech, beautiful in its sincerity and pathos, which he made after the death of his eldest son.

> Eighteen months ago my eldest son passed into the other world. I heard his first cry as a new-born infant. I caught his last sigh as he passed into the unseen. I had always said I would never make my final pronouncement on the truth of Spiritualism until some one near and dear in my own family passed into the great beyond. Then I should know whether Spiritualism stood the test of a great bereavement, bringing life and immortality to light. And I am here to tell you that the reality of my son's continued existence, and of his tender care for me, have annulled the bitterness of death. . . . He is here to-night beside me. I am as sure of that as I am of the fact that I am speaking to you.

As a chronicle of Stead's activities, a history of the things he did, this biography is noticeably deficient. It tells little of his family life, and little of his work in the world. After reading it, one knows very little about the position that Stead occupied in the world of journalism; and has only a vague idea of his influence as an editor and author; and one could not mention by title the books he wrote, much less give the order of their importance. *If Christ Came to Chicago,* by which he is perhaps best

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known in this country, is dismissed in a brief paragraph. Also the biography lacks order and proportion. Chapters are devoted to incidents, while years are passed over in a sentence.

But as a picture of the kind of man he was, this life of Stead is excellent. It achieves the result by the simple expedient of using Stead's own words to tell his own story and draw his own picture—from letters, memoranda, editorials and books. Says Stead:

I know I shall be a great boss, bigger than anybody thinks. I know I always jump to conclusions; I never ponder; when I do I go wrong.

Again:

I went to St. Petersburg, and was received by the Emperor Alexander III at an interview which has contributed not a little to allay the fear of an armed conflict.

And again:

The Pope, if up to date, ought to publish the *Review of Reviews,* which is an attempt to render accessible to all the best thoughts to be found in the periodical literature of the world. Before founding the *Review* I went to Rome to see what chance there was of the Pope undertaking the task. Finding there was none, I did it myself.

After the Jameson Raid he regretted that Cecil Rhodes, who was his warm admirer and friend, was not sent to jail, and told him so quite frankly. And late in life he obtained an interview with the Sultan of Turkey with the express object of delivering to that potentate a lecture on his duties and responsibilities. And he delivered it, to the bewilderment of the Sultan. Speaking of this odd interview Stead says:

After all, truth is truth, and if you are dead certain that you are right, and see dangers to which your fellow-man is blind, it is surely your duty, under penalty of being responsible for your silence, to warn him of his peril.

A tempestuous, determined, stubborn man, who took very seriously his self-appointed task of setting the world, including the Czar, the Pope and the Sultan, to rights. He went down to death with the *Titanic*. But a few weeks later, according to the author of his biography:

Three weeks after his passing he came to the Upper Room in the Inner Sanctuary of Julia's Bureau. In that room, where he had himself so often spoken of the life to come and conversed with those who had already passed onward, he—the beloved Chief—came and spoke to those who prayed and waited, knowing he would come. Clearly he showed his face that all might see, and as it faded into darkness—his voice rang through the room and spoke, saying: "All I told you is true. . . ."

Thus this remarkable biography comes to a stop, but not to an end.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

"The Beautiful Lady Craven."*

One opens with lively expectations the memoirs of a lady who has been perpetuated by Gainsborough, Romney, Angelica Kauffmann, and Le Brun; whom Dr. Johnson called beautiful, gay, and fascinating; who composed charades and sonnets, produced some plays and acted in her private theatre; who breakfasted, dined, and supped with all the crowned heads of Europe during the years of her ostracism from England; and who in spite of the cold shoulders of that monument of propriety, Queen Charlotte, resolutely edged her way back into English society after she had notoriously stooped to folly, by the simple expedient of feeding the brutes and refusing to exhibit the slightest traces of the customary melancholy.

But, alas! the beautiful Elizabeth, while exhibiting no more melancholy indeed in her ingenuous narrative, discloses little of that vivacity which all her generation discerned throughout her long life; and which caused Lady Blessington to write—after visiting her in the mag-

*The Beautiful Lady Craven. In Two Volumes. The Original Memoirs. Edited and with a Biographical and Historical Introduction. By A. M. Broadley and Lewis Melville. London and New York: John Lane Company.

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nificent villa at Naples to which she retired when she had triumphantly forced the recognition of London society—that she was still, at the age of seventy-six, remarkable for her vivacity and realised the idea of a galvanised mummy. In spite of the fact that she knew everybody in one of the most brilliant periods of history, the Introduction to her memoirs is much more diverting. Besides being of interest, this introduction, which takes up over half of the first volume, is very necessary to one's enjoyment of the reminiscences. Except for the fact that the lady protests too much and relies constantly on the exact truth and that heaven which protects the innocent, one would never guess that there had been the slightest irregularity in her behaviour. Wherein, although only an amateur, she set an example which the autobiographies of several modern actresses have followed—perhaps, also, in succeeding years, to awaken more interest because of a candid introduction.

To hear Lady Craven talk you would imagine that she had been squeezed from the nest, whereas she had made several venturesome flights and aroused the laughter of London at her husband before he summoned decision enough to turn her away. She travelled on the Continent, not unaccompanied, for some years; and after being the *chère amie* of the Margrave of Anspach for some time (during which period she installed herself in the household of the Margravine, periodically on their return from their excursions!), the death of Lord Craven removed all obstacles to their legal marriage some months after the Margravine had considerately taken herself off. She fascinated the poor gentleman into giving up his birthright and exiling himself in England for the rest of his life. The festivities of Brandenburgh House soon became the talk of London, but they did not immediately bribe the world to forget. The Court and her own son and daughter refused to admit her. But so far from taking Goldsmith's celebrated advice in such cases, the Margravine—having now a husband to finance her—increased her hospitalities and hired a press-agent. Both wise and proud, she entertained all who vouchsafed to come and bided her time to revise her visiting list. Her position in society gradually improved in spite of the ponderous and marble shoulder of Queen Charlotte, for people were not able to hold out against the blandishments of her costly villa. Here, too, she set up a playhouse and acted the chief parts herself, cutting down (also distinctly in a modern professional manner) the parts of the other women even when noted actresses were called in to play them. After the death of the Margrave, who left her a fat fortune, she astounded the whole country with the magnificence of his funeral cortège, "played the elegant widow to the most censorious taste," and took her last revenge on London society by abandoning it.

The malicious Horace Walpole treated her with unusual leniency. "I thought her at Paris," he wrote after her first retirement in disgrace from London, "and was surprised to hear of her at Florence. "She has, I fear, been *infinamente* indiscreet, but what is that to you and me? She is very pretty, has good parts, and is good-natured to the greatest degree; has not a grain of malice or mischief (almost always the associates in women of tender hearts) and never has been an enemy but to herself." With all of which statements, except the last, Lady Craven in her memoirs blandly agrees. She says her temperament was one of the most difficult to manage, being extremely meek yet very lively. But she owns that it was her look of modesty and timidity contrasting with her natural vivacity "which fascinated every one in so powerful a degree." She attributes the clearness of her ideas to never having been tossed about by her nurse in infancy. Her complacency in her own charms is exasperatingly bovine, and she somehow contrives to be heavy even when she remarks that her first husband's mistress had only a set of teeth to recommend her. "My success," she says, "is attributed to the brilliancy of my

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talents, my figure, and so forth, but it is really due to negative causes—I never utter a falsehood, I never detract, I talk as little as I can, and let others alone to do as they please." Possibly she was right, for it is a recipe which would make any beautiful woman successful.

Her observations upon her travels are commonplace and scrappy. Germans are civil if you pass through their countries, she says; but if you reside there they imagine you have a scheme. Her income was only fifteen hundred pounds a year, but it made her appear a rich person in Germany. She often endeavoured in vain to account for the absurdities and contradictions of the German people. They have an excellent ear for music but no taste; and they appear to be always above or below human nature. Her remarks on the people she met are as uninteresting as the subjects will allow them to be, although any pages wherein move that brilliant procession of personages cannot be otherwise than golden. She thought Dr. Johnson in spite of the gigantic and extraordinary quality of his thoughts and language would have been the most agreeable person in the world if he had had a female companion at home by his fireside; but in spite of his fondness of heart, she censured the blame and contempt which he threw on all contemporary writers; and she thinks no character could stand up against the recording of every idle word and little failing and defect. Horne Tooke she considered one of the most extraordinary intellects she ever met.

Finally, as is customary with the social delinquent of commonplace mind, she moralises much. The English system of education breeds the most determined selfishness—in the public schools neither patriotism nor morality were ever taught. The English temper was rather sour. During her absence on the Continent, luxury in London had much increased. Down beds, soft pillows, and easy seats were everywhere; the abundance of wheel-carriages was a convincing proof of indolence; she knew two ladies of quality who employed a servant with soft hands to raise them gently out of bed in the morning; the rising and dinner hours were growing later not only in society but among shop-keepers; domestic servants were discouraged from marrying; and the London poor had grown insolent and would not condescend to eat brown bread.

Graham Berry.

V

Mrs. Tweedie's "America as I Saw It"*

English travellers have a charming way of putting their impressions into print, just casually, with no regard to any literary ability and training,—or lack of it,—on their part. Our own travellers do that too, of course. But one fault we have not, as a nation. We do not expect the general public to buy the books. This may be due to a low standard of taste in our general public, —or to a certain sense of humour, but we do not expect a book to take the public highway of selling success unless it is written with some idea of construction, style or the like technical qualifications.

The above volume is deliciously naïve in that respect. Of all the *Rambling Notes* of travel that have ever come to the present reviewer's ken, this one surely bears off the palm. After reading through several hundred of its five hundred pages one begins to feel a real affection for the jerky manner of its telling. It is so like some people's way of talking, some women's particularly! And then, do we not always find ourselves growing affectionate toward people who makes us laugh? whether *at* or *with* them, does not matter. It is the first and strongest impression one has of the book, this amazing manner of jumping about from one subject to another, this mingling in one paragraph comments, epigrammatic in length at least, on such widely different topics as Mr. Carnegie; flirtation; American cooking; New York sweat-shops; the *May-*

*America as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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flower descendants; the difficulty of getting your boots cleaned; methods of heating houses; mothers-in-law; and so on. The first chapter, entitled "Noisy New York," bears off the palm in this respect. And in the midst of its whirl, poor old Strindberg is dragged in by the hair of his head so that Mrs. Tweedie can tell us (being dead he can't defend himself) that he was "religious and yet despairing." This sounds very like the New England tombstone epitaph which declared the deceased to have been "Pious Though Bilious."

Then we hear about how they do things in London; then some more about how we do things ourselves—then some more about having, or not having, one's shoes cleaned,—then we are told that American Hustle is a myth, that we are really the slowest people on earth. But to comfort us we are told somewhere else in the book that we are wearing ourselves out because we are too strenuous. We hear that we have insane luxury and no comfort in our homes. Also that our cooking is good but too rich. This is really consoling, because when French or German travellers come here they tell us our cooking is wretched but that the simplest homes are comfortable beyond the reach of the wealthy in their countries. But then British cooking is notoriously bad.

This review appears to be somewhat incoherent, but the style of the book is catching. To be a little more serious, some things that Mrs. Tweedie says are quite true. The sex promiscuosity of American sleeping-cars may be tolerated, but cannot be defended on any reasonable grounds. Also, any American who has spent several years in Europe will sympathise with her reiterated moan on the subject of having one's boots cleaned. Still, Mrs. Tweedie must remember that one's boots don't get as dirty here as they do in England, for it doesn't rain so often. Also some remarks of hers about the sex segregation in our social doings hit the mark very cleverly. We may not realise ourselves how far we are going along that mistaken road.

But what will irritate many a reader is the naïvely British way in which she adopts us as a naughty if interesting younger sister nation to England. We are not all English descendants by a good deal. We may speak English, but Mrs. Tweedie herself says that "English and American are only approximately the same language." And a goodly portion of us are proud of our descent from other nations.

It is quite impossible to give a coherent review of so incoherent a book. The good and the bad are as inextricably mixed as in boarding-house hash. Therefore, let each reader find it out for himself.

Cornelia Van Pelt.

VI

Edward J. Dent's "Mozart's Operas"*

The publication of a critical study of Mozart's operas in the year of the centenary of Verdi's and Wagner's birth is highly appropriate and significant. The cry "Back to Mozart" has for some time been gathering volume, until even the general public have come to know that Wagner and Verdi, giants as they are in the field of opera, and with all the advantages of the rapidly developing art of musico-dramatic expression, have not eclipsed that wonderful eighteenth century genius, who Midas-like turned into pure gold everything he touched. Mozart died a mere youth of thirty-five. At that age, neither Wagner nor Verdi had written any of the operas upon which their fame must ultimately rest. Mozart, on the other hand, beginning with *Idomenio* (composed when he was only twenty-five and yet in some respects his greatest dramatic work and incontestably the finest opera that had up to that time been written) and following it with *Figaro, Don Giovanni, Cosi fan Tutte* and *The Magic Flute*, had contributed to the operatic repertory jewels of the

*Mozart's Operas. A critical study by Edward J. Dent. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

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purest water, whose brilliance not even the music dramas of Wagner, written in the full maturity of years, have dimmed. And Mozart also wrote symphonies and chamber music of equal importance in the realm of absolute music, while Verdi and Wagner, his only operatic rivals, are in that branch of music practically out of the running.

It is worth while recalling all this to mind occasionally; for there are many music lovers who look upon Mozart as almost wholly a tradition and his music as naïve and out of date. To such, the appearance of a thick volume devoted to a detailed and critical analysis of Mozart's operas in the light of modern research and present-day musical standards may seem surprising. But it is to be hoped that they will read it; for they will find it a painstaking and illuminating study of Mozart's greater operas, which cannot fail to impress them with his essential modernity.

Mr. Dent has succeeded in presenting the case of Mozart most persuasively. The comments on his musical growth and development, as exemplified in the operas, are keen and convincing. The occasional examples from contemporary musical works, which influenced or might have influenced Mozart, go far to sustain the author's claim that "most of those features of Mozart's music which we are apt to consider so typically Mozartian, are not Mozartian in the least, but are simply the common stock-in-trade of all the music-makers of the day."

The book bears evidences of the author's thorough and fruitful research in the field of eighteenth century music, and on the whole he has drawn a careful and well-proportioned picture of Mozart's relations to contemporary opera and to his century. The musical examples are the more valuable because taken from works which are not generally accessible. One feels throughout that the work was a labour of love, like Grove's *Beethoven's Symphonies,* which seems to have served more or less as a model. Like Grove, Mr. Dent brings the facts of the composer's life into relation with his works, so as to show as far as possible the influences affecting their creation. While it would be flattery to say that he has succeeded as well as Grove, whose book has become a classic, there are the same evidences of enthusiasm and thoroughness and the same success in making his commentary thoroughly readable.

There is rather an extended but interesting discussion of the claim of Carl Giesecke to the authorship of the libretto of *The Magic Flute,* generally attributed to Schikaneder. One might question the author's sense of proportion in the prominence he has given to this and other matters; but it is undeniable that he has made a very valuable and timely addition to Mozartiana. One closes the book with a renewed feeling of how much there is still to learn from Mozart's immortal operas. The author rightfully insists throughout on the remarkable modernity of the recitatives, and for this alone he deserves much thanks. The entire secret of musico-dramatic expression may be gleaned from the study of Mozart's recitatives.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

VII

H. G. Wells's "The Passionate Friends"*

It has been said (applying a respectable canon of literary criticism) that Mr. Wells cancels his own claim to immortality by his very cleverness. He is so keenly alive to the present, so preternaturally "modern," that he misses the universal appeal. No matter how stimulating, how significant his books may be for us in 1913, they are bound to be out of the fashion by 1917.

Thus runs the argument, based, one is to suppose, on careful examination of the qualities that have in the past made for the permanence of literary reputations. One defect of the theory is that as a generalisation it won't work. Is the quality of contemporaneity fatal to last-

*The Passionate Friends. By H. G. Wells. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ing fame? It remains to be proved that Mr. Wells is more modern than was Meredith for his day, or Shakespeare or Homer for theirs. The unsupported dogma looks like a suspiciously feeble last resort. No one denies his interest for us here and now. To convict a man of his virtues—is this the way to deny him the glory he has earned?

Yet it is not a mere mean jealousy that would scan with suspicion a fame too easily bestowed. There are many such nowadays. It is right that the tough-minded should preserve an air of scepticism toward the towering reputations that we reviewers are industriously creating every day. It must be an extraordinarily dull novel of which in these days some enthusiast does not publicly predicate immortality.

It is the consciousness of this fact that imposes a certain restraint in dealing with Mr. Wells's latest book. For the present reviewer must in honesty record first that he has long been Mr. Wells's admirer, and that he thinks that in *The Passionate Friends* Mr. Wells has given us his finest, most notable work. If the high estimate placed upon this novel is to escape the reviewer's own reproach, he must attempt, however inconclusively, to state some definite reasons for the belief.

It has been said that no one denies Mr. Wells's interest for our own day. He is supremely the "modern" novelist. No one else has shown such intense preoccupation with those questions in which every one of us, if he have a spark of intelligence, must feel a vital concern. We are aghast at the portentous changes that are taking place in our commercial fabric. We see the old comfortable social order breaking up before our eyes, and wonder what monster of socialism or anarchism is to take its place. The new disquieting note of feminism is heard, the first symptom of a revolt that may involve half the race. Science goes on its conquering way, compelling philosophy to remake itself because its old antagonist has achieved the impossible; and with science goes increasing discontent and misery. There is a new morality in the air, unformulated yet, but none the less threatening to the ancient standards. These tremendous problems are the stuff of Mr. Wells's thought. In the series of novels beginning with *Tono Bungay* he has touched each of them in turn with his incisive intelligence. And if any one imagines that these are topics of merely momentary importance, he is in need of enlightenment from some supra-earthly source. History is making, it is true, with unprecedented rapidity; yet probably these big questions of 1913 will still be big questions a dozen or a hundred years hence.

Furthermore, Mr. Wells is not merely abreast of the times; he has repeatedly shown himself uncannily able to keep in advance of the crest of the wave. His prescience is extraordinary. Here is a trifle by way of illustration. In *The Passionate Friends* he speaks in his fictitious capacity of the remarkable school of Bengali poets and novelists, proposes a series of translations of their works into English. Now this book may have been written six months or a year ago. Who then outside of the narrowest literary circles had heard of this Eastern literary group? Who would have dared prophesy that they would ever become known to the man in the street? Yet pat on the publication of *The Passionate Friends* comes the announcement that the Nobel prize has been bestowed on the Bengali Tagore, and every one is talking about him. It is as though Mr. Wells had actually foretold the event.

But all this wonderful material of the present is, after all, the property of no one man. It is what he has done with this stuff of life, the ends to which he has fashioned the matter, that constitute his achievement. The importance of the ideas Mr. Wells has to offer us may be disputed, but hardly his superb gift of narration. If *The Passionate Friends* had no light to throw on the turbulent social whirlpool, if the characters could be imagined as detached from the common life of the day, it would remain a

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memorable story. Never has Mr. Wells made his craftsmanship count for more; never has he seemed less conscious of his art. He can even use triumphantly a device that in hands less sure would court failure as a hackneyed trick. How many novels have had for their basic scheme a retrospective recital of events by one of the chief actors in them? Mr. Wells not only uses the ancient device without disaster; he gives it an actual distinction, as of originality. *The Passionate Friends* is the life story of Stephen Stratton, written in middle age to leave for his young son. It is the story of a man who loved two women, who with honesty of purpose on the whole, steered close to total shipwreck, who yet by virtue of some big, unreasoning faith, managed to save some fragments of his life. Though there is the possibility, almost the necessity, of melodrama in the plot, in some way the characters manage always to dominate the situation. The Lady Mary Christian, Stephen's great love, is the finest, most complex, most baffling character Mr. Wells has created. She is the consummate flower of womanhood, and yet she is a rebel; and yet she weakens in her rebellion at the critical moment and smashes two lives to bits. Stephen, with all his weaknesses and heroisms, is her victim, but his love is comprehensible because she has both brains and charm. When she voices her inmost beliefs one hears, not the observations of a man on the Woman Question, but the authentic note of the modern woman who, striking out in blind protest against she knows not what, has given a new meaning to the word feminism. And even in this outburst she remains herself, an actual individual, while her end, shut in a dreadful coil of impossible circumstance, has the accent of grave, reserved tragedy. If it misses the inevitability of the highest tragedy, the failure is no more than relative.

Strangely enough, the "note" of the book is one of hopefulness. Mr. Wells is an incorrigible optimist; the fact is one of the signal triumphs of the human spirit. No one has a clearer sight than he of the stupidity, the abysmal idiocy of the constitution of society; no one feels more intensely the maladjustments, the discontent, the misery of so many of us. But he starkly refuses to believe other than that something better is to come of all this. His first and last thought is always for finding a better way of doing the thing we have hitherto done badly. We scold the critic who is, as we say, merely destructive; we must then in decent consistency, recognise the critic of life who is inveterately constructive. Out of these fumbling attempts to do fine things that seem always to end in such utter failure he seeks to pluck some lesson that will serve to make the next attempt a little less a failure. He offers no solutions of insoluble problems, but he tries in all honesty to point a way wherein a partial solution may after innumerable attempts be found.

After all, perhaps the secret of Mr. Wells's success with a hackneyed literary form is that he has recorded a genuine confession. Make no mistake, this is real autobiography; not in the mere literal sense, but in the sense that it comes straight at first hand from the man's own experience and thought. The strongest impression that remains of *The Passionate Friends* is of the author's intellectual honesty. He may or may not be on the whole a true prophet; as to that there is room for difference of opinion. But however much he may offend your sober commonsense, outrage your taste, do violence to your moral standards, he will not pretend. He is of those men, and they are rare, who seek the truth with passion. He utters his own soul, and says: Here it is, this mixture of nobility and meanness, of high altruism and anxious egotistical vulgarity; at least, the authentic soul of a man. In this, as in much else, Mr. Wells has placed himself in the line of the Great Succession. If this passionate quest of the truth, joined to the wisdom of a man who has lived and the skill of one who has mastered a great craft, be not genius, then it is something so very

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like to genius that failure to see the difference may be more pardonable than refusal to see the resemblance.

Ward Clark.

VIII

Lucy Furman's "Mothering on Perilous"*

It is a really truly story, and it is written with no particular care for construction or style or anything else except the wish to do justice to an unusual situation and unusual people. And it couldn't be more appealing, even if skilled art had taken the place of its artlessness. This is what the story tells: A young woman, bereft by death of all that made life worth living, seeks to bury herself in a mountain settlement school, back in the railroadless wilds of Kentucky's hill country. She is not a teacher, has in fact, like so many women of the well-to-do, learned nothing that seems of any use to any one. But she loves children, particularly small boys, however rough and hopeless they may seem, and she knows something about gardening. As it turns out, she knows something too of that higher gardening which means a training of the young soul to grow straight and clean, and an understanding of the need for "mothering" and affection that hides itself under the budding sex pride of the aggressive young male being, while said male being is in the shortest and raggedest of short trousers. Now as a matter of fact, Miss Loring had to teach the Kentucky mountain boys to wear short trousers, which they considered babyish. But they were all the short-trouser age nevertheless, and a more straightforward, uncompromising, unconventional set of boys never taxed the inexperience of a young "surrogate mother" before. They fight, they swear, they have the most primitive ideas of property, and very outspoken ideas as to the annoying uselessness of too much bathing, but most of these traits seem to spring from a sort of exaggeration of the old Anglo-Saxon racial qualities. The people of these mountains are of the pure Anglo-Saxon strain, held pure by reason of their isolation from the rest of the world.

Strong, splendid-looking, self-reliant men and women of action, they yet respect the "l'arning" that had been lost to them for years and eagerly seek it for their children. Their family names read like pages of English history, and the given names of the children show the strain of poetry and love for almost forgotten lore to which the lonely mountaineers hold fast. The men live with the pistol belt buckled around their waists, for family feuds rage hotly and no man's life is safe except by eternal vigilance. The women can take their part in the work of war or peace, and do their own particular work besides, rearing large families of healthy children. The directness of their speech harks back at moments to the earlier Saxon roots of our language, they have little of Romanic floweriness in what they say. Their customs are a primitive natural museum for things forgotten elsewhere. They still celebrate "Real Christmas," "Old Christmas" they call it, on the 6th of January, accepting the new date of the 25th of December only under compulsion or in politeness to rare strangers, . . . in this case the "brought-on women" of the settlement school. And they celebrate their Christmas in the good old British style by drinking, shooting, rioting and noise generally.

The account of the belated funeral services over the body of a young wife, with her bereaved husband and his new wife as chief mourners, is delicious. In those mountains it is often months before the circuit-riding preacher can reach each little group of houses. So while deaths and births go on when nature wills, the formal celebration of them is postponed until the preacher may be expected. And it was hardly to be expected that a man left with several small children on his hands could wait a year and a half that he might celebrate his wife's funeral still a widower!

Tragedy, sharp and acute, comes into

*Mothering on Perilous. By Lucy Furman. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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the wild lives of the mountain people frequently, tragedy born of nature's rigour or their own hot blood. The story of Blant Marrs grips with poignant pain to the very heart. And all this time the boys in the book have hardly been mentioned! But to mention them would lead even the wariest reviewer into hyperbole, that is, if said reviewer loves boys. The reader must make their acquaintance for him or herself, and they will be found very much worth while.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

Katharine Tynan's "Rose of the Garden"*

Some lives there are so full of eventful happenings, so replete with tragedy, that the imaginings of fiction pale beside the reality. Such was the life of Lady Sarah Lennox, the heroine whose career has given Mrs. Tynan the theme for her latest book. It is as full of incident and coincidence as any work of the imagination could be, and the colour of actuality that animates it leaves the picture all the brighter in our mind when we have finished the story. Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, overshadowed by romance even before her birth, is as fascinating a heroine of romance as one could wish. At sixteen she might have been Queen of England had she chosen to encourage the passion of the enamoured young king. When, too late, she resolved to hear him alarmed statesmen had already negotiated for the hand of a princess, and the young monarch had to yield. It was Sarah's love for her cousin, Lord William Gordon, which thus early exerted its baneful influence on her life. That alone prevented her from grasping the crown held so near her reach, and later his reappearance into her life tore asunder what had been a fairly happy marriage and set the beautiful woman adrift on a sea of passion from which she emerged as a repentant Magdalen, facing a life of atonement before she was twenty-five. When we blame the poet's license in the use of chance to keep lovers apart and ruin lives, we should remember this woman's life. It was chance alone that kept Lady Sarah from learning, before she married Sir Charles Bunbury, that William Gordon was free to come to her. She knew it too late, and struggled with herself for several years. When finally she yielded to the passion that was stronger than all else, it was to bring black tragedy into her life. She had yielded too late. The knowledge of broken vows and lost honour, of the wrong done to a simple-hearted good man, who gave her the best love of which he was capable, came between her heart and the happiness it could have felt, came between her lips and the kisses of the man who had been the one love of her life. Of her own accord she left him, after three months of life together, and turned homeward to face bravely a scornful world, and years of lonely repentance. Partly as a connected narrative, partly by means of authentic letters, the quaint wording of which rings true as a picture of the time, the writer has told us the story of an extraordinary woman, who suffered an extraordinary fate. The storm and stress of the youthful beauty's early life, as wooed and courted maid and matron; the dreary decade of atonement, when all her gifts of mind and body were immured in a hermit-like retirement, with only the care of her beloved child to hold her to earth; then the calm belated happiness which came to her when she no longer looked or hoped for it, these indeed make up more of eventfulness than falls to the lot of most women. Lady Sarah is very human, very real; as attractive in her stubbornness, her unreasoning fits of pride and anger, as she is in her sunniest, brightest and wittiest moods. Mrs. Tynan came to her task with a liking for it which may have idealised the subject a bit, but which has not robbed it of any of its humanity.

John Carey Merritt.

*Rose of the Garden. By Katharine Tynan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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X

Samuel G. Blythe's "The Price of Place"*

Some children have to live down the eulogies of foolishly fond parents, and some books have to live down the advertising given them by their publishers. But a child or a book worth while can make its way despite these discouragements. Mr. Blythe's book is likely to do so. It is a strong, manly, straightforward effort to paint some important phases of our American life, to paint them as they are, coloured only—as a true painting must be—by the reflection of the vision of how they might be. His hero, James Marsh, is a fair average type of the men who go into the business of politics in our country. Just because Marsh is not notable for anything except an ability to make a good speech, but is in other ways merely an average clever, average instructed, average acute individual, his career is all the more typical of the rank and file of those who make and execute our laws.

He goes to Congress, elected by the help of the Boss of his district. He has secret ambitions for independence, secret beliefs that while he may need help for the first start, his ability will carry him on of itself. But he listens carefully to the Boss's instructions about "playing the game." And he passes on, striving honestly to make his mark of himself, but in reality the tool of one or the other party leader, passes on from an unknown to a marked and Sunday-Supplemented member of Congress, from subservience to a county Boss, to the leadership of his home district when more powerful bosses desired the smaller boss's overthrow. The inside working of party organisation, ruled even yet in some measure by the old style politician, is shown us by a man who knows his subject thoroughly,—and knows it intelligently, which is more important. He shows us that old-style politician (now happily passing) in his outspoken understanding that politics were a necessary means to gain power and that power is useful in helping along personal plans. Mr. Blythe's book will be a revelation to those good people who believe that graft in politics consists of petty thieving or actual money bribing, and who cling pathetically to the slogan "Good men in office." He gives glimpses of the powers that sway the political field by subtler, finer methods, powers that can cripple and stultify a "good" man's usefulness not by dethroning him, but by realising his ambition. And he shows us these powers behind the throne in the shape of well-groomed, agreeable, witty men of the world, delightful as individuals, harmful only when massed to represent private interests in the public business. If one is interested in the "game," it is difficult not to wax enthusiastic over some of the philosophy put into the mouths of the older hands at it, in Mr. Blythe's book.

When Marsh makes his first big speech in the House, on some point of the Constitution, Senator Paxton from his home county, a delightful old Brer Fox who knows the game from every viewpoint, praises him for his wisdom.

> If in doubt, speak on the Constitution. . . . You'll never get into trouble back home or anywhere else if you make the Constitution your specialty. . . . There is no local politics in the Constitution, no State politics, no factional dispute. It is there, grand, gloomy and peculiar, and you can go as far as you like with it, and get a lot of applause from people who don't know whether you are talking sense or rubbish. . . . I'm older than you are and I've seen a great many men get along under the protecting egis of the Constitution who wouldn't have arrived anywhere if they hadn't been smart enough to pick out that harmless institution as a specialty.

There is much more one would like to quote, if space permitted. But the following, on politics as newspaper copy, is too good to be suppressed:

> The reporters took Marsh's side, as is the

*The Price of Place. By Samuel G. Blythe. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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way with virtuous political correspondents, they being always against boss rule, for opposition creates copy, while support of the organisation consists mostly in keeping things out of the papers or putting things in that are not necessarily in line with the facts.

Marsh's wife went to Washington with him, and Marsh's wife was ambitious too. She has as little intimate knowledge of her husband's business or professional affairs as the average American wife has, and her ambition was another millstone around his neck to drag him down in soul while furthering his upward career. The story is so big with throbbing actuality that it does not need the innocent little love affair of Marsh's pretty daughter. In fact the love interest seems forced artificially into the picture. Which raises an interesting suggestion, Will a book which may be called the Great American Novel be one in which the love of a man for a maid is not the chief theme?

J. Marchand.

XI

Kate Langley Bosher's "The House of Happiness"*

The colour that life takes on when we look at it with eyes which, though young, are already saddened by the doubt that all its joys may soon be over for us, has tempted many a gifted word-painter. Death seems so immeasurably far off to the young mind, and the effect upon it of a realisation that the grim shadow is slowly, but surely drawing down over all the rosy glow which is youth's by right brings out the hidden traits, good or bad, as nothing else can do. The theme has attracted more than one artist. In the *House of Happiness* Kate Langley Bosher shows us a country sanitarium for consumptives as background for the meeting of two young hearts resting under the shadow of doubt as to how much of life may still be theirs. Of course, the resemblance to the theme of *Ships That Pass in the Night* will come to every reader. But the thing is done well enough here for the picture to stand on its own feet. The American setting, the American types, remove it sufficiently from Mrs. Harraden's book, as the latter's English figures removed her work from Sudermann's play cycle *Morituri,* the biggest handling the theme has had. But the knell has not yet sounded definitely for Taska Laird and Rives Colburn, and hope colours the greyness in which they learn to know each other.

Mrs. Bosher has drawn so attractive a natural setting around the Sanitarium and has found so many notes of laughter in the portrayal of the patients—they are none of them hopeless enough to sadden us,—that somehow we do not feel the full significance of the situation. This may be an artistic fault, but it makes the book all the cheerier to read. In fact, most of the people in the Sanitarium in Bedford seem to be there because of boredom or vanity. But for Rives Colburn, the young business man who was just "arriving" in his own chosen world of action, it was a tragedy indeed to give up and be forced to think of himself alone. The introspection showed him many things he had not known about himself and life, however, and freed him from the woman who represented the shallower world that had been his ambition before. When he follows Taska, the real woman who is flesh, blood and soul, not merely a tailor's puppet, into the heart of the Virginia mauntains, days of happiness dawn for them. The little French doctor is a most engaging figure, and the peppery MacKenzie a type which many a character actor would enjoy portraying on the stage. It is not the incidents in this book that count, it is the people. We look back on it as on a pleasantly spent summer where great changes have come for our inner life, but few outer incidents have marked the passing of days. But the many events that do happen to the active small boy, known to us as "Cricket," keep things moving for the

*The House of Happiness. By Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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others as well. Cricket's philosophy of life is delicious, his definition of the "maybe-er" expresses something we all have felt, although we may not have formulated it clearly to ourselves.

A maybe-er is a real female person generally. That is, all I know are females, though a lot of ladies ain't and some men are. . . . There's Mis' Lemmon. She's always thinking something is going to happen. If it rains maybe the crops will rot, and if it's dry maybe there'll be a drought, and every time a calf or a pig or a lamb or a baby gets born she thinks maybe it will die before it grows up. And she's afraid to put her money in the bank because maybe it will get stolen, and if you've got a pain in the back of your neck she always says maybe it's that appendix thing. . . . If she can squint hard luck out of a happening she'll squint before it starts to come, and she's disappointed if it don't come."

Haven't we all met just such people? Mrs. Bosher has enriched our language with a word long needed in the "maybe-er."

T. Bradlee Storer.

XII

Maria Thompson Daviess's "The Tinder Box"*

When a good cook has found a recipe by which the desired results are unfailingly attained, she is wise enough not to stray too far from its formula. Miss Daviess shows this wisdom in that her latest books, at least, are constructed after an unfailing formula for the brewing of the love story. There may be some variation in detail and setting, but the make-up is fundamentally the same. We know from the beginning how it is all going to turn out, but it is so pleasant to read along and find everything working out so neatly according to recipe, that our foreknowledge in this case is only an added charm. The newest dish Miss Daviess offers her many readers is enclosed in a setting of old Kentucky, as attractive as certain kinds of old English pottery. The beautiful Harpeth Valley forms a widespread background for the adventures of Evelina Shellby, when after several years of art study in Paris she returns to her ancestral home to inoculate sleepy Glendale with the virus of modern thought. Evelina has some very advanced ideas, for Glendale at any rate, and she also has several suitors, being young, pretty and talented. She arouses the various types of Southern women,—they are appealingly human and very real as Miss Daviess has portrayed them—and she introduces a firebrand into the heart of the peaceful community in the person of Jane Mathers, the New England millionaire New Woman. Glendale gets modernity, the Suffrage fight, and a railroad all at once, and the story of how it does it is most delightfully told by Miss Daviess. It is not so much in the unfolding of a plot that this writer scores her best success. It is in her portrayal of new or accustomed types, and in her dialogue, so delightfully commonplace and deliciously human. The following description of Evelina's Cousin James and his household is too good to resist quoting it; from Evelina's own words:

Cousin James is a healthy reversion to the primitive type of Father Abraham, and he has so much aristocratic moss on him that he reminds me of that old grey crag that hangs over Silver Creek. Artistically he is perfectly beautiful in an Old-Testament fashion. He lives in an ancient rambling house across the road from my home, and he is making a souvenir collection of derelict women. Everybody that dies in Glendale leaves him a derelict, and, including his mother, he now has either seven or nine female charges, depending on the sex of Sallie Carruther's twin babies, which I can't exactly remember, but will wager is feminine.

The Woman Movement, as it hits Glendale, develops some new wrinkles.

*The Tinder Box. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company.

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But on the whole the Glendalians rather grow to like it. And they seem, after some hesitation, to have grasped the deep and simple truth that Miss Daviess voices in a closing sentence, words that linger long and pleasantly in the memory after the charming little book is closed; or, as will doubtless be its fate, after it has been passed on to some one else whom we hope will enjoy it as we have done.

Its last words are:

> And truly, if the world is in the dusk of the dawn of a new day, what can men and women do but cling tight and feel their way . . . together?

Grace Merchant.

SOME LIGHT FICTION*

BY PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR.

"And this is the story I told you through the several nights: of the man who came up through the dark and the fighting (often in such a ruck of fighting that he couldn't hear voices); how he was punished by men, broken by self, and healed by a woman; indeed, but for her, he might have chosen the long way of the brute to put on his powers and attain the certain royalty of the human adult in this year of our Lord. She paid the price; she was the man-maker; she saw the World-Man shining ahead."

Such is part of the preface that Mr. Will Levington Comfort gives to his story *Down Among Men,* and it affords a fair enough sample of the matter and especially the manner of a book which, had it been more definitely one thing, might have made a bigger mark. Mr. Comfort can write with a certain picturesque force that has its value. It is, to be sure, the style of the newspaper reporter scribbling at white heat, but it is effective in spots, and his story, if told more simply and shorn of hysterical and often meaningless torrents of protest against things as they are, would be pretty certain to interest readers who want a story first and last and all the time. Apparently he has seen some stirring pictures at close range. He makes his hero, a certain John Morning, do wonders as a poor devil of a newspaper reporter sent out to Asia to report the Chinese troubles of 1900. He has no money, no standing among newspaper correspondents, no education to speak of, nothing but a dogged determination to die on the field or bring in the biggest story of the campaign. He meets with stupendous obstacles, endures incredible hardships and yet triumphs. His great story, which he writes aboard ship on his way back from China, is accepted as a wonder by the American press. For a time he is successful. Then his old enemy, drink, gets the best of him and he goes to pieces, to be saved in the end by the love of a young woman who sees in him wonderful qualities that no one else does. Through all his troubles Morning preserves his sympathy with the submerged millions and the book overflows with outbursts of friendship for the under-dog, outbursts supposed to be lyrical and to be fraught with tremendous meaning. Philosophy is mixed in with a free hand. For instance:

> . . . There is a certain excellence in the honour of standing alone. Alone, a man or

*Down Among Men. By Will Levington Comfort. Doran Company.

The Streak. By David Potter. Lippincott.

A Mesalliance. By Katharine Tynan. Duffield and Company.

After All. By Mary Cholmondeley. Appleton and Company.

The Eternal Masculine. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Scribner.

What Happened in the Night. By James Hopper. Holt.

Deuces Wild. By Howard McGrath. Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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woman is either ahead or behind the crowd. In the latter case he is imbecile or defective, and God is with him. . . . God is in the forward solitudes, too. What a splendour to stand in the full light. The crowd keeps the light from itself. Maiming, suffering, cruelty is in the crowd—light is divided there, and warmth is the low heat of men, not the grand vitality of the Sun.

And again:

. . . It seemed to him that a man's life is husk after husk of illusion. He had torn them away one after another, thinking each time he had come to the grain. . . And what was the sum of his finding so far? That God is eternal; that man loves God best by serving men; that greatness is in the working, not in the result; that a man who has found his work has come into the soul's sunlight, and that service for man is its rain. These were not husks.

For readers who want such nuggets on every page *Down Among Men* will be a treat.

A drop of Filipino blood in the veins of Richard Nelson, whose father was an American and whose mother was part Filipino, was the streak that wrecked the fortunes of a promising young couple in David Potter's *The Streak*. Anne Churchill, whom Nelson married, has all the prejudices of her Southern ancestors, and when she discovers that her husband is part Filipino her love dies. To be sure, Nelson had already taken pains to kill it. He had left his young wife in Manila to the society of fascinating army officers while he ran after an old love who met him more than half-way. Mrs. Nelson finds a champion and a consoler in the splendid Colonel Crittenden, and after Nelson is brought home dead, having been killed in an accident, the reader is left to infer that all will be well. The colonel is depicted, however, as so fascinating a person that one feels that Mrs. Nelson, having been deceived once, ought to look well into his antecedents before making another leap. His streak may not be coloured blood, but it might well be something just as bad. If Mr. Potter is to be taken at his word, society in Manila is not all that it might be. When not engaged in political conspiracy or commercial rascality, running after another man's wife seems to be the popular pastime. Nevertheless it is to its pictures of Manila's social life that the book owes most of its interest.

A Mesalliance is an unpretentious little story by Katharine Tynan of a man who marries beneath him socially because he finds that the woman is well worth it. She is a Nature's noblewoman and Ralph Bretherton, an old bachelor, probably does well to ignore the world's opinion. Incidentally Mr. Bretherton is confused by a young girl, his ward, who is declared by his friends to be dying of love for him. His friends say that he ought to marry her, and he is weak enough to yield. For many pages there is danger of a catastrophe. But the stars in the shape of a younger man come to his rescue, and he marries a woman of his own age who loves him, weak as he is.

Whether a weak man is worse than a vicious one is the question likely to confront the reader of *After All,* in which Mary Cholmondeley, who wrote *Red Pottage* some years ago, tells the story of a girl who has a lot of experience with men of both kinds. Annette is an attractive English girl who, having come to grief in the Paris maelstrom and been deserted, decides to throw herself into the Seine. A good-natured idiot, Dick by name, divines her purpose when he finds her gazing down at the water under the Pont Neuf and invites her to spend a week with him at Fontainebleau. She consents, and he buys her a wedding ring for the looks of the thing. The next day he is stricken with paralysis. Annette nurses him for a while, but runs away before his English relatives arrive. She finds shelter in England with some aunts, and of course they happen to live in the same village with the family of the young fellow who took her to Fontainebleau and died soon after she left him. Among those English relatives is Roger, who, though half-betrothed to his cousin Janey, falls in love with Annette. All

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the men in the book do, for that matter. But Roger is a prig and can't marry a girl about whom there are queer tales, for, of course, more or less of the Fontainebleau escapade comes to light. He hesitates through half the volume, and is only convinced when Annette offers the sacrifice of her good name in order to give him the fortune that dying Dick left him. Annette knew that Dick had made a will, because her name as a witness was on it, and she knew where the will was to be found. Why any one should want to marry Roger is a mystery, for he is as weak as water. But apparently half the women in *After All* want to, and if good women did not love weak men what would become of the race?

Two volumes of short stories preserve in book form the best of recent work by Mrs. Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and by James Hopper. Mrs. Andrews, who calls her collection *The Eternal Masculine,* is at her best with "Amici," the tale of a broken-down inventor whose college mates of long ago help his faithful wife to fill him with new hope. There are also sporting sketches, such as "The Scarlet Ibis" and "The Campaign Trout," that will strike a responsive chord in fishermen.

Mr. Hopper shows fancy and humour in many sketches that have already proved popular in magazines. His "What Happened in the Night," the story that gives a title to the book, is a clever tale of two dolls left all night on the benches of a Luxembourg Garden guignol show. "The Fishing of Suzanne," in which a little girl of four plays at fishing from her balcony and brings up a marvellous catch in the shape of love letters for her aunt, is delightfully told.

No batch of half a dozen books of fiction would be complete without a crime and mystery story of some kind, and so *Deuces Wild,* by Howard McGrath, gives us a lovely girl, stolen pearls as priceless as the girl, true love, a hero who gets into no end of trouble and a villain who, it is to be hoped, gets into jail. All this in the space of 140 pages. So that things happen on every page, as should be the case in all good mystery stories.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

HERE are two letters which come to us as a result of the publication, in the November issue, of Mrs. Helen R. Martin's paper on the "Pennsylvania Dutch" in the "American Backgrounds for Fiction" Series. In printing them we take occasion to outline the position of the BOOKMAN. Whether the writer of a paper is right or wrong in his or her estimate of a State or a section is not within our province to decide. Frankly, that is none of our business. We asked Mr. Harben, Mrs. Martin, Miss Daviess, and Mr. Dixon (to confine the discussion to papers that have already appeared) to contribute to this series because we felt that in the mind of the reading public their books were closely associated with North Carolina, Tennessee, the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" region of Pennsylvania, and Georgia. We did not ask them what they were going to say, or how they were going to say it; whether they were going to praise or to criticise. For example, in an early issue, Mr. Irving Bacheller is to write of the North Country of New York State. It is enough for us to know Mr. Bacheller as the author of *Eben Holden* and *Dri and I.* To indicate, even slightly, that he emphasise this phase, or ignore that phase of life in a section that he has made so thoroughly his own, would be nothing more nor less than an impertinence on our part.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN.

EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN":

The Pennsylvania Germans, or the Pennsylvania Dutch (if one prefers the "mis-

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nomer"), should be able to derive no little satisfaction from an article by Helen R. Martin in the November BOOKMAN—an article wherein the writer, although repeating many of her former accusations, and even giving vent to some additional ones, nevertheless in effect pleads guilty to practically all the charges the friends of these people have ever brought against her. It has always been contended by these apologists that, although many of the conditions Mrs. Martin portrays are true, and although much of her criticism and ridicule is justified, still, she has represented these people by their most brutal and repulsive elements and has either had only a superficial knowledge of or has maliciously disregarded the lives of the better and nobler types.

That she has selected for her stories the worst rather than the best side of their life she, on page 245, now frankly and bluntly acknowledges. There is even more than this; at the close of her article she seems to have a vague idea that there is material for novels based on the best side of this life, as instanced in the example she mentions, where a Mennonite woman resigns her school rather than give up the garb of her church.

Mrs. Martin can see no reason why one like herself, who has viewed this life from the outside and has "no drop of Pennsylvania Dutch blood in her," cannot see more clearly and truly than those who are of that descent. As for myself, there is probably no drop of blood in me that is *not* of that lineage. I was born and reared among them, and lived among them more than twenty years—that is, among the Mennonites—and it is difficult for me to see how any one who has had no such experience can fully understand them. To the inner life of these people as I have known it Mrs. Martin is utterly blind, and no writers of the present day, so far as I have read, even those who have tried to be fair, have succeeded in interpreting it. If any have done so, they must have been denied access to the pages of the magazines.

As to Mrs. Martin, I make the charge that although she has professed to portray the life of the Mennonites, she, so far as her earlier works indicate, has probably never spent twenty-four hours in a representative Mennonite home and never attended any of their services. She has written quite extensively about the New Mennonites, or Reformed Mennonites, but these comprise only about two thousand of the sixty thousand Mennonites in the United States. Why judge the whole denomination by a small division, which is decidedly more extreme than the main body?

But why, Mrs. Martin wonders, do those of us who have gone away from these people, and have rejected their religion and customs, idealise them and speak in their defense? I can answer from experience. Mrs. Martin is to the Pennsylvania Germans what Robert G. Ingersoll was to the Christian religion. Like him she has written only of the faults and the weaknesses. Thousands have been grateful to her at one time or another for denouncing the absurdities and the hardships, just as millions have been grateful to Ingersoll for helping to break the shackles and horrors of the old-fashioned dogmas. But when the shackles are broken and we are free, when antagonism has spent its force, and venom has left our hearts, we then see that in our vehemence we have gone too far to the other extreme, and we gradually swing back to the more moderate and fairer attitude. Wherever we are then in the world, we want to stand on our own foundation—not as destroyers, but as individuals and as citizens. It is then our temperament reasserts itself, the old love of sincerity, of plainness, of quiet, of truth, of home, of spirituality. As examples of such living it is not surprising, then, if we recall the lives of our own people, who with all their faults have possessed these virtues in a degree for which we often look in the world in vain.

To Mrs. Martin, with her epicurean philosophy, these virtues seem to make no appeal; they are tame and unheroic and uninteresting. To those, however, who esteem the disciplines rather than the indulgences of life; to those who see more in life than the pleasures and the entertainments of the transient years, the Mennonites will appear in a totally different light.

One could well hope that the Mennonites and the other stern sects would greatly relax in their austerity, that instead of keeping

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apart from the world they would mingle with it and exert their influence. But how cruelly unfair it is to accuse a people of sordidness when the truth is they practically crucify their present lives in obedience to their religious convictions. They think almost unceasingly of death and the world to come, of a world of peace and rest beyond the grave. About all they ask in this world is to own the farms on which they live. Is this sordidness or avarice?

If with the intimate knowledge of their inner lives were combined the ability to depict it lovingly and correctly and strongly, there is abundant material for novels fully as romantic, as pathetic, and as heroic, as has been found by many great writers in the Catholic orders in convents and monasteries.

But it should be borne in mind the Mennonites and similar sects comprise only a small fraction of the total Pennsylvania German population in the United States. For the latter there is slight need of apology. They are characterised mainly by their love of the simple life, of independence, of home and children. They make up in a large degree the very backbone of the nation. The Mennonites are much sterner and more clannish, but they are sincere and pure-minded. The trouble with them is not that they are sordid or degraded, but rather, on the other hand, that they carry the virtue of conscientiousness too far, permitting it to become an obsession, and hence to burden and cramp and darken their lives.

Mrs. Martin has helped to render one service. Twenty years ago the Pennsylvania Germans, cowed by the prejudice of a century against them, often blushed to acknowledge their ancestry. To-day, stirred to indignation by the slanders of Mrs. Martin and her following, they have studied their history, their characteristics and their achievements, and hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the United States are proud and happy to be known as descendants of these people.

Respectfully,
C. H. Eshleman.

Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois.
Editor "The Bookman":

Yesterday, in reading your November number, Mrs. Martin's "American Backgrounds for Fiction," II, I find in the first paragraph a statement about the "Pennsylvania Germans having emigrated during the Thirty Years' War from Germany." Of course, this is incorrect, as Penn did not come till thirty-four years after the close of that war, and the influx of the Germans in any numbers did not begin till the second decade of the eighteenth century. I also find the word "Deutch," meaning, I suppose DeutSch. And thirdly, I find that the region "behind Lebanon" is put down in "Bucks County," which, even if a misprint for "Berks," is still some distance from Lebanon, which is in Lebanon Country.

If this is a specimen of Mrs. Martin's general accuracy it is no wonder she is hated in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and in other of the regions she writes about, for although she has a certain pleasantry of style, no one can build up a permanent reputation on ridicule and misrepresentation. I am sorry The Bookman has been caught with her inaccuracies.

Yours very truly,
Augustus H. Shearer.

SENTENCED

BY MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON

The soft, slow ripples of a field of grain
These eyes of mine will never see again;
The sugary sap of maples in the spring
I shall not taste; no little growing thing
Will owe life to my care and thought; for me
Draws near the silence of Eternity.

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No woman, when the lamps are lit, will run
Glad to my doorway with her little one,
To meet and kiss me; and no more my child
Will clutch these weary fingers, blood-defiled,
Or pull my beard, ah no! To-morrow night
Will bring no shining faces framed in light.

And my dog, Bob—they say he misses me,
I hope they feed him! Close akin were we.
Under the dog's law I was only strong,
But by the man's law, mad I was, and wrong.
God should have given me a stronger soul
Such bulk of body-madness to control!

Yes, I blame God, I, who so soon must face
The whirlwind of His anger in disgrace!
For, if His wrath be on me, He must know
I was but angry too. He made me so.
Yet I repent, O God, forgive—forgive—
This blasphemy would die if I might live.

I dare not blame Thee, God, I am too near
The ultimate precipice of human fear.
I will go humbly, I, who long to stay;
I will put love and hope of life away,
And, for my strong arms' sin pay heavy price
In the long-feared and shuddering sacrifice.

I dare not front Thee, God; yet not the whole
Of my rash deed was of my own mad soul:
Strange impulses from a far-reaching past
Hurried my blood, poured to my head the vast
Swift-pulsing current of a wilder man,
And I fell—back to where my life began.

For this I die! Five centuries ago,
Old stories say, I had escaped this woe;
I had been made a knight; rough minstrelsy
Had glorified my deed of enmity.
Strange justice in this death that I await
Because I live five hundred years too late!

Nay, more; perhaps I live an age too soon.
In later times men will not wait till noon
To teach the rising day the ways of peace.
They will begin at dawn. Nor will love cease
With those who merit loving. Men will shed
Dry tears for us, the brutal, beaten dead!

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THE STORY OF AN EMPRESS

PART I—THE EARLY YEARS

BEFORE the birth of the Princess Royal in November, 1840, no direct heir had been born to a reigning British Sovereign for nearly eighty years. The Prince Regent, afterward George IV, was born in 1762, two years after his father's accession, and the death in childbirth of the Prince Regent's daughter, Princess Charlotte, when she was only twenty, was still vividly remembered.

Queen Victoria was now but little older than Princess Charlotte, and the birth of her first child was regarded with a certain anxiety by the nation. It might prove to be the only child, and in that event much would hang on the preservation of its life. Those members of the "Old Royal Family" who were next in succession were not popular, and the little Princess Royal may truly be described as having been the child of many prayers.

It was natural that Queen Victoria should have recourse to Prince Albert's confidential adviser, Baron Stockmar, the more so that he was a skilled physician. Stockmar therefore came to London early in November. Those were not the days of trained nurses, but rather of the types immortalised by Dickens, and it is interesting to find the shrewd old German, characteristically in advance of his time, urging the Prince to be most careful in the choice of a nurse, "for a man's education begins the first day of his life, and a lucky choice I regard as the greatest and finest gift we can bestow on the expected stranger."

On November 13th the Court arrived at Buckingham Palace, where on the 21st the Princess was born. "For a moment only," the Queen says, "was the Prince disappointed at its being a daughter and not a son."

The character of the monarchy in England has changed so much, both absolutely and also relatively to the people, that it is difficult for us to realise the measure of prejudice and even contempt which still subsisted before Queen Victoria had had time to win the full confidence of her subjects. It is not therefore really surprising that the little Princess Royal should have been greeted on her first appearance with a shower of caricatures, some of them not remarkable for their refinement.

Still, a good deal of the rough humour lavished on the Princess was kindly in its intention, though sometimes there was a sting in the tail. For instance, Melbourne, the Prime Minister, was shown as nurse, proudly presenting the Princess Royal to John Bull: "I hope the caudle is to your liking, Mr. Bull. It must be quite a treat, for you have not had any for a long time." John Bull replies: "Well, to tell you the truth, Mother Melbourne, I think the caudle the best of it, for I had hoped for a boy."

Melbourne's fatherly devotion to the Queen was indeed a piece of luck for the caricaturists of the day. A cartoon entitled "Old Servants in New Characters" shows him dressed as a nurse with the infant Princess in his care; she is sit-

Strangely enough, no biography has ever appeared and very little is known about the woman who, as the mother of Kaiser William II of Germany, one of the most remarkable and interesting men of to-day—the most remarkable, many would claim—possesses certainly some claim to distinction. The present Kaiser has always been called "much more the son of his mother than of his father." The BOOKMAN *is fortunate in being able to offer to its readers the biography of the Empress Frederick—eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, a central figure at Berlin for fifty years, the enemy of Bismarck and the mother of the War Lord of Germany.*

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ting in a tiny carriage, with Lord John Russell as outrider.

It was arranged that the christening should take place in London on February 10th, the anniversary of the Queen's marriage, the infant receiving the names of Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise. Even the christening of the Princess Royal inspired a long satirical poem. One verse ran:

This is the Bishop, so bold and intrepid,
A-making the water so nice and so tepid,
To christen the Baby, who's stated, no doubt,
Her objection to taking it "cold without."

The sponsors were Prince Albert's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (represented in his absence by the Duke of Wellington), the King of the Belgians, the Queen Dowager (Adelaide), the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Sussex. Lord Melbourne remarked of the Princess to the Queen next day: "How she looked about her, quite conscious that the stir was all about herself! This is the time the character is formed!" The Prime Minister would have agreed with Stockmar's view that a man's education (and presumably also a woman's) begins with the first day of life.

Prince Albert sent a vivid account of the ceremony to the venerable Dowager Duchess of Gotha:

"The christening went off very well. Your little great-grandchild behaved with great propriety, and like a Christian. She was awake, but did not cry at all, and seemed to crow with immense satisfaction at the lights and brilliant uniforms, for she is very intelligent and observing. The ceremony took place at half-past six P.M., and after it there was a dinner, and then we had some instrumental music. The health of the little one was drunk with great enthusiasm. The little girl bears the Saxon Arms in the middle of the English, which looks very pretty."

The Princess Royal, like her brothers and sisters, led an ideal childhood. All through her later life she often referred to the unclouded happiness of these early years, and it comes out equally clearly in the published correspondence of her sister, Princess Alice. In this matter both Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were in advance of their time, and the Prince, especially, perceived, what was not then at all generally believed, that children could be made happy without being spoiled.

Perhaps the most sensible decision of the parents was that the Royal children should come in contact as little as possible with the actual life of the Court. Not that the tone of the Court was bad; on the contrary, it was singularly high, but the Queen and Prince Albert knew the subtle danger of even innocent petting and flattery on young and impressionable minds.

So it was that the Royal children had very little to do with the Queen's ladies-in-waiting—indeed they were only seen by them for a few moments after dinner at dessert, or when driving out with their parents. The Queen and the Prince entrusted the care of their sons and daughters exclusively to persons who possessed their whole confidence, and with whom they could be in constant direct communication. Both were kept regularly informed of the minutest details of what was being done for their children, and as the princesses grew older they had an English, a French, and a German governess, who were, in their turn, responsible to a lady superintendent.

It has been the custom of late to speak as if the children of Queen Victoria had been over-educated and over-stimulated. This was at least partly true of their infancy, but if they had been really over-educated, they would not have turned out as well as they did later, nor would they have all delighted in looking back with fond reminiscence to their earliest years.

The Princess Royal was soon recognised by all those about her as intellectually the flower of the happy little flock. She was clever, self-willed, and high-spirited; learning everything that was put before her with marvellous intelli-

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gence and rapidity. Her dearest friend and companion was her sister the sweet-natured, pensive Princess Alice, who was next in age, after the Prince of Wales, to herself. The two lived for some years a life which was exactly alike. They shared the same lessons, the same amusements, the same interests; both had a strong love of art and of drawing; both were, if anything, over-sensitively alive to the claims of duty and of patriotism.

Naturally the most detailed and accurate impression of the Princess Royal's childhood is to be derived from the correspondence of Sarah Lady Lyttelton, who was appointed Governess to the Royal children in April, 1842.

This lady, who was then approaching her fifty-fifth birthday, was the daughter of the second Earl Spencer, and sister of that Lord Althorp who was a member of Lord Grey's Reform Ministry, and who played a notable part in politics rather by his strength of character than by any commanding ability. Lady Sarah married the third Lord Lyttelton in 1813. It is interesting to recall that her son, afterward the fourth Lord Lyttelton, married Mrs. Gladstone's sister, Miss Glynne. Sarah Lady Lyttelton was widowed in 1837 after a singularly happy married life, and soon afterward Queen Victoria appointed her a lady-in-waiting.

When, some four years later, she was given the responsible post of Governess to the Royal children, she was already very well known to the Queen and the Prince Consort, as well as to their closest advisers. Lord Melbourne, for instance, heartily approved the appointment, declaring that no other person so well qualified could have been selected.

The picture of the Princess Royal which her guardian draws in these letters is one of an extraordinarily winning though precocious child, and if it seems to modern judgment that the precocity was rather too much stimulated, it must be remembered that we are back in the 'forties, when a scientific study of the psychology of infants was not dreamed of. Moreover, it is abundantly evident that the little Princess had such a way with her, "so innocent arch, so cunning simple," that it must have required no ordinary resolution to avoid spoiling her, while even the most scientific modern expert would probably have found it very hard to draw the line between overstimulation and proper encouragement of her remarkable intelligence.

Lady Lyttelton had her first glimpse of the Princess Royal in July, 1841. She describes her as a fine, fat, firm, fair, Royal-looking baby, "too absurdly like the Queen." Her look was grave, calm, and penetrating, and she surveyed the whole company most composedly. She was shown at her carriage window to the populace; and Lady Lyttelton, noting the universal grin in all faces, declares that the baby will soon have seen every set of teeth in the kingdom!

Some months later she records that "the dear Babekin is really going to be quite beautiful. Such large, smiling, soft blue eyes, and quite a handsome nose, and the prettiest mouth." The child early acquired the appropriate pet name of "Pussy," while she herself, finding Lady Lyttelton's name too large a mouthful, simplified it to "Laddle."

It may be here recorded that an absurd rumour had been circulated that the Princess Royal had been born blind, and it was this and other foolish gossip which first induced the Queen, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, to issue an official Court Circular, which has been continued ever since.

The Queen had the baby constantly with her, and thought incessantly about her, with the result that the child was perhaps rather over-watched and over-doctored. She was fed on asses's milk, arrowroot and chicken broth, which were measured out so carefully that Lady Lyttelton fancied she left off hungry. Lady Lyttelton, indeed, had some experience of this dieting craze, for her brother, Lord Althorp, at one time, when he had a terror of getting fat, used to weigh out his own breakfast every morning, and when he had consumed the tiny allowance used to hasten out of the

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room lest he should be led into temptation!

The little Princess was over-sensitive and affectionate, and rather irritable in temper, and with a prophetic eye Lady Lyttelton says that "it looks like a pretty mind, only very unfit for roughing it through a hard life, which hers may be."

After the birth of the Prince of Wales, Lady Lyttelton gives us a passing, but sufficiently terrible, glimpse of the anxieties which Royal parents must all suffer, more or less. She mentions that threatening letters aimed directly at the children were received, and though they were probably written by mad people, nevertheless no protection in the way of locks, guard-rooms, and intricate passages was omitted for the defence of the Royal nurseries; while the master key was never out of Prince Albert's own keeping.

The Princess Royal spent her second birthday at Walmer Castle, and she is described as being "most funny all day," joining in the cheers and asking to be lifted up to look at "the people," to whom she bowed very actively whether they could see her or not.

Perhaps one reason why she became, and remained, so fond of France was that from infancy she was placed in the charge of a French lady, Madame Charlier. She was very advanced through all her childhood, especially in music and painting, yet she remained quite natural and simple in all her ways.

She was only three years old when Prince Albert wrote to Stockmar: "The children in whose welfare you take so kindly an interest are making most favourable progress. The eldest, 'Pussy,' is now quite a little personage. She speaks English and French with great fluency and choice of phrase." But to her parents she generally talked German.

"Our *Pussette,*" the Queen writes a few weeks afterward, "learns a verse of Lamartine by heart, which ends with 'Le tableau se déroule à mes pieds.' To show how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bonmot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charlier, and said: 'Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!' Is not this extraordinary for a child of three years?"

It is evident that the oral teaching of languages had very sensibly preceded that of books, for when the Princess is four years and three months old we hear that she is getting on very well with her lessons, "but much is still to be done before she can read."

In spite of her accomplishments, she was a very natural human child, and could be naughty on occasion. Lady Lyttelton records about this time that the Princess, after an hour's naughtiness, said she wished to speak to her; but instead of the expected penitence, she delivered herself as follows: "I am very sorry, Laddle, but I mean to be just as naughty next time"—a threat which was followed by a long imprisonment.

Perhaps the Princess Royal's happiest days were spent at Osborne, where she began going at the age of five. There the Royal children had a cottage, built on the Swiss model, to themselves. It comprised a dining-room, a kitchen, a storeroom, and a museum; and in it the princesses were encouraged to learn how to do household work, and to direct the management of a small establishment. When in their Swiss cottage, each princess was allowed to choose her own occupation and to enjoy a certain liberty; their parents used to be invited there as guests at meals which the Princess Royal and Princess Alice had themselves prepared.

Years later, when they had both married, there were certain tunes which neither the Princess Royal nor Princess Alice could hear without tears rising to their eyes, so powerfully did the recollection of the happy birthdays and holidays they spent at Osborne remain with them. Not long before her death Princess Alice wrote to her mother: "What a joyous childhood we had, and how greatly it was enhanced by dear sweet Papa, and by all your kindness to us!"

Many happy days were also spent by

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the Princesses at Balmoral. In the Highlands the restraints of Court life were entirely thrown off, and the Queen encouraged her daughters to come into close contact with the poorer classes of their neighbours, indeed everything in reason was done to arouse their sympathies for the needy and the suffering.

The Princess Royal showed even in her early childhood an astonishing power of vivid expression. For example, when she was about five and a half, she found mentioned in a history book the name of an ancient poet called Wace. Lady Lyttelton thereupon observed that she had never heard of that poet till then, but the Princess insisted: "Oh, yes, I daresay you did, only you have forgotten it. Réfléchissez! Go back to your *youngness* and you will soon remember."

That the child had a natural and instinctive religious feeling is shown by another incident. She had narrowly escaped serious injury from treading on a large nail, and Lady Lyttelton explained to her that it had pleased God to save her from great pain. Instantly the child said: "Shall we kneel down?"

In October, 1847, the Princess Royal had an accident which might have been very serious.

The children were riding with their ponies when the Princess was quietly thrown after a few yards of cantering. She was not hurt, but the Prince of Wales's pony ran away with him. Fortunately he was strapped into the saddle, and, after one loud cry for help, he showed no signs of fear, but cleverly kept as tight hold of the reins as he could pull. The Princess Royal was not at all frightened herself until she saw her brother's danger, and then she screamed out: "Oh, can't they stop him? Dear Bertie!" and burst into tears. Fortunately all ended well, and the children went on riding as fearlessly as ever.

In October, 1848, the Royal children, crossing in the yacht *Fairy* from Osborne on their way to Windsor, witnessed a terrible accident—the sinking of a boatload of people in a sudden squall. It made a deep impression on all the children, and the Princess Royal kept thinking of it all that night.

It is about this time that Lady Lyttelton observes: "The Princess Royal might pass, if not seen but only overheard, for a young lady of seventeen in whichever of her three languages she chose to entertain the company."

Nearly a year afterward, Lady Lyttelton notes that "dear Princessey" had been now perfectly good ever since they came to Osborne, and she says that she continues to reflect and observe and reason like a very superior person, and is as affectionate as ever.

Again, in April, 1849, she notes every moment more and more "the blessed improvement of the Princess Royal." "She is becoming capable of self-control and principle and patience, and her wonderful powers of head and heart continue. She may turn out a most distinguished character." And a few months later she notes that "the Princess Royal is so enormously improved in manner, in temper, and conduct — altogether as really to give a bright promise of all good. Her talent and brilliancy have naturally lost no ground: she may turn out something remarkable." All the children showed real kindness to the poor, visiting them and beginning to understand what poverty is.

The Princess accompanied her parents and the Prince of Wales on a visit to Ireland in August, 1849, and afterward went to Cherbourg, that being her first visit to France. It was during that stay at Cherbourg that the curé of a neighbouring village gave the young English Princess a charming sketch done by one of his parishioners, a then unknown artist named Jean François Millet.

The Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales made their first official appearance in London, on October 30, 1849, when they represented their mother, who was suffering from chicken-pox, at the opening of the new Coal Exchange. The scene has been often described, notably by Miss Alcott, the author of *Little Women*,

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who was, however, naturally more interested in the Prince than in his sister.

Much to their delight, the children went down from Westminster to the City in the State barge rowed by twenty-six watermen, and all London turned out to greet them. They were very wisely not allowed to attend the big public luncheon, but were given their lunch in a private room. Lady Lyttelton mentions that the gentleman who made the arrangements was so overcome by his loyal feelings at the sight of the children that he melted into tears and had to retire!

In the summer before the Princess's tenth birthday, Lady Lyttelton records: "Princess Royal standing by me to-day, as I was trying a few chords on the pianoforte, was pleased and pensive like her old self. 'I like chords, one can *read* them. They make one sometimes gay, sometimes sad. It used to be too much for me to like formerly.' "

The year 1851 was memorable in the Princess Royal's life, for it was then that she first met her future husband.

It has been said that Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who was twenty at the time, became attracted to his future wife during this first visit of his to the English Court, when he accompanied his parents and his only sister to see the Great Exhibition. But that is surely absurd, for the Princess, charming and clever as she was, was then only a child.

Still, the English Court was probably never seen to greater advantage than during that year of miracles, and it is clear that the young Prussian Prince saw for the first time a Royal family leading a happy, natural life, full of affection and kindliness. Queen Victoria's children were healthy, well-mannered, and devoted to their parents, and the leader and head of the little band was the Princess Royal, full of eager interest in everything she was allowed to see and know, blessed with high spirits and a keen sense of humour even then already well developed. She was adored by her father, and encouraged in every way to "produce herself," to use an expressive French phrase.

Prince Frederick William could not but note the contrast between the young people whose friendship he was making at Windsor, and the shy, etiquette-ridden Royal children of the minor German Courts. Nor could he help contrasting this delightful domestic scene with what he knew at home. At Berlin he was in constant contact with a Royal family profoundly disunited and unhappy. Only three years before his first visit to England he had stood at the palace window and seen the first shot fired in the Revolution of 1848.

Although the Prince had a tenderly-loved sister, he had spent a lonely, austere youth, for his parents, though outwardly on good terms, were in no sense united as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were united—indeed, it was an open secret that the Prince of Prussia had only had one love in his life—Elise Radziwill.

Prince Frederick William's sister was only a very little older than the Princess Royal. The two princesses formed on this visit a friendship destined never to be broken, and henceforth the Royal children called the Prince and Princess of Prussia "Uncle Prussia" and "Aunt Prussia."

The Great Exhibition itself undoubtedly helped to strengthen Prince Frederick William's attraction to England. The palace of glass in Hyde Park absorbed the minds and thoughts of the whole Royal family, if only because all those who were old enough to understand anything of public affairs were aware that the success or failure of the enterprise would seriously affect the position of Prince Albert in England.

The feeling among the Royal family is shown by a passage in a letter of Queen Victoria to Lady Lyttelton. Writing on May 1st, the opening day of the Exhibition, Her Majesty said:

"The proudest and happiest day of—as you truly call it—my happy life. To see this great conception of my beloved husband's mind — to see this great

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thought and work, crowned with triumphant success in spite of difficulties and opposition of every imaginable kind, and of every effort to which jealousy and calumny could resort to cause its failure, has been an immense happiness to us both."

Prince Frederick William, thoughtful beyond his years, and already under the spell of Prince Albert's kindly and affectionate interest, began to regard England as the model State, and took most significant pains to make himself better acquainted with her national life and polity. Even on this comparatively short visit he found time to make an excursion to the industrial North.

On his return to Bonn University his admiration for England by no means waned, and his English tutor, Mr. Perry, gives us an interesting glimpse of the thoroughness with which he set to work to increase his knowledge:

"At the request of the Prince, I visited him three times a week, and had the honour of superintending his studies in English history and literature, in both of which he took special interest. His love for England and his great veneration of the Queen were most remarkable, and our intercourse became very agreeable and confidential. He manifested the keenest interest for all that I was able to tell him of England's political and social life, and when our more serious studies were over, we amused ourselves by writing imaginary letters to Ministers and leading members of English society."

It was in truth with England that Prince Frederick William fell in love on this memorable visit, not with the little Princess Royal, though he was undoubtedly attracted, as all the people round her were, by her winning charm and quick intelligence.

The idea of a marriage between the two had, however, occurred to other people, as is shown by the fact that in the following year the Princess of Prussia desired to visit England with a view to suggesting it. But the Prince's uncle, King Frederick William IV, influenced by his pro-Russian consort, did not look on the proposal with favour, and it remained in abeyance, partly on account of the Princess Royal's youth, partly owing to the outbreak of the Crimean War.

The Crimean War made an immense impression on the Princess Royal. For months the Queen, the Prince, and the elder Royal children thought and talked of nothing else. The children contributed drawings to be sold for the benefit of the war funds, and we know that the Princess's emotions were deeply stirred by the thought of the sufferings of the wounded and by the work of Florence Nightingale, which was followed with intense interest in the Royal circle. The Princess in fact was able at a most impressionable age to realise something of the horrors of war, and this was destined, as we shall see, to bear rich fruit.

The war also led directly to the Princess's first real sight of France. In August, 1855, the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales accompanied their parents on a State visit to the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

Of this visit a story was told at the time which greatly delighted all the Royal families of the Continent. Much as Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were respected for their solid virtues, their artistic taste in matters of dress was considered to be not always infallible. It was feared at the French Court that the Princess Royal would be dressed, not exactly unbecomingly, but in a style which would by no means harmonise with Parisian taste and Parisian surroundings. The question was how to beguile her parents into dressing the child in a suitable manner.

In this difficulty some one suggested a really brilliant stratagem. The height and other measurements of the Princess Royal were obtained, and a doll of exactly corresponding size was procured, provided with a large and exquisitely finished wardrobe, and despatched to Buckingham Palace as an Imperial gift to the Princess. The expected then happened. Queen Victoria transferred most of the doll's wardrobe to her daughter, with

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the result that the Princess appeared at her best and every one was pleased.

The children stayed at the delightful country palace of Saint Cloud, whence they drove in every day to see the sights of Paris. They were not, of course, present at evening entertainments, but an exception was made on the occasion of the great ball held in the Galeries des Glaces at Versailles, when they supped with the Emperor and Empress. They both became sincerely attached to the Emperor, who was himself very fond of children. Indeed, his young guests enjoyed themselves so much that, according to an oft-quoted story, the Prince of Wales asked that his sister and himself might stay on after their parents had gone home, "for there are six more of us at home and they don't want *us!*"

As to their conduct, Prince Albert wrote to the Duchess of Kent: "I am bound to praise the children greatly. They behaved extremely well, and pleased everybody. The task was no easy one for them, but they discharged it without embarrassment and with natural simplicity."

This visit laid the foundation of that strong affection and admiration for France and the French which thenceforward characterised the Princess Royal. It was on this visit, too, that she conceived her enthusiastic adoration of the Empress Eugénie. Her character was now beginning to be formed, and it is the key to the tragedy of her life, for a cruel fate so ordered her future that, while she was made to pay the full penalty for her failings, her many lovable and generous qualities seemed often to find none but the most grudging recognition.

During the whole of her life, the Princess Royal had a peculiarity which only belongs to the generous-hearted and impulsive. She was apt to be violently attracted, sometimes for very little reason, to those she met, and then she would be proportionately cast down if these new friends and acquaintances did not turn out on fuller knowledge all that she had expected them to be. Those who knew her well are agreed in saying that she was not a good judge of character. She was apt to see in human beings what she expected to see, not what was there. She not only liked some people at first sight, but she had an equally instinctive dislike of others, and this was an even greater misfortune, for sometimes the prejudices she thus formed were hard to eradicate. In this she was quite unlike Queen Victoria, who, having once formed a wrong impression, was capable of altering it entirely if she was given good reason to change her mind.

As she grew up to womanhood, the Princess Royal was very wisely allowed to make the acquaintance of some of the brilliant men and women of the day who were admitted to her parents' friendship. One of these was the second Lord Granville, the "Pussy" Granville who was afterwards Foreign Minister in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets, and we may conclude this chapter with a quotation which shows how he could count on the young Princess's appreciation of a funny story.

Lord Granville, who went to St. Petersburg as the head of the special British Mission at the coronation of the Tsar Alexander, wrote a long letter to Queen Victoria, in which he requested the Queen to convey his respectful remembrances to the Princess Royal; and he went on to advise the Princes, when residing abroad, not to engage a Russian maid: "Lady Wodehouse found hers eating the contents of a pot on her dressing-table, which happened to be castor-oil pomatum for the hair!"

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending November 5th:

1. Western Europe. Robinson and Beard.
2. Human Mechanism. Hough.
3. The Plays of Oscar Wilde.
4. Principles of Educational Practice. Klapper.
5. Cæsar and Cleopatra. Shaw.
6. The Promised Land. Antin.
7. Woman and Socialism. Bebel.

For the week ending November 12th:

1. Principles of Educational Practice. Klapper.
2. The Plays of Bernard Shaw.
3. The South Pole. Amundsen.
4. Letters and Speeches. Gaynor.
5. Panama and the Canal. Hall.
6. The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck.
7. Henrik Ibsen. Rose.

For the week ending November 19th:

1. Crowds. Lee.
2. Foods and Their Adulteration. Wiley.
3. Play-making. Archer.
4. John Barleycorn. London.
5. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce.
6. Development of the Drama. Matthews.
7. Woman's Share in Primitive Culture. Mason.

For the week ending November 26th:

1. The Plays of August Strindberg.
2. Human Mechanism. Hough.
3. Chapters from Modern Psychology. Angell.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
5. Logic. Jevon.
6. Romance of the American Theatre. Crawford.

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Poison Belt. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Passionate Friends. Wells. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.25.
2. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) $3.50.

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3. The Life of the Fly. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Punky Dunk Series. Herr and Beam. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Mother Goose. Cory. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. The House in Good Taste. De Wolfe. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Through England with Tennyson. Huckel. (Crowell.) $2.00.
4. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Strange Story Book. Lang. (Longmans, Green.) $1.60.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. Norton and Howe. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
3. Scott's Last Expedition. Scott. (Dodd, Mead.) $10.00.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Mother West Wind Stories. Burgess. $3.00.
3. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
5. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Honourable Mr. Tawnish. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Early Memories. Lodge. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Letters and Recollections of Alexander Agassiz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.50.
3. The Story of Harvard. Pier. (Little, Brown.) $2.00.
4. The Works of Francis Thompson. (3 vols.) (Scribner.) $5.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
2. Ned Brewster's Bear Hunt. Hawkins. (Little, Brown.) $1.20.
3. Kidnapped. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. On the Seaboard. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Hill of Venus. Gallizier. (Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Minions of the Moon. Cawein. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
4. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. Kidnapped. Stevenson. (Scribner.) $2.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DALLAS, TEX.

Fiction

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) $3.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Juveniles

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. In Search of a Husband. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Merrilie Dawes. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Poison Belt. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.20.

Non-Fiction

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. India. Loti. (Duffield.) $2.50.
4. The Life of the Fly. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Children's Book of Christmas Stories. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. The Quest of the Fish-Dog Skin. Schully. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Back-Country Folks. Hubbard. (Abe Martin Pub. Co.) $1.00.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Theory of Social Evolution. Adams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Joe, the Book Farmer. Harris. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Garden. Lindsay. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. On the Plains with Custer. Sabin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

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JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Literary Taste. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Income Tax Law Corporation Trust Co. (Speer.) 25 cents.
3. Personality. Jevons. (Putnam.) $1.00.
4. Gentlemen Rovers. Powell. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Adventure of Reddy Fox. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. The Adventure of Johnny Chuck. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
3. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Wondrous Wife. Marriott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Gitanjali. Tagore. (Macmillan.) $1.40.
2. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.
2. Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
2. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Your Child To-day and To-morrow. Gruenberg. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Wallet of Time. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $10.00.

JUVENILES

1. Wild Animals at Home. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Out of the Dark. Keller. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Unrest of Women. Martin. (Appleton.) $1.00.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Little Girl Blue Plays I Spy. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Garden Without Walls. Dawson. (Holt.) $1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Self-Measurement. Hyde. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.
3. The Century of the Child. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
2. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Southerner. Devon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Shall Women Vote. Sams. (Neale.) $1.35.
2. Lyric Diction. Jones. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman. Johnston. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Messmates. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Children of the Wild. Roberts. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Otherwise Phyllis. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. O Pioneers! Cather. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts Official Library. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
3. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. After All. Cholmondeley. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Richard Furlong. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.
2. Theodore Roosevelt: An Autobiography. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. America as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan.) $3.00.

Juveniles

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
3. All the Days of My Life. Barr. (Appleton.) $3.50.
4. Memoirs of Li Hung Chang. (Houghton Mifflin.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. The Mary Frances Sewing Book. Fryer. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. The Children's Book of Christmas Stories. Dickinson and Skinner. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. The Young Homesteaders. Lincoln. (Wilde.) $1.00.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

Fiction

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Westways. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) $3.50.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Deering of Princeton. Griswold. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Fiction

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.

Juveniles

1. Chatterbox, 1913. (Estes.) 90 cents.
2. Peter Pan, A B C. White. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Coryston Family. Ward. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Letters of Charles Eliot Norton. Norton and Hough. (Houghton Mifflin.) $5.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Poems. (2 vols.) Noyes. (Stokes.) $3.00.
4. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.
2. The Story of the Early Sea People. Dopp. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
3. Irish Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The House of Happiness. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Egotistical I. Tompkins. (Dutton.) $1.00.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Road. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
3. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
3. The Plays of Strindberg (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. Mothering on Perilous. Furman. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Boys and Girls. Foley. (Dutton.) $1.35.
4. Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Golden Road. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Around the End. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Patty's Social Season. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
5. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. John Barleycorn. London. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Critic in the Occident. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.
2. The Fall of Ug. Steele. (Howell.) $1.00.
3. San Francisco One Hundred Years Ago. Garnett. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. A Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.
4. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Gold. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Fires and Fire-Fighters. Kenlon. (Doran.) $2.50.
3. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
4. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Apache Gold. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. The Texan Triumph. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Wonderful Escapes by Americans. Booth. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Business of Life. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Paris Nights. Bennett. (Doran.) $3.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Romantic America. Schauffler. (Century Co.) $5.00.
4. Our Eternity. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. This Year's Book for Boys. Strang. (Doran.) $1.50.
2. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Wiggin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
5. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Hagar. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
6. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Briggs.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Musson.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) $1.35.
5. Hagar. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50
6. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. New England and New France. Douglas. (Briggs.) $3.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (McClelland and Goodchild.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Children's Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Briggs.) $2.50.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Way Home. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Desired Woman. Harben. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Fool and His Money. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. The Way of Ambition. Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz Bros.) $3.00 and $6.00 per set.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In Search of a Husband. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Autobiography of George Dewey. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Lost Line Limericks. Woodward. (Platt and Peck.) 50 cents.
3. Auction High Lights. Irwin. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. Familiar Spanish Travels. Howells. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo. Arthur. (Century Co.) 90 cents.
2. The Young Sharp Shooter. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Goody-Naughty Book. Rippey. (Rand, McNally.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The White Linen Nurse. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Broken Halo. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. The Old Boston Post Road. Jenkins. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. The Southland of North America. Putnam. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
2. Old Mother West Wind Series. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. Mother Goose. Rackham. (Century Co.) $2.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list receives	10
" " "	2d	" " " "	8
" " "	3d	" " " "	7
" " "	4th	" " " "	6
" " "	5th	" " " "	5
" " "	6th	" " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand are:

	POINTS
1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	256
2. T. Tembarom. Burnett. (Century Co.) $1.40	235
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	169
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35	140
5. The Dark Flower. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35	81
6. The Custom of the Country. Wharton. (Scribner.) $1.35	80

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